# THE JOURNAL

## WOFFORD COLLEGE

## 1948 - 1949

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# the journal

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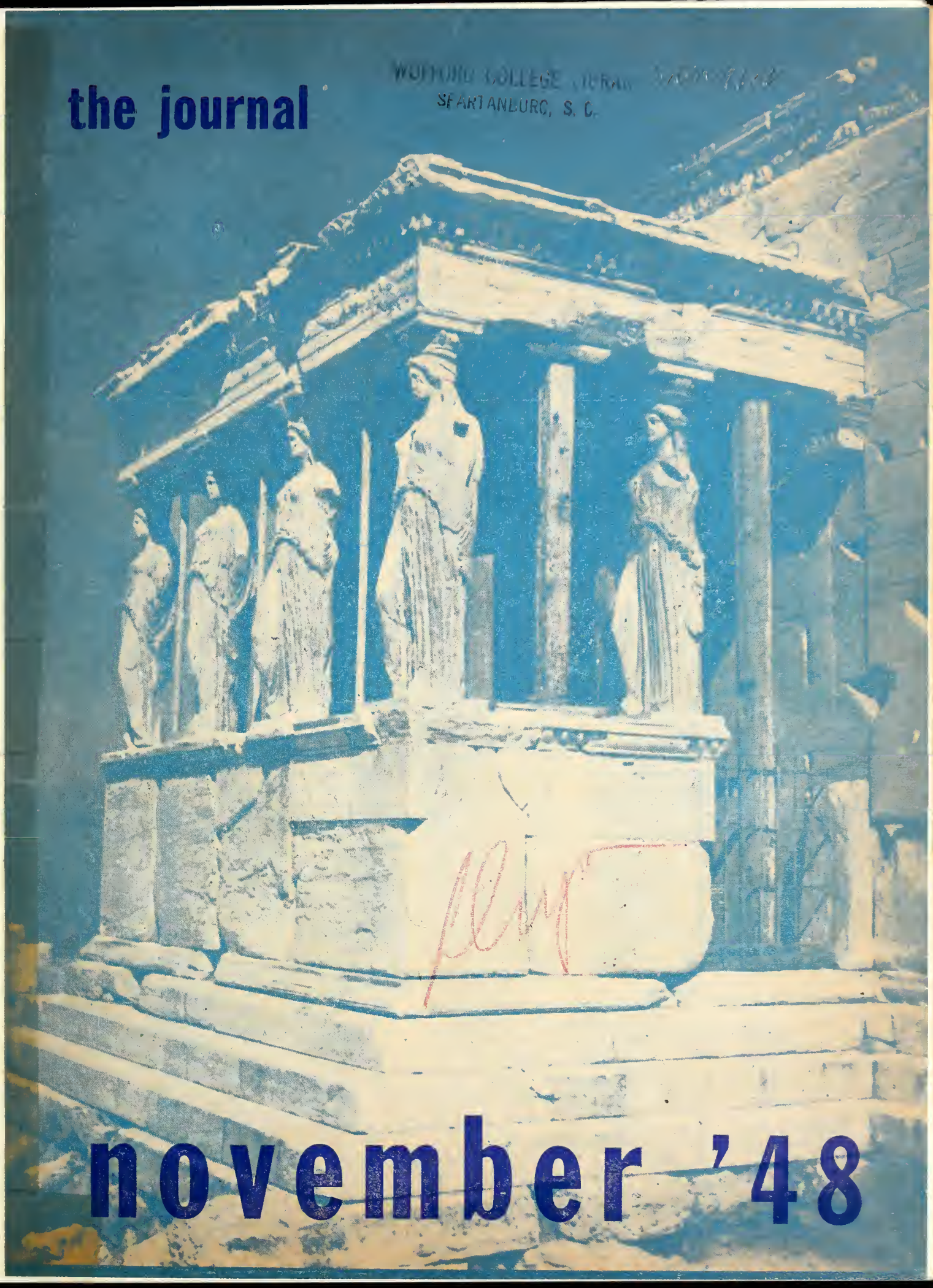


# november '48

# LION ON THE LOOSE!

Zoo Curator Clyde Gordon finds EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER —in handling "big cats" ...and in choosing a cigarette, too!

WHILE MOVING TWO LIONS INTO A NEW CAGE AT THE ZOO...

FAWSANA'S ON HER WAY — BUT IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE WITH SULTANA!

BE CAREFUL! I'VE LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE—LIONS RAISED IN CAPTIVITY CAN BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN JUNGLE BORN!

WITH A SUDDEN ROAR...

SULTANA LEAPS THROUGH THE CAGE DOOR—CRASHES THROUGH THE RUNWAY FENCE!

RUN, CHIEF!

NO—THAT'S THE WORST THING I COULD DO!

*EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER**

LONG EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT CLYDE GORDON NEVER TO SHOW FEAR TO AN ANIMAL. HE STANDS HIS GROUND... SPEAKING SOFTLY, INSISTENTLY... WHILE DIVERTING HER ATTENTION WITH BROOM HANDLE.

*TRUE, TOO, IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE! WITH SMOKER AFTER SMOKER WHO TRIED AND COMPARED—CAMELS ARE THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE"!

STEADY, GIRL, STEADY... NOW BACK INTO THE RUNWAY... AND TRY YOUR NEW CAGE!

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GOING TO OBEY!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THAT WAS CLOSE, CHIEF, BUT YOU SURE HANDLED THINGS RIGHT!...HAVE A CAMEL!

THANKS... EXPERIENCE COMES IN HANDY —WHETHER YOU'RE HANDLING ANIMALS OR CHOOSING A CIGARETTE! THAT'S WHY I SMOKE CAMELS!

**Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!**

**T for Taste... T for Throat**

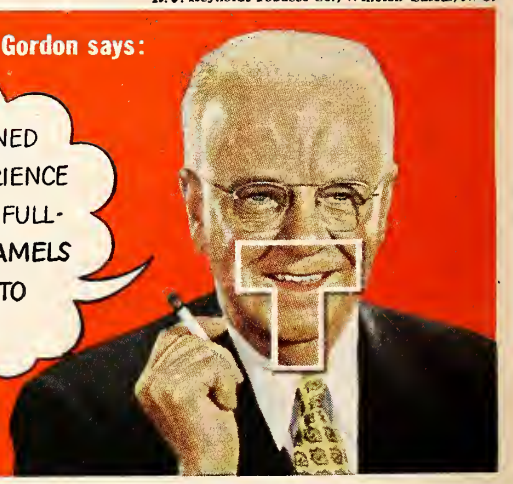
...that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

**Zoo Curator Clyde Gordon says:**

I'VE LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THAT MILD, FULL-FLAVORED CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T'!

Clyde Gordon

**General Curator and Director Staten Island Zoo**



***According to a Nationwide survey:***

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

## CAMELS—the Choice of Experience!

**the journal**

november '48

# This Month

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# Today and Tomorrow

The first question that faces any new editor is: "What is the aim of your publication?"

The wise editor, the one that is experienced, may choose to be ambiguous in his choice of an answer and thereby remain a wise editor.

But the neophyte always chooses to be truthful:

The main purpose of this year's JOURNAL is, as in the past, to present in its pages the best writings of the students of Wofford College. Another purpose is the development of talent so that those students having literary tendencies may find themselves, with the passage of time and with effort on their part, closer to a realization of this ambition.

In recent years, students have become aware that, although a little world exists on the college campus, there is a bigger, more perplexing world out yonder, past the gates of the college.

Another aim of the JOURNAL is to bring as much of that bigger world into the pages of the magazine as is possible, because, peculiarly enough, there is a lot going on out there.

I many ways, this latter aim takes precedence over all the rest—circumstances breed motives.

Even the most conservative of us is aware today that the world is wider and larger than it was yesterday.

And while the conservative may not like the idea of reaching out and touching today's great, yawning space instead of yesterday's solidity, he must be shown that today and tomorrow are the same, that this little world and that bigger world are actually one world.

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*The article on the opposite page is made up of excerpts from letters written to Professor and Mrs. Charles S. Pettis of Spartanburg by their daughter, Mrs. Cecil L. Sanford.*

*Mrs. Sanford is currently living in Athens, Greece, with her small daughter, Lilla, and her husband, a former lieutenant commander in the United States Navy, and now a member of the American Mission to Greece.*

*A graduate of Goucher College, Baltimore, Mrs. Sanford received her M.A. in English from the University of North Carolina in 1940. Subsequently, she taught at Limestone and Sweet Brier Colleges.*

*Mrs. Sanford edited the Goucher College magazine during her senior year and in these letters, written from Greece, she displays all of the qualities that lift ordinary writing close to the brink of art: there is warmth, a complete understanding of her new environment and, more important, a deep awareness of the thoughts and feelings of a nation which to her is strange and yet, at the same time, real.*

# a Line
# a Shape
# a Proportion

## *an American in Athens*

June 20, 1948

WELL, I've been traveling! Not only traveling, but on a sea-cruise, no less, all around the entire Peloponnesian Peninsula! It took place last week-end, and I've been the whole week recovering, which is why I haven't written you about it before.

We were guests of Captain Jenks aboard the British motor launch of which he is captain. He invited us suddenly last week. Friday night we had dinner with him at the British Officers' Club, and after dinner we rode down to his boat, where we met the other guests: a British officer with his Australian bride (from Adelaide—great, tall, buxom, hearty girl who met her husband during a four days' leave in Adelaide, plighted her troth during that time, and waited for him for four years; this blitzlieb, as you call it, seems to be characteristic of Aussie gals): a Scottish colonel; a queer chap whom I never did figure out; and a sportive officer who made wise-cracks all the time. In this exclusively British company I found myself soon saying, "Top-hole, first class, most 'strawdn'ry thing." They talked about cricket and sailing a great deal, and I retaliated by talking about Lilla, so we were even. (Incidentally, it was the first time I've been separated from Lilla overnight, and I must admit that I missed her severely and thought about her nearly constantly.)

Captain Jenks had turned over his cabin to me, a tiny little snug cubby-hole with one porthole where I was very comfortable. Cecil and the other men slept in the wardroom right next to my cabin. We sailed at midnight, but I went to bed beforehand, being very tired. I woke at 6 a.m. and looked out of my porthole to see the bare, great mountains of Greece racing by across a stretch of blue, sparkling water. On deck, I saw the coast of the eastern Peloponnese on the right, and on the left only calm, azure water. The boat itself is about as long as your house diagonally—no, about half as long again, come to think of it. It's really a yacht. About 8 o'clock we came to a small, sheltered cove, where we anchored for a swim before breakfast. This cove is called Kaio, and it is near Cape Matapan, at the extreme tip of one of those prongs of the Peloponnese (I believe it is supposed to be the southernmost part of the European mainland). It was a very curious place: the bluffs and promontories rose almost sheer from the sea, which had carved caverns in the hard stone. Above one bluff, clinging to the mountain's slope, was a deserted monastery, whose white walls were pierced by small black windows; about this grew a few poplars, green exclamation points against the

bleak gray stony earth. Atop another hill we could see some ruined fortification. And then farther down in the shadow of another sea-bluff, was a tiny beach, where a fishing boat was drawn up and a few cottages straggled. Pretty soon the fishing boat approached, and two Greeks in ragged dungarees offered octopus and fish for sale. All of us had gone swimming in that uncannily clear water—I cannot tell you how jewel-like this sea is, how you can see far into the depths, the white sandy bottom glimmering. I didn't go in myself, since everyone said that it was so unprecedentedly cold they could remember nothing like it. . . . Then we all had breakfast and started off again.

We kept close to the coast, but it was odd to look off to the sea stretching away to the right and think that 500 miles away lay the coast of Africa. And to my left lay Sparta, where Helen came from . . . and Githion, where she and Paris spent their first night on their way to Troy (we could just see the town). Our next step was Methoni, at the tip of the last prong; we stopped within swimming distance of the very tip, on which is an old Venetian fortress, now in ruins. It is long and extensive, with crenellated walls and a castlelike main building, and it is built out into the very sea. On the opposite island is a twin fortress; apparently the Venetians guarded this channel in the days when they overran Greece, during the Fourth Crusade (1204 A. D.). We swam again and then continued on our way. We passed Pylos, where Nestor lived and Telemachus came when he was searching for his father. Finally, at 6 p.m., we came to Zante, an island in the Ionian Sea, where we were to spend the night.

This island is very beautiful and green. It rises, like all these islands, sheer out of the sea, mountainous and rugged. The sun was behind the central mountain, which was silhouetted against the western sky; at the foot of the mountain sprawled the village of Zante (or Zacanthos), all colonnades of arches and whitewashed houses and narrow, winding streets, more Italian than Greek, for the Italian influence is strong here. As we came in to the long pier, the townspeople came out to gape and stare, crowding about and unabashedly pointing and remarking on us. We went ashore and walked all over the town, followed by crowds of children. The streets were narrow and winding, and many of them were arched colonnades, under which swallows nested and sometimes soared out. Girls leaned out over balconies and out of the windows. We passed several buildings pockmarked with bullet-holes and some either bombed or blasted into fragments. But the sidewalk taverns still survived, and a few people were sitting about drinking wine, and we passed many open stalls where beautiful ripe tomatoes and red cherries were sold, and the nuts from pine cones, which are quite good. The church was modern and elaborate inside, and heavy with incense. As we passed the barber shop, we could hear the barbers drop the shears and see them bend over and crane to get a better view of us foreigners. Then, stumbling on the cobblestones, we passed an open fire where a man was roasting a lamb's intestines on a spit. A number of taxis of extremely ancient vintage rumbled past—great touring cars—and one horse-drawn carriage. Lots of tiny donkeys carrying women or children sitting sideways trotted down the streets (I yearn to ride one). Finally we came to a taverna which looked pretty good and went back into the kitchen, as you always do in Greek eating-places, to see what looked good. The fish did, so we went to a table (the proprietor was very proud that we had chosen his place to eat) and had fish (magnificent), fried potatoes, tomatoes, and cucumbers, and lots of dry white wine. On our way back to the boat, we were followed by an old man who said, in English, that his brother lived in San Francisco.

The harbor was smooth and calm as a pond, and the lights of the village were brilliant and clear. We sat on deck a little while before going to bed.

The next morning we left at six. Cephalonia appeared soon out of the sea; beyond that is Ithaca, though we could not see it. Then we turned east at last, past Patras and the straits into the Bay of Corinth, which is narrow enough for one to see the coastal mountains looming on both sides (it seems really like a river). We passed the flats of Missolonghi, where Byron died. Once we anchored in mid-gulf and went for a swim. I joined them all this time, and had no sooner got down into the water and disported myself when Cecil cried, "Shark!" And there, to my horrified eyes, appeared a large black fin against the water! I beat up the ladder in record time, followed by the officers of His Majesty's Army in like hot haste; from the deck we watched the long black fish romping in the clear sea. Captain Jenks and Cecil took turns trying to shoot him, but I think he was a god in disguise, for he was certainly immortal. After each shot, he bobbed up just beyond the bullet splash, gay as ever. We finally chased him in the boat, and off he went.

Soon we saw, to the south, the mountains of Erymanthus, where Hercules hunted the boar, great wooded slopes lonely and wild (that is the amazing thing about all this coast—it seems so deserted, so lonely, with no sign of life except in the towns, which are so few—I could imagine very easily how it must have looked to the ancient mariners setting out for Troy or Odysseus

looking for his native land). And then, at Ageion, the River Styx empties into the Gulf from those very hills. To the north, rearing above the lesser peaks, we could see the snowy, soaring head of Mount Parnassus. Finally, at teatime, we came into Corinth.

Corinth itself lay at some distance from where we anchored, but I could see the acropolis of the ancient city rising from the plain. It is tremendous, much bigger and taller than the Acropolis of Athens; it was there that Bellerophon captured Pegasus. Near us was the wrecked entrance to the Corinth Canal; that was the project that Hadrian began, and was finished only in the 1930's. The Germans blew it up just before they left Greece, and one of the big projects of American Aid has been to restore it. It is almost finished. It is just three miles long, across that tiny strip of land that connects the Pelopennese with the mainland of Greece, and across this the ancient fleets used to pass on land. Cleopatra and Anthony drew their fleet across it as they were fleeing from Actium. We drove beside it (we were met at Corinth by Col. Waggoner—a friend—) . . . and along the perilous, lovely road from Corinth to Athens. This, too, is being restored by American Aid, since it and the railroad cars flung down the cliffs to the sea, where they have been left ever since the Germans blew them up. The highway itself is very good, smooth and wide; it winds along the mountainside above the sea, so that on one side you see nothing but sheer, rocky mountain slope and on the other the parapet of the road above the sheer drop to the gulf. It was tricky driving; I wouldn't have liked to do it myself, but Wag . . . was calm and steady. No road signs, no walls above the hairpin turns—if you went off, you just dropped into the water. Fortunately there was little traffic coming our way, so that we met no cars on those turns. This highway has only recently opened up; until a couple of weeks ago it was Communist territory. The Commies would hide up in those slopes and caves and descend on food trucks passing on the road (there are lots of abandoned pillboxes there which make very good ambushes). This, too, is the road where the Sphinx stopped all travelers and asked his riddle; and he hurled them into the sea if they couldn't answer. Here also was that famous robber who waylaid travelers and threw them into the Gulf until he was one day vanquished, and then earth, air, and water refused his body because he was so cruel; you can still see his body suspended between them (though I didn't get to see it). Finally we came down from the mountains to Eleusis, where the famous Eleusinian mysteries were celebrated for hundreds of years. I read about them just before I left. . . . The central theme of it survives yet in the Greek Catholic Mass; so said one of my books. In Roman times Cicero was initiated, and Nero applied, but was refused. The town itself is just a flowery village now. As we came into Athens, we passed the olive trees where Socrates is said to have held forth. We came in at dusk, and straight home.

July 5

. . . This reminds me of our visit to the Acropolis last week. I hadn't seen it by daytime, so that it all burst on me anew. We climbed up on that superb eminence in the early afternoon, out of the narrow, crowded, malodorous streets; the contrast

(Turn to Page 22)

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*Poe-like forms of phantasmagoria*
*creep into the imagination—*
*taut, elusive—*
*eagerly snapping in sinister sadism,*
*awaiting, wolfish, the infernal signal*
*to trap the prey*
*and to torture.*

*Pre-adolescent fears cannonade the thoughts,*
*which quail in uninstructed reaction of terror*
*before the half-noises*
*exploding in the darkened room—*
*through which*
*filtered streaks of moonlight come seeping from the window.*

*Supreme in desperation,*
*the mind reclutches schooled process:*
*"Only the creaks of a decrepit old building.*
*"The curse of mind alone transfigures*
*mere sounds to ghastly, human fear.*
*"That trite story of murder and dime-horror*
*read just before bed*
*infused your foolish brain.*
*"Fool!"*

*Chilling atavism from witch-filled old maids,*
*who, in criminal superstition, horrified childhood,*
*returns yet once more to undermine the man.*

—L. Poindexter Watts

# The Baby

I WAS still awake at 2 o'clock. I had seen a couple of men die in the war but I had never seen a dog die just like that. He had been tugging at the leg of my pajamas one minute and then he had let out that pained yell. Then, he was stiff and crawling along the floor with his legs pushed stiffly out at the sides, champing his jaws and looking at me out the tops of his eyes. I had gotten my hands on him just in time to feel the snap of his body and the warm relaxation of it as his head dropped limply. I had touched his chest and felt the thumping go off into nothing.

All the while, Rebbie had been screaming and trying to reach him. I'd pushed her off gently. When I went to wash my hands, the dog under my arm so she couldn't touch him, she was lying on the floor, sobbing quietly.

Lying in bed, listening to the occasional traffic outside the window and remembering what an eerie business it was digging his grave under the weak shine of my car's headlights, I heard Rebbie crying again.

I slipped my hand under her head and kissed her cheek. She took my hand and gripped it hard.

"Steve," she said, "where did you bury him?"

"Never mind," I said.

"I'll never forget it," she said.

"Sure," I said. "I've had dozens of dogs die on me. You forget them soon enough."

"But the way—the way he ——"

"Try and forget about it, darling."

She turned over and buried her face in the pillow. Then she said something that came out muffled, but sounded like, "He was our baby."

About four o'clock, one of those big trailer trucks passed the house. I was in a state of semi-sleep and that woke me completely.

Rebbie was asleep. The house seemed cold and empty. I felt something at the foot of the bed and I sat up quickly, a little frightened. It had been Rebbie, moving her foot.

I couldn't sleep. Next day was Sunday and I remembered I could sleep late into the day. I got out of bed and stuck my feet into a pair of slippers. Then I lit a cigarette and wandered into the kitchen.

It was beginning to snow outside, one of those lazy, big-flaked snows that always made me feel very happy as a kid but didn't matter so much now. It meant a lot to Rebbie, though, and for a minute I was on the verge of awakening her.

I decided not to. Then I remembered the supplies we had accumulated since we'd gotten the dog and I went to the cabinet and began to empty it. There were a couple of cans of flea powder, some dry bath stuff, a brush, a number of books on teaching dogs tricks and a new whistle we'd never used seriously.

The entire house smelled of the dog.

I spread out a newspaper and put all the stuff in it and then I went to my desk and searched for the pictures we'd taken when we had first gotten the dog. I couldn't find the negatives and, momentarily something cold gripped me, and I sped up the search. I found the negatives and put this in the paper, along with the supplies.

I twisted the ends of the paper together and opened the back door quietly. The snow plopped against my face and some of it got into the neck of my robe. I wanted to finish the job and get back into the house.

Just as I had put a match to the paper, I heard the Bromleys pull up into their driveway and get out of the car. I listened for them to go into the house and jumped when, instead, I heard Ed Bromley say,

"What're you doing, Steve?"

I looked up quickly and saw him and his wife looking over the fence.

"Just burning some stuff," I said.

They looked at each other, thinking I was drunk.

"The pup died tonight," I said. "And ——"

"You're not cremating him?" shrieked Gladys Bromley.

"No," I said. I suspected them of having put the poison out that had killed him. I was unfair about that, because I was only surmising he had been poisoned. Just the same, I was hating them just then.

"I'm just burning some of this stuff we had for him," I said. "You know."

Ed nodded but Gladys backed off squeamishly.

"That's tough, losing your dog," Ed said. "How's Rebecca taking it."

"Fine," I lied.

They left and I kicked the last few embers out. They sputtered against the snow. I went back into the house and dried myself off before getting back into bed.

During the week that followed, I'd come home at night just to find Rebbie sitting on the couch and staring across the room.

I hadn't thought it would go this far. She would pretend that nothing was wrong as soon as she understood I was home. We'd try making conversation; mostly I'd tell her what had happened at the office, but it was perfunctory.

I didn't feel very good about having to leave her alone all day but there didn't seem to be much I could do about it.

Saturday, a week to the day since the dog's death, I tried to take her out to a movie. She didn't seem interested and I suggested we go into town. Just as I'd gotten her as far as the garage, she said that she had a headache and asked if we could just stay at home.

(Turn to Page 23)

# Spain -- A Reminder

TEN action-packed years have passed since the inglorious victory of the rebel forces under General F. Franco. What has taken place in the world during these ten years has erased from the memory of most Americans what happened from 1936 to 1939 in Spain, when and where the future of Europe was gambled and lost.

Let us go back, therefore, to 1936 and refresh our memories. Let us see how Franco came to power, and decide if from a moral point of view we can now give any kind of support to his regime.

In 1936 there were national elections in Spain. A liberal, yet right-of-center cabinet emerged victorious. This cabinet had the backing of the overwhelming majority of the Spanish population.

While in Madrid the new leaders were arguing over their projects for conservative social reform, in Morocco a group of top army generals headed by General Franco was preparing a rebellion.

This rebellion began in the summer of 1936. General Franco, using Moorish detachments from the Rif tribes of Africa, crossed the Strait of Gibraltar and landed in Algeciras. Counting on the feebleness of the new government, whose bourgeois ministers seemed to him incapable of organizing any sort of resistance, Franco expected an easy victory.

Immediately after the rebels landed in Southern Spain, part of the regular Spanish army also revolted against the government. Therefore the north and south of Spain fell into Franco's hands.

But in plotting his revolt Franco had overlooked one element which was to upset his plans. This element was the people of Spain who, sacrificing their lives for the loyalist cause, in a few weeks delivered a large part of the country from the control of the insurgents. The rebel army in the south was cut off from that in the north.

Thus in early autumn of 1936, Franco's revolt was doomed. Taking the offensive the newly organized loyalist army was gaining on nearly all the fronts. With the forces they had at their disposal, the rebels saw that they could never succeed. After a few weeks the insurrection was apparently coming to an end.

However at this point the Spanish Civil War took on a different aspect. It became the struggle of a people against foreign aggression. The gaps in the ranks of the rebels were filled by thousands of Germans and Italians. German Junkers and Heinkels flew like hawks of death, sowing destruction over Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, and every town and village within loyalist territory. German cannon thundered on the battlefields of Estremadura and Guadarrama. German and Italian submarines attacked Spanish shipping on the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. German pocket battleships bombarded Spanish seaports. Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy gave full support to the insurgents, and thus Spain became the proving ground for the newest German and Italian weapons.

The duty of the great democratic powers of Europe now was to furnish loyalist Spain with the materials of war, since Spain had become the victim of foreign aggression. Spain was a member of the League of Nations and had agreed to reduce the strength of her army before the Civil war broke out; the other member nations were bound by agreement to help her.

Yet England, France and the other European democracies, all members of the League feared that selling weapons to Spain would constitute a violation of their neutrality, so they rigorously observed noninterventionist policies.

While Franco's armies grew steadily stronger, the Republican armies were forced to wage a defensive war. After three years of fighting, during which period more than two million Spaniards lost their lives, the legitimate government of Spain capitulated, and the rebels entered Madrid.

But that same element which made the defense of Spain against overwhelming odds possible, did not surrender. In spite of concentration camps and daily executions, the people of Spain have never resigned themselves to the fate of cattle driven by fear and oppression.

In the ten years since the ending of hostilities, the Franco regime has been unable to restore Spain's shattered economy. At the present time this regime is tottering.

Soon Spain will be able to liberate herself from the Fascist yoke. The dawn of liberty is near for a people who were the first to fight Fascist aggression in Europe, and who will be the last to free themselves from Fascist tyranny.

It is unthinkable that our country should delay the coming of that dawn.

—PEDRO A. S.

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## PARIS

*Onion soup,*
*Souvenir scarf,*
*Cheap white wine,*
*Weak cigarettes,*
*The musty Louvre,*
*Open-toed shoes,*
*Was*
*What Paris meant to me.*

*A city of four million smiles,*
*And twice as many trees*
*On twice as many boulevards,*
*Each smile a glimpse of open*
*souls,*
*Each tree an embrace,*
*Each street an alley-way to rest,*
*Is*
*What Paris means to me.*

—JOHN WILSON

# The Most Unkindest Cut

"AH, America!" I sigh, as I lean against the bus-stop sign scratching my initials in the chippy black paint.

"America of the bustling masses, America, the land of supply and demand, America of the . . ." And then I single her out of America's bustling masses as she stops for the red light at the end of the block.

"Ah, the American Woman!" I whisper as the light turns green and she starts toward me, swaying like a metronome. "The flower of the earth," I tell the bus-stop sign, and make mental plans to try to sell her my yo-yo if she doesn't stop. But the yo-yo stays snugly tucked away in my pants pocket, because she strolls right up to me and the bus-stop sign. She's the blue-eyed, blondish type, and the fuzzy pink sweater she's wearing hugs her so tight I'm jealous.

"I love you," I begin, in a bashful sort of way.

"You're kinda cute yourself," she chirps, and I know right off that here's a clever, clever girl.

"Can I kiss you now?" I offer, after deciding that that would be the chivalrous thing to do.

"Uh uh. Here comes the bus, and we wouldn't get through in time to catch it," and she throws a couple of butterflies instead.

"Yeah, I guess you're right." So I offer to drop her bus token in for her, which, I of course know, is the next most chivalrous thing to do.

Naturally, there are no vacant seats on the bus, so we have to stand up front, right where the bus driver can grin and pat her on the head. All bus drivers who grin and pat are six feet two, so I keep my temper in check, not wanting to cause a scene.

We get out to school pretty quick, and darned if she doesn't get off too.

"Well, this is a coincidence," I remark, and turn to stick out my tongue at the bus driver.

"Hey, I know that word." She shows it to me in her spelling book.

Pretty soon we're sitting on one of the campus benches, and I tell her there aren't any buses coming.

"So there aren't," she says, looking both ways. So I kiss her. "Now, you see. We would have missed the bus."

"You sure are smart," I marvel, gasping for breath. "Would you think I was being fresh if I asked your name?"

"I don't know. Ask me."

"What's your name?"

"Valeria."

"Valeria! Where, for Pete's sake, did you get a name like that?" I was dumfounded.

"From Coriolanus."

"From who?"

"From Coriolanus."

"Who's he?"

"He's one of Shakespeare's plays."

"Oh. Well, Corio—, I mean, Valeria who?"

"Saunders. But everybody calls me Valley. Except Papa."

"Yeah, well, O.K., Valley. You want to go to a frat party with me tonight?"

"Uh huh. Can I wear my green dress?"

"Sure. Green dress, blue dress—about 8:30."

So I go whistling off toward the canteen, never suspecting a thing, even after she tells me where she lives. I'm figuring on who to touch for gas money for the Ford.

Comes 8:15, and I'm shaved and showered and decked out in my red wool shirt, nursing the Ford toward Valley's house. I suppose I should have been thinking about what a fine thing it was my roommate did, buying me fifty cents worth of gas, but my mind is filled with thoughts of love and romance. I stop at the address she gave me; and still, mind you, still I don't suspect a thing.

I ring the doorbell and there he comes, looking like something out of Titus Andronicus. I would have played like it was Halloween and run like mad, but he cuts on the porch light and catches me.

"Evenin', P'fessor," and I grin like I've known it all the time.

"Well, if it isn't Mr. Simpleton—I mean, Mr. Simpson." These old boys with their ready wit. "Come in. Are you having trouble with your Shakespeare?"

"No, sir," I'm still grinning like forty. "I came to take Valley—I mean Valeria to a party. That is, sir, if it's all right with you, sir. Of course."

"Well," he begins, and he isn't looking too pleased. But before he can say anything Valley trips in, green dress and all.

"Hi!" she squeals, and I gulp as I remember that I haven't told her my name. "Papa, you know Skinny Simpson?" My feet start getting blood again.

"Yes." And not another word.

"Skinny's taking me to a frat party tonight, and Mama said it would be O.K."

"O.K.," I say in a stage whisper, shove Old Shakey the flower I'd brought Valley, and snatch her out the door.

"That was nice of you to bring Papa a flower," she says.

"Why didn't you tell me your old man was Shakespeare Saunders?" Now I'm real mad.

"You didn't ask." She slips her arm through mine and I'm not mad any more.

"Well, how'd you know my name?"

"I looked you up in the annual; but, Skinny, you should have told me. That was an awful lot of

trouble."

So I kiss her because I feel like she deserves it for being such a smart little girl.

The frat party was at the cabin out from town. And my brothers make me feel right proud. They certainly do make a fine sounding party. At least it sounded good to Valley and me down by the creek.

I have a little trouble getting the Ford cranked after the party's over, but a Chevrolet pushes us off, and we chug all the way to Valley's. "Skinny," she says in her clever little way, "the last time I came home this late, Papa tore one of the legs off the dining room table. He'll probably be mad with you tonight." Which has my vote as the all-time prize understatement.

"But, Valley, you never said anything about the time! Why the devil didn't you say you had to go home?" I was sweating.

"But, Skinny, I was having a good time, and, besides, I kept hoping you would offer me another hotdog. Really, Skinny, all you have to do when Papa gets mad is to quote some Shakespeare to him and he isn't mad any more. So don't worry."

"Fine," I mutter, "just fine. All I have to do is to quote some Shakespeare to him." I don't say any more because my brain is straining to pull out some of those spot quotes we had on the last quiz.

We tiptoe up on the porch and I reach for the doorknob, but Old Shakey beats me to it. "Evenin,' P'fessor," I grin as a leather-bound first edition bounces off my head.

"Quote something," whispers the madman's daughter, and I dodge the Complete Works of Milton.

"P'fessor Saunders, to quote the immortal Julius Caesar, 'That was the most unkindest cut of all.'" And I rub the knot that's rising on my forehead.

"How dare you keep my daughter out till this hour!" But he doesn't throw the Webster's Unabridged he's hefting.

"'Can one desire too much of a good thing?' As You Like It. Act Four." And I point toward Valeria, still grinning. He seems to be taking this the wrong way, so I gulp "What I mean is, sir, as Hamlet would say, 'my time is out of joint.'" And I point to my Ingersoll.

He lays the book on the table. "Don't you know it's late, young fellow?"

I decide it's time to play my ace. "Sir," and I clasp my hand to my heart, "'I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.'"

"Thank you for the flower,"

"Oh, it's nothing." I can't think of anything else to quote, so I back out of the house; still a trifle wary about turning my back on Shakey.

The next day Valley calls me at the Hall, and I can tell right off that something's wrong. "What's the matter, Valley?" I ask.

"Papa remembered after he went to bed last night that you were the one who turned the frog loose in Shakespeare class. I can't go out with you any more."

Jeepers! The frog. I'd forgotten about the frog. It looks pretty hopeless, but I tell Valley not to worry, that I'll think of something, and hang up.

Now I don't like to brag. It just isn't my nature, but the idea I dream up to meet this situation is really a Lulu. Naturally, I weigh its merits and its possibilities from every angle, careful thinker that I am, and I can't find a flaw. I can already picture the scene of triumph—Valley and me reunited amid tears of rejoicing; Old Shakey clapping me on the shoulder and telling me I'm exempt from exams, all the guys wanting me to put in a good word with Shakey for them.

I decide I should call Valley about the plan first, so she won't worry herself too much about our future. "Valley," I begin, "I have wonderful news."

"Goody!" I hear her exclaim at the other end of the wire. "We're gonna get two weeks for Christmas?"

"No, no, Valley. I've hit on a plan that will bring us together again."

"Oh!"

"Well, don't you want me to be permitted to see you again?"

"Yeah, sure, Skinny. It's just that —well, I was just thinking about Christmas. But how you gonna do it, Skinny? Papa's still awful mad about that frog. He said something today at lunch about ——"

"I've got it all figured out, though, Valley. It can't miss. We're gonna put on a play, see!"

"A play? Like the Senire play?"

"No, Valley, no. One of Shakespeare's plays. Romeo and Juliet. And we'll invite your pop; and he'll

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# Germany Today

Editor's Note: The author was one of the one hundred American College students accepted by the American Military Government in Germany to attend the International Holiday courses at the University of Munich, July 20 through August 15.

A dark, dismal pall seemed to pervade the atmosphere as the Belgian train crossed the Venlo border into Germany.

Unlike the gay cities of Belgium with their bright neon lights and American - stocked store windows, the bomb-wrecked German cities lay dark and quiet in the aftermath of World War II. The fury of "round the clock" Allied air might had accomplished well its mission of literally "knocking Germany out of the war." Thousands of fire-gutted railway cars and locomotives, the victims of constant strafing attacks, lined the rusting rails of railway sidings.

This observer could not help but somewhat feel anew the horror of war as he viewed the devastation of once beautiful Cologne, the wrecked harbors and bridges of the Rhine, and the rubble of Frankfort. Like huge ghost towns of a bygone civilization, the wrecked cities of Germany lie as a mute testimony that aggression does not pay. The words of: "Deutschland, Deutschland, uber Alles" do not fit into the picture of post-war Germany.

The journey from Frankfort to Munich took us through Heidelberg, the historic seat of German learning, and one of the few undamaged cities of Germany. The small village of Ulm also lies en route, and is the final resting place of Rommel, German leader of the "Afrika Korps." German opinion is divided as to whether Rommel was conveniently "purged" by Hitler or whether he died of battle wounds. The former is more generally believed.

Dachau, infamous Hitler concentration camp and horror center is located only ten miles north of Munich and now houses the once feared "S. S." troops. Munich, our final destination in Germany, is a very historic city and lies nestled against the majestic Alps in southern Germany. The famed "Munich Conference," in which Herr Hitler so cleverly handled Mr. Chamberlain in 1938, took place here. Here is the home of the University of Munich, now the largest university in Germany. A once proud cultural city of one million people, the population now is less than eight hundred thousand inhabitants. The city is fifty percent totally, and seventy-five percent partially, destroyed. The enormous heaps of rubble and twisted steel, the small hovels in which so many of the people live present an atmosphere of despair. The apparent hopelessness written upon the faces of the pedestrians of the street, many of them hobbling by maimed in body, soul and spirit, spells one terrible word—WAR! Germany today is an example of what results through greed and lust for power.

We found the university students a very interesting group, coming, as they did, from various countries in Europe. They were eager to discuss world affairs (perhaps too much interested in politics) and were anxious to know American reaction to various current issues in world affairs.

My host was interested in art, the twenty-seven-year-old son of an instructor in Criminology in the Munich "Polezei." Once an officer in a German Panzer unit, he served two years in Russia and was finally taken prisoner by the American forces in Africa at the time of the African invasion. He was taken to America and served two years as a "P. O. W." in the state of Kansas. When I asked him his opinion of American prison camp conditions he remarked: "I had more freedom as a prisoner in America than I did as an officer in the German army."

Another one of my roommates was a "D. P." who fled Yugoslavia when Tito assumed control of the country. This young man was a writer with a Munich newspaper.

The German young people are faced with terrific post-war problems, and you cannot help but admire them for their grit in attempting to carry on. For example, the young woman (chemistry major) who came from the University of Leipzig (Russian zone) and had to travel at night on foot by compass to cross over into the American zone from the Russian zone. All this risk of life to be able to get something to contribute to her education. This same young woman asked my permission to take the pieces of black bread I left on my plate when through eating.

As a whole, the youth of Europe are a very confused group, and the present international crisis holds no bright prospect for the future. As in America, many homes have been broken and lives morally wrecked by the war. It will require years to heal these wounds.

We were advised by officials in the military government that the occupation of Germany faces a complexity of problems. One of these is that America cannot supply the same quality of occupation personnel as can other nations. In other nations a great many college students make the military their profession in life, hence these nations have a better source of personnel supply. America offers so many better opportunities, why should we spend time in broken-down Germany—so thinks the average American.

Another problem is that the Amer-

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# On Wisconsin Avenue

I HAD walked into the hotel lobby at a little past four. The desk clerk told me there were no vacancies.

"You can use the lobby," he said.

First, he had looked at me to make sure I was wearing the right clothes for his hotel.

"Thanks," I said. It was what I had hoped for anyway.

I picked up my bag and sat in a big chair near one of the marble columns. Outside, the noises on Wisconsin Avenue increased with the flow of evening traffic. The lobby was quiet. The bellhops were leaning against the marble top of the main desk.

At six, a couple came into the lobby from outside. I noticed the girl first. She was tall, held herself like Katherine Hepburn from any scene of The Philadelphia Story, and had her blond hair down to her shoulders. She had poise and good looks, that girl. My type. I was thinking about types.

The young man with her was a lawyer. I could tell by his blue Kuppenheimer, the soft-gray Homburg, and the confidential way he leaned over the top of the desk talking with the clerk. He got around, too. I saw the way the clerk answered him; smiling, anxious to please.

As the lawyer registered, the girl surveyed the lobby with a bored expression in her arched brow. I was smoking a cigarette. I changed my position in the chair, shuffled around, crossed my legs, and relaxed my face until I felt I could pass as Humphrey Bogart. The girl's look slid around the lobby, passed over me without hesitation.

They walked away to the elevators. I watched them; the girl's graceful walk, long-limbed and fed on a diet of women's finishing schools, Harper's Bazaar, and sophisticated conversation.

A few minutes later, a tall, blond-haired fellow with a pained expression in his eyes walked into the lobby and to the desk. His coat was open and hung on him without any regard for the accepted rules of proper fit as prescribed by Esquire (The Man's Magazine). His sleeves looked empty. I had to look and see if his hands were sticking out of them.

He said something to the clerk. The clerk looked at him. The kid asked him again. No, the clerk shook his head, I don't know anything about it. The kid leaned over the desk. The clerk shut his eyes. You know, he was saying, I can't give out any information. The kid asked something. No, the clerk said, it's against the rules. The kid turned away.

He came and sat down across from me. He looked worn-out, defeated.

"Have you got a match?" I asked him.

He looked at me. "Beg your pardon?"

"Have you got a match?"

He stuck his hand in his coat pocket and pulled out a lighter. I got up, walked to him and leaned over the flame. I looked at his face. I felt very superior. I knew what was going on in his mind, what he was thinking.

"Thanks," I said. He nodded without thinking about anything.

I sat down again.

One of the bellhops left the desk and walked down the steps to the cigarette counter. He was talking to the girl behind it.

The kid had seen him leave the desk. He got up slowly and walked down the lobby to the cigarette counter. He tapped the bellhop on the back. The bellhop looked around. The kid pulled him away from the counter so the girl could not hear the conversation.

The kid said something. The bellhop looked doubtful. I don't know, he was saying. The kid said, five dollars? The bellhop looked over the kid's shoulder to make sure the clerk was not watching. Okay, he said.

The kid took out his wallet and handed him the bill. You wait here, the bellhop said. I'll find out.

The bellhop walked up the steps and went behind the desk. I lost sight of him behind the glass partition. The clerk had his back turned to the lobby. He was checking the mail box.

The kid had bought a pack of cigarettes. He unwrapped them very deliberately at the counter. The bellhop came out from behind the glass and went to the cigarette counter. He gave the kid the information.

The kid walked up the steps, across the lobby, and to the elevators.

Fifteen minutes later the phone at the desk rang. The clerk answered it. He listened and the expression on his face told me what he heard. He got excited. He said something to one of the bellhops and the bellhop went behind the desk as the clerk walked hurriedly to the elevators.

In a few minutes he was back downstairs. He picked up the phone, his face excited, and called a number. It was a brief conversation. He hung up the phone and went back to the elevators. He came down five minutes later.

Then, from outside, two policemen came into the lobby. They went to the desk and asked the clerk something. He told them. They went to the elevators together.

I got up. I knew what was coming next. I felt like the stage manager in a play. I picked my bag up and walked out of the lobby thinking, Tomorrow. Tomorrow I can read all about it in the papers.

—JACK NORMAN

# Shanghai '48

THE streets of Shanghai are more picturesque, in an obnoxious way, than those of almost any other city in the world.

For variety in types of humanity, vehicles, sounds, and odors, there is no place like Shanghai. Many newcomers will immediately develop an aversion to the city; but if they hold their noses and look for something interesting, they will find many fascinating and colorful things to attract their attention.

With four and a half million Chinese and a foreign conglomeration of dozens of other nationalities, Shanghai is an overflowing melting pot of international humanity. Shop signs may be in French or Russian or German, but are predominantly in English and Chinese.

Merchants and clerks learn to speak enough English to transact their business in that language. Beggars know how to plead, "Masta, masta, sank you, masta," as they cling to your side. Every little street urchin can and does yell, "Allo, Joe," at you; and the jobless Russian sailor on the busy corner can rattle off his line of "Hello-mister-I-usta-work-on-ship-my-little-brother-very-sick-now- I-haven't-got-job - you-give-some-money - maybe - jus'-little-bit-money-please-mister?" He is adept at sticking with you as you thread your way along a crowded sidewalk, as was the young Chinese who approached me one day, as I was strolling on Nanking Road with a lunch box in my hand:

"You wanchee sell this radio, Joe? I give good price; my company have much money. This good radio, Joe? You wanchee I buy? . . . No wanchee?" and then he wandered off, looking for more prospective customers.

Of the more Oriental sidewalk sights, there are refugees sitting on the sidewalk with the story of their sad plight chalked in Chinese characters on the pavement to invite some small donations from the sympathetic or curious readers. There is the spot where worshipers are religiously burning incense in front of Buddhist idols; while directly across the street the Army Enlisted Men may be leading the Naval Operations Base 7-6 in the third quarter of an exciting football game. Shanghai is a growing contradiction of Kipling's famous couplet.

The many types of vehicles and conveyances in Shanghai also show this co-ordinated contrast of Occident and Orient. Side by side you will find street cars and wheel-barrows, convertibles and rickshas,

trucks and man-pulled carts, jeeps, pedicabs, bicycles, buses, pushcarts, motorcycles, restaurants on wheels, and men straining at heavy pipes being rolled on small carts. Chauffeurs in Cadillacs curse ricksha coolies fresh from the country, while the Americans in the back seat discuss the World Series.

Certain sounds and smells are likewise a part of Shanghai. In addition to the screech of brakes and the clang of street cars, you will hear a chorus of calls and songs (singing commercials, you might call them) from the innumerable street peddlers, advertising their various commodities.

Other sounds contributing to the general noisiness are the squabbling of pedicab coolies and pedestrians, the wailings of beggars, the blaring of music that serves as advertisement for the radio shops from which the sound emanates, the rhythmic sing-song of coolies carrying heavy loads, the excited orations of some demagogue, and all the chatterings and conversations that inevitably go on among the people.

Although these sounds may be nerve-wracking to some, most people who come to Shanghai sooner or later get accustomed to them.

The odors, however, are not easily tolerated. Most of these are rather disagreeable, although from restaurants and bakeries come the tantalizing aromas of delicious foods. But the prevailing smells are those that arise from the fish markets, the decaying garbage, the rotting, dead bodies floating in the harbor, and the greasy, live bodies walking in the streets.

The prevalence of China's most famous and characteristic odor may be traced to the regrettable lack of available toilet facilities for a large percentage of the population, particularly those coolies and laborers who are away from home all day. While Chinese are modest in many respects, most of them do not hesitate to relieve themselves at any time, providing there is a suitable location. Almost any place along the side of the road or next to a fence or behind a tree (not necessarily out of sight) is classed as a suitable location. As a result, there is an added disagreeable odor which permeates most of Shanghai's atmosphere. It is definitely a part of Shanghai also.

Many of the aforesaid items may not seem inviting or attractive to you. Still, most of them are novel to the average American and should help to quench his curiosity about strange and far-away places. And, in case you ever happen to find yourself in Shanghai, you will know something of what to expect.

—EDWARD BERCKMAN

# The Search

IT was one of those hot late spring afternoons. The heat seemed to paralyze everything, even the trees seemed lifeless. Only the sound of a fretful switch engine disturbed the complete quiet. The brilliant sun oozed through the dirty age-worn shades to fill Ben's oven-like room with a lurid gloom.

Dressed only in his shorts, Ben lay sprawled among his twisted sheets. In sleepless disgust, he threw his feet over the edge of the bed and with hopeless movement raised his body to a sitting position.

Staring blankly into space, he felt for his cigarettes, hung one in the side of his mouth, and after a long pause, lit it. The grayish-blue smoke drifted lazily past his squinting, sad, blue eyes toward the ceiling. Dejectedly, he pushed his rumpled, yellow-streaked hair from his forehead.

"Damn these hot sticky days," he grumbled.

The door burst open and Joe Davis, his roommate, slumped into the nearest chair. Ben showed no indication of noticing his entrance.

"What's eatin' you? You've been mopin' around for days."

"Ah, I don't know, another of my low moods, I guess. It's a tight filled-up feeling, I used to get them in the service in long waits, especially when I had a lot of time to myself."

"Yeah, I guess I used to get that same feelin'; anyway, it was a good excuse to go out and raise hell."

After a long pause Ben resumed the conversation. "Tell me, Joe, what is your conception of religion, of God?"

"Same as yours, I guess; same as my Sunday school teacher taught me. Aw, forget it, why don't you and me go out, do somethin'? You ain't been out in a long time, stay cooped up all the time. Let's go on out, and raid the town; that'll shake off the jinx."

"No, Joe, I've tried all that; it's something I've got to straighten out, gotta figure the whole thing out."

Just at sunset, Ben sauntered with head down, slumped shoulders, and hands deep in his pockets across the campus to Professor Hayden's apartment. He did not notice the magnificence of the sun's last soft crimson glow, delicately igniting the scattered clouds in fires of varied hue. He only got a jumbled, half-conscious impression of the sandy, ragged-edged path, which was smooth except for the occasional gnarled hump of a root, worn slick by many feet.

At the door of Professor Hayden's modest apartment, Ben was given a timid greeting by Mrs. Hayden. This greeting seemed to completely fit her personality. She was a nondescript sort of a woman with a slight build who wore a half-frightened, half-puzzled expression. Ben wondered why men who thought deeply always seemed to marry this type of woman. Maybe it was because they wouldn't be disturbed by a wife who slipped noiselessly through the house.

A hearty and boisterous "hello" came from inside. It was Hayden.

"You're too late for the eats, they're all gone, can't afford but just enough, ate the last morsel."

"I'm beginning to think that you hide the food when you see me coming," Ben replied with effort, trying to be cheerful.

"Grab a chair, Ben. How about some coffee, Clara?"

Without comment, his wife went silently to the kitchen.

The large overstuffed chair seemed to swallow Ben. The fixed stare into space returned.

Hayden immediately noticed Ben's moodiness, and as an understanding friend, fell into the same serious mood. Clara brought the coffee and whisked away. Ben seemed to jerk back to life.

"I'm sorry, Hayden, it's just that —that ——"

"What's on your mind, Ben?"

Ben slowly stirred his coffee, shook the last drop off the spoon and placed it carefully on the saucer.

"It's something that I've always hesitated to mention, even to you. It's an undecided, sort of insecure, mixed-up feeling that comes over me. I never want to see anyone in these moods, seem to get pleasure out of sort of punishing myself that way. I used to be able to shake them off, but they keep getting worse. I've got to come to some conclusion, I'm all mixed up."

"Most men have to come to that decision sooner or later. I went through the same period myself."

"But, dammit, why are our minds so inadequate? We are able to find out just enough to wonder, never enough to know. Sometimes I wish I'd never gone to school, then I'd live a happy, unknowing life, clinging to my childhood faith."

"It's not as bad as all that, things will clear up, maybe I can help you."

"I guess I've been afraid to mention it because what I do believe isn't orthodox as one is expected to believe, especially in a Methodist institution."

"Don't worry about that, everyone has a different shade of belief. Just between you and me, my beliefs would hardly be called orthodox."

"Sometimes I think religion is just a cowardly escape of humanity, nothing but a good psychological escape, and life after death; man thinks he's so damned important that he can't possibly die unnoticed and rot like the lowly dog. I say it's all a result of man's egotism, just his conceit in being the highest form of life on earth. After all, there's no one to show him he's wrong in his summations."

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# The Traitor

"GIT fer home, Lou! Git!" The dog whined at the gruffness of his tone. Her belly was almost brushing the dusty road, and her tail thumped heavily against the dirt.

"I told you to git!" He lunged clumsily at the animal, fell to his knees, then sprawled forward on his face, swearing low, violently, as the dog scampered off into the darkness. His head was spinning wildly! just gonna lie here and go to sleep, just gotta sleep . . . he forced his eyes open and struggled to his hands and knees. His head hung low between his shoulders, his coarse, yellow hair fell forward toward the ground. The blue chambray shirt clung wetly, darkly to his back. The faded blue denims stretched across his buttocks; there was a dark patch where one pocket had been torn away. He fought to clear his head. The whiskey in his stomach churned and boiled and he retched once, twice. He managed to struggle to his feet and start again along the two ruts that formed the road—the road that led away from his house, the road that led on in the other direction to Ruthie's house, the road the tobacco drags to the barn.

The tin roof of the barn was white now in the moonlight, but under the projected roof, was shadowy and deserted looking.

To Will, the moon made everything look strange and unreal. This wasn't the farm, that wasn't his barn, he was dreaming—he was drunk and dreaming.

The short, expectant bark of the yellow cur dog at his heels brought his mind to focus, and chased away some of the haze from his cloudy brain. He whirled to face the tail-wagging dog.

"Lou, damn you, I told you to—— Come on, then, damn it. You'll go home quick enough when you git a little hungry."

The dog sensed the change of tone in his master's voice, barked happily, and fell in behind Will's uncertain steps with an air of confidence. The moon could barely be seen through the bloated patches of clouds which were tumbling across the blue steel of the sky.

Farther down the road Will vomited again. The dog sniffed inquisitively at the dark wet splotch in the sand, but Will called him away and began to walk once more. Now his head was cleared, and he felt the momentary exhilaration that comes after vomiting. He began to talk.

"Lou, you're a damn good dog, you know that, Lou? They ain't a better rabbit dog in this county than you are, Lou. You ain't never give me no trouble neither, 'cept'n fer occasionally havin' too many puppies. But you can't help that none, can you, gal? I reckon you got urgin's jus' like the rest of us. Leasways, you don't go gettin' yourself in a pack o' trouble every time you let your urgin's loose with a different one." Here Will's tone had become bitter, sulking. He went on.

"Leasways you ain't got nobody to tell you who can play round with you and who can't. Least you ain't got that to worry you. Least you ain't got no Annie Mae to blow off her mouth at you every time you git a little drunk. All time talking about you goin' over to see Ruthie Jackson. Well, by damn, I ain't got no Annie Mae now, neither. She's blowed off her mouth to me for the last time, by gosh. She's deader'n hell. You hear that, Lou? Annie Mae's dead!" His voice had become loud and excited. Then he began to speak again, and the tone was whining, explanatory.

"But, doggone, Lou, I never really meant to hit her. But the way she was standing there, running her mouth about here I was drunk again, and she bet I'd been to see that two-timin' Ruthie Jackson again and she wan't standin' for no more of it —and I saw that new axe handle I'd bought leaning up against the wall and I must of lost my head, cause the next thing I knew she was lyin' there in the floor with her head busted open."

Will was silent for a while. The sound of his brogans crunching in the sandy road was almost drowned by the loud shrill scraping of a cricket somewhere close by in the grass. Ahead loomed the dark mass of trees that marked the edge of the river swamp. His eyes were opened wide, unblinking, as he tried to focus them on the ruts that stretched ahead, marking his path. His expression was strained and tight. His too-wide mouth was open, his lips moist. His nostrils dilated with his heavy breathing. The yellow hair still lay on his forehead, matted and tangled.

"Ruthie's scarder'n hell, Lou. Says if I get caught I better not let on that she was mixed up in it. Anyhow, she promised to bring me somethin' to eat down here tomorrow. That ain't no bad woman, that Ruthie. I aim to marry her when this thing blows over, if it ever ——. Lou, how come me to do it?" Will's mind was clearing.

The road sloped down as it approached the edge of the swamp woods. Here the ruts had been worn deep by the chained wheels of overloaded logging trucks, straining to climb the grade. Will made his way down the now soft, damp path, stumbling occasionally on a black protruding root, unseen in the false light of the moon. Around a short turn and the road disappeared into a black, motionless body of swamp water. The water was not deep—it felt cool and refreshing on his legs. But in his shoes it was squashy and uncomfortable, and the mud sucked at his feet with every step. Lou,

her ears back, her mouth closed uncomfortably, managed to cross with very little swimming, yet seemed unable to control the soft whimper that originated somewhere in her nasal channels.

They reached the far edge of the water and higher ground. There was no path here, but Will struck out without hesitation through the brush and briars. He was silent now. The incessant shrilling of the crickets and complaining voice of the wind in the trees set his nerves on edge. Each twig that snapped beneath his heavy step was a rifle report in his over-sensitive ears. He pushed forward, faster, more recklessly. Finally, beside a tremendous gum that had been felled and left untouched because of a rotten heart, he stopped. He choose a spot beneath the trunk, tossed aside several dead branches, removed with his pocket knife three slender oak sprouts, then fell, exhausted, to the ground, which was damp and soft and lumpy. The dog lay panting at his feet. Somewhere nearby the river was gurgling against a half-submerged log. The low, mournful wail of a far-distant train was echoed by the whispered who-o of an owl. . . .

Will awoke, startled, in the center of a blinding splash of sunlight, that had found an opening in the foliage. His head throbbed with a dull pain, his mouth tasted sour; he rubbed his face and wished that he could wash it. A narrow root had rubbed into his shoulder and made it sore and tender. He was violently thirsty. He felt an urgent unrest, felt that he should be doing something, but what? The dog was gone.

The morning passed slowly, agonizingly slowly. Will was afraid to leave his hiding place; he knew that they had found Annie Mae, and that they might be coming to look for him already. He told himself that tonight he would leave for Georgia. They would never catch him in Georgia.

A dirty sack of cigarette tobacco lay at his side, almost empty. He rolled on his side and was preparing to make another smoke. Then he stopped, motionless, alert. He heard a twig snap, then another, and the sound of underbrush being pushed aside. He whipped his knife from his pocket and crouched behind the fallen trunk. The steps grew louder and nearer. A pause, then a subdued feminine voice called, "Will! Will!"

He released his breath with a sigh and answered the call. Ruthie, clad in a green cotton dress, emerged from the brush. Her dirty brown hair had been mussed and tangled by the foliage; the plain, possibly pretty face was fixed in a strained expression. Will noticed the glistening beads of perspiration on her forehead and along her upper lip, the dark damp circles in her dress beneath her armpits. Her breasts, outlined clearly by the thin cotton print, rose and fell with her heavy breathing. Her hips and thighs swelled sensually under her clothing. Her blue eyes fixed on Will with a frightened stare.

"Thank goodness you've come, Ruthie," he whispered, and reached for her hungrily.

"Git your filthy hands off me, Will Herring! I ain't havin' no dealings with you, and you might as well git it through your thick skull. They found Annie Mae and they done sent out one posse lookin' for you this morning, and they gonna send another after dinner. I never told you to kill her, and I ain't takin' none o' the blame. I don't intend havin' no more dealin's with you, do you get that? I ain't fooling around with no woman-killer, anyhow."

Her voice was shrill and strained and grating. Will tightened his sweaty grip on the bone-handled pocket knife. Hatred flared up in his chest. He stepped forward, pressing in against her fixed stare, but then his eyes dropped, his shoulders sagged, the knife slipped from his hand to the ground.

Ruthie spat at his feet, cursed him softly, and was gone. It was only after she had left that he noticed the brown paper sack she had left lying beside the tree. At least she had brought food. But Will wasn't hungry any more; he dropped to the ground, his face buried in his arms. Fear and disillusionment shook his body with soft sobs. Well, tonight he would leave. Tonight he would leave for good and to hell with all of them.

He had been lying there for almost an hour when he heard them. Loud careless steps coming through the brush. He started up, terrified. They were coming after him, coming straight for him. He heard the barking of the dogs, excited and urgent. But how, how could they have followed his scent? The water . . . Then he saw the flash of yellow, bounding through the brush. It was Lou! Lou was leading them to him!

"I'll kill you, Lou. So help me, I'll kill you. Oh, Lord! Git away, Lou. Git away from me!"

He could hear the hoarse shouts of the approaching men, hear their steps that were coming closer and closer, and he was paralyzed with fear. They were coming straight for him. What to do! What to do! Lou, for Pete's sake . . .

Will stood up limply, a twisted smile on his face. The dog bounded into the clearing, tail wagging, tongue lolling, plainly joyous at finding her master. The members of the posse remained unseen. They were approaching cautiously now, staying behind cover for fear he was armed.

Will cuffed the twisting, wiggling dog playfully on the ear. He stooped, buried his fingers in her fur, and shook his hair in her face. "Lou," he murmured, "I guess you an' me ain't never goin' rabbit-huntin' agin."

—BRAD BARRY

# An Old Story

THE third week I was there, the boss took sick and went home. He told me to keep an eye on things. He had a bad cough that came up from his chest and every time it hit him he would bend in the middle and turn blue in the face. It made my scalp twitch to hear it, because I'm a tall, skinny guy and I worry about T.B.

That evening, Jigger came in and sat on the usual stool—the one close enough to the grill so he could talk to me. I was frying a pork chop and did not speak to him immediately.

Christine was down at the other end of the counter, leaning on her elbows to talk with her boy-friend, Sam. He had just cracked wise and she was laughing.

"Okay, Chris," I said. "Pick it up."

She came and took the plate. She walked out from behind the counter and carried the food to the booth where two truck-drivers were sitting. Across the road, the red trailer-trucks leaned at an angle against the curtain of desert sundown.

"Hello, Jigger," I said. "What's new?"

"I've got a terrific idea, Jeff," he said. He pointed his long forefinger at me dramatically. "Why hasn't anyone ever translated Homer's Illiad into modern American vernacular?"

"I don't know," I said. "I've never given it any thought."

He pushed his weak face with the large shiny eyes close to me. His shirt had something spilled down the front of it and I could see the dark ring of dirt inside the collar.

"It's a great idea and it's all mine. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I'll let you have it free, gratis, for a cup of coffee. And a piece of pie, maybe?"

"Nuts," I said.

"Think of the possibilities, Jeff. Just think!"

He was a little tight, too.

"Not tonight, Jigger. Tonight I'm very busy."

Since I'd come to work there, he had been giving me story ideas in exchange for coffee and pie. It was good for a laugh at first but you get tired of that sort of thing.

"Suppose the boss finds out you're chiseling food off me," I said. "He's sick and it ain't right for me to do that. It's like stealing outta the cash register."

He looked hurt. "Aw, Jeffie boy. Just a measly cup of coffee and a piece of pie."

"Nuts," I said.

He sat back on the stool and started drawing circles on the top of the counter with one finger.

I went down the counter wiping off the top with a wet rag. His eyes followed me. Christine and Sam were still talking. They were holding hands across the counter. The two truck drivers had a bottle of liquor on the table and they were drinking from it. I passed the pie cabinet and looked back at Jigger. His eyes got happy. I took out the apple pie that was left over from yesterday and put a slice on the plate. Then I drew a cup of coffee and took it to him.

"I owe you a debt of gratitude," he said. He smiled down on the coffee and pie. "A debt of profound gratitude."

"Nuts," I said.

Barnaby, the local constable, came in about nine. He sat down at the counter, took a yellow handkerchief out of his hip pocket, and blew his nose. His thin face was flushed and little red veins peeped through his cheeks. Christine and Sam were sitting together in a booth. The truck drivers had gone. Jigger was drinking his third cup of coffee, smiling blandly into it and talking to himself. He laughed at the black stuff.

"Whatcha got for a cold, Jack?" Barnaby asked.

"Tell me, please," I said. "What is a cold jack?"

"Ain't you the wise boy? Bring me a cup of very hot coffee."

I got the coffee and put it in front of him. He tasted it.

"This ain't very hot," he said.

"I'll warm it up for you."

I took the coffee and put it under the counter and then turned up the heat under the coffee urn.

A man with a khaki hunter's cap and an Army field jacket came into the cafe and stood at the door. He looked down the inside of the place, past me, past Jigger, past Barnaby, to the booth where Christine and Sam were sitting. He kept his eyes on them, staring intensely until Christine looked up and saw him. She nudged Sam and he straightened up.

This fellow smiled at me then. He walked over and took off his hat. His head was bald.

"Would you mind doing me a favor?" he asked.

"Not at all," I said.

"Would you mind telling Christine I'd like to have a word with her?"

"Not at all."

I went to the booth and said to Christine, "The gentleman up front wants a word with you."

She looked at Sam. He shrugged. She got up and went to the front of the store while I went back behind the counter.

"How about my coffee?" Barnaby asked.

"It ain't very hot yet," I said.

"The hell with it," he said. "Bring it here."

I drew the coffee and put in front of him.

"I got a hell of a cold," he said, and began stirring the coffee.

Christine and the man talked in

low tones. She seemed indifferent to what he was saying. He talked to her very earnestly, using his hands to emphasize some point. I couldn't hear the conversation. She shrugged her shoulder and continued to look indifferent and he talked earnestly for several more minutes. She shrugged again and suddenly he stopped talking. He let his hands drop to his sides. Then, he said a few words very slowly. I could tell what they were by the way his lips moved. She got rigid and said loudly, "The hell with you and your whole family!"

She turned around abruptly and walked back to the booth, slipped in beside Sam and kissed him hard on the mouth. The man at the front saw her do this and his face fell into a hard mask of red anger. He looked at me and smiled and the red color went out of his face. He walked toward me until he was standing on the other side of the deep freezer.

"I'd like a liverwurst sandwich, please," he said. "Nothing on it."

I took two slices of white bread out of the bread box, put them together, sliced off the edges, took three pieces of liverwurst out of the deep freezer, put them on the bread, put the other piece over it, cut it diagonally, and wrapped the sandwich in a piece of wax paper. I put it in a paper bag and handed it to him. "Twenty cents," I said.

He tooks out his wallet and I saw a thick slice of bills in it. He slipped out a twenty and said loudly so that everyone heard, "Smallest thing I got's a twenty."

"That's okay," I said.

He smiled at me as I took the change out of the cash register and counted it out to him. He picked it up and stuck all the bills neatly into the wallet.

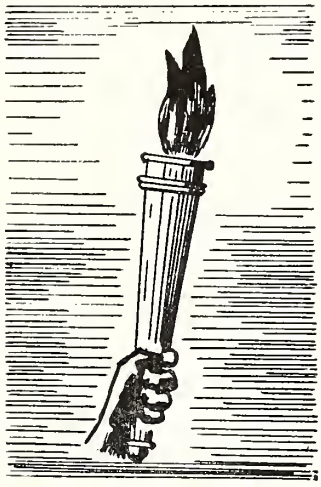
"Thank you very much," he said. He went outside and I watched him in the lights of the neon until he went out of its range and was in the night.

"Say, Jigger," I asked, "who was that?"

Jigger looked up at me from under his eyebrows. He moved his head a little and I bent down close. "That was Christine's husband," he said. "Don't you love working here?"

I looked at Christine and she and Sam were sitting apart in the booth. He was talking to her in a low voice and she just looked straight ahead as if she didn't care for what he was saying.

Pretty soon, Barnaby got up and went outside.



A couple of nights later, Jigger came in later than usual. He was very drunk but he walked to his stool and sat down as if he were perfectly sober.

"Say, Jigger," I said. "You seen Chris anywhere? She ain't showed up all day."

He couldn't lift his face up once it was relaxed against his chest, but he made a nice attempt to look at me anyhow.

"She won't be in," he said.

"How do you know?"

"I know," he said. "I know."

"Where've you been, anyhow? You're late tonight."

"You don't really want to hear this, do you?"

"Hear what?"

"About the little thing I saw. Yeah . . . just saw it. Down the road . . . not more'n five hundered yards from here. Man lying ona ground." He giggled. "Man lying ona ground all cut up."

"No kidding? Accident?"

"Could be, could be. Ain't saying though. Man lying ona ground all cut up. Big truck run over him . . . great big trailer wheels. Poor guy . . . all cut up."

"Who was it? Anybody I know?"

" 'Member the guy who eats liverwurst sandwiches?"

"A lot of guys eat liverwurst sandwiches," I said. "Who was it?"

" 'Member the guy who eats liverwurst sandwiches and only got twenty-dollar bills? . . . him."

There didn't seem to be anything to say.

Jigger laughed and put his head on his arms and fell asleep.

Christine didn't come in at all that night. Neither did Sam. Just before I closed up for the night, Barnaby walked in. Jigger was still asleep.

"Hello, kid," Barnaby said. "How's for a cup of coffee? I gotta cold."

"Sure," I said. "Say, you haven't seen Christine?"

He was in the process of sitting on the stool. He stopped abruptly and looked up at me. He looked at me as if there was something I should know and he was surprised I didn't

"Have I seen Christine?" he asked. "Sure, I've seen Christine."

"Where is she now; do you know?"

"Yeah . . . sure, I know where she is, don't you?"

I shook my head.

Suddenly he laughed. He slapped his palms down on the counter and laughed loudly so that the noise made even Jigger look up.

"Bring the coffee, kid," he said laughing, "and I'll tell you an old, old story."

—CARROL JENNINGS

# Jeanine

LOWRY felt the hair on the nape of his neck rise as he looked at his brother on the bed.

"Yo're crazy," he said shortly

"And why?" asked Gordon.

"I simply don't think it likely that Jeanine would come back."

"She'd do anything if she felt like it. You know how she is."

—— Was, thought Lowry; yes, I know how she was, but you don't. Aloud, he asked, "And just what did she have to say, to explain her sudden—disappearance?"

"Well, I asked her about that, of course, and she never did say. It was most peculiar. I'm afraid I went to sleep before she left."

Lowry snorted. "Probably went to sleep before she came, and dreamed the whole thing."

"No. No, I didn't. I was at the piano at work on my sonata, and suddenly I looked up and there she was. She must have let herself in without my hearing her."

"And then?"

"Well, naturally I was surprised, after all these weeks. I asked her where she'd been, and she just smiled vaguely and asked about the sonata. I played it for her—all the finished parts, that is, and she thought it was quite good."

"How did she look?" asked Lowry tensely.

"A bit pale, perhaps—worn, but still Jeanine. In the flesh."

Lowry felt his spine prickle again at the last phrase. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"Well, I really don't care whether you do or don't. I thought you might be interested to know she's back, that's all. Perhaps I shouldn't have called you over."

"What did she want?"

"Why, nothing. Good heavens, Lowry, what's unusual about Jeanine visiting me again?"

"Well, it's just been so long—not a word about where she'd been?"

"Not a word. It's strange. I became so weary while I was playing, and she sat there, never saying a word—just watching me with those huge eyes. Well, when I finished I was exhausted, utterly exhausted. I sat in the big armchair and Jeanine came over and said, 'You're tired.' And I was. She told me to rest there while she fixed something for me, and do you know, Lowry, that's the last thing I remember? Until this morning, that is. Silly, and most awfully rude, I'm afraid. To go to sleep on a guest like that."

"I think you dreamed the whole thing!"

"I did not. I woke up this morning in the very same chair. I must have eaten something yesterday that didn't agree with me, though, because I had a terrible feeling of nausea and was weak as a kitten this morning. I just barely managed to make it to bed here."

"I see. Did she say where she's staying now? Will she return?"

"I don't suppose we exchanged a dozen words the whole time she was here."

"Gordon, I simply don't believe you."

Gordon gestured feebly from his bed. "Well, I'm sorry then. But I really don't feel quite up to convincing you. I merely thought you'd be interested. Will you turn out the lights as you leave, Lowry?"

Lowry left his brother and went down to his auto. He switched the engine on and drove rapidly and nervously to the old L'Hiboux house. Now, seven weeks since Jeanine had vanished, the old house looked even grimmer and more desolate than when she had desperately tried to keep it in some decent order; however, the curtains she had hung (now missing or fallen in) and other feminine embellishments had served merely to accentuate the house's inherent bleakness.

Lowry entered the place and involuntarily shuddered at the stillness and the seven weeks' accumulation of dust and musty odor. It doesn't look too different, he thought; good housekeeping was never one of Jeanine's virtues. He smiled grimly to himself, and made his way to the basement. The power company had turned off the electric supply, and his flashlight batteries were feeble.

The basement was undisturbed. Shortly after Jeanine's disappearance a small group of policemen and reporters had searched the house to see if the girl had been ill or had met with an accident. They found nothing, left the house as they had found it, and departed with the conviction that Jeanine L'Hiboux had at last found the house intolerable and had quietly gone away.

They were partly right.

In the corner of the basement, the little laundry stove sat inconspicuously upon its foundation, a small square concrete slab. The earth around it was intact; there were not even any footprints there.

Thank heaven, they never dug! thought Lowry. The earth was moist and soft. He carefully backed away, obscuring his own footprints as he left.

He was halfway up the stairs when there was a loud metallic clank of a sound from the cellar below. Wildly he spun around with a tremendous emptiness in his stomach and his pulse pounding so loudly he could hear them. He almost lost his balance on the stair and dropped the flashlight to the steps at his feet. He shuddered convulsively and was seized with a sudden and horrible dread of falling into the unknown darkness below. Fortunately, the flashlight did not go rolling down the stairs. He groped for it frantically, and, recovering it, sent

its reddish beam into the corner where the stove sat. A sudden bit of motion there that nearly gave him heart failure. Then he saw it.

There was a large grey sewer rat on the stove; it blinked inquisitively at the light for a moment, its wee red eyes glaring through the quivering whiskers; then it turned and fled into the shadows, knocking the lid-holder from the stove so that it fell to the concrete slab with another clank. Lowry dashed from the house, relieved, but violently sick from the momentary terror.

Gordon was found dead in his bed the next morning. The old negress whom he retained as a housekeeper found him and called Lowry. Lowry arrived shaken and grey, and was admitted by the woman.

"Where is he, Celie?" he asked.

Maman Celie gestured toward the bedroom, but made no comment.

"Have you called anyone else?"

"No. Ain't nobody else."

Lowry went in, followed by the woman. The shades were all drawn, and a stuffy atmosphere of gloom hung over the room. He stood over the frail slight body which he could barely make out on the bed.

"Raise the shades, Celie," he directed.

He was unprepared for the sudden shock of light that poured into the room, and stood blinking for a moment. Maman Celie grunted once, and her wizened old face exploded in a horrified gasp.

Lowry was expecting a grim sight —the discoloration of livor mortis, perhaps—but the absolute whiteness of the corpse rocked him to his heels. The face was as colorless as if blanched by some powerful bleaching agent. The eyes were wide open in a fixed stare, and there was an unpleasant snarl on the lips, revealing the teeth set in shrunken gums. And upon the throat was a small raw, but absolutely bloodless, wound.

Lowry turned to the negress, but she had fled some moments before.

The coroner was unpleasant and suspicious about the entire affair. The inquest, held about a week after the funeral, was unsatisfactory to him, since Maman Celie had successfully evaded the authorities. She had the reputation of being a conjure woman, and any of her own people who did know where she was, feared her more than they did the police, so she was never subpoenaed. Nothing Lowry could say shed any light on the rather peculiar death, and the coroner was nonplussed for a verdict. He tried rather strenuously to cook up evidence for manslaughter, but failing, was forced to return a verdict of death from causes unknown. The matter which upset him so was the complete absence of blood, either on the premises or person of the deceased, or in the body itself.

When Lowry himself disappeared two weeks later, a general alarm was sent out for his immediate apprehension, and a squad was sent around to investigate his apartment. They found nothing significant, other than volume 22 Tex to Van of an encyclopedia lying open upon his desk.

Lowry was discovered two weeks later. Some children playing ball in the street had ventured into the cellar of the L'Hiboux house to recover the ball, which had crashed through the window. They emerged screaming, and the police arrived in short order.

Lowry's body lay before the small laundry stove, and was quite similar in condition to Gordon's. Rats, however, had evidently nibbled at the body; indeed, the damage to the throat was so extensive almost as to give the impression that it had been torn by force. At the time he had died, he had apparently been digging fiercely at the soft earth around the slab with a sharp pointed stake which the body still held in one hand.

The authorities, of course, completed the task which had occupied him at the moment of his death. They removed the slab, and about two feet beneath the moist soil they came upon remains later identified as those of Jeanine L'Hiboux. Oddly enough, parts of this second body, bearing marks of strangulation, seemed to indicate that death had occurred some twelve weeks or so previously — but more remarkable yet was the fact that the nails and hair were of extraordinary length, and the teeth were truly of an atrocious length and sharpness.

—LEE McRAE

# By Exchange

The Exchange feature started last year in The Journal will continue. This column will review all magazines received before the deadline date, and they will be placed in the library for one week in order that the Wofford students may read them. The purpose of this column is not critical—in the accepted sense of the word. The intent is merely to point out to students here the articles of special interest to them, rather than employ the it-has-a-few-good-points, but— type of criticism.

One deviation from last year's exchange policy is that there will be no reprint stories from the exchange magazines in the 1948-49 Journal. No "furriners" . . .!

The only unreleased publications that The Journal now has in its files are the late Spring of 1948 numbers that arrived after the May issue deadline last season.

The Concept is published by the students of Converse College. It says so right on its cover. The Concept's March and May issues arrived together the middle of last May, and leaves two numbers to be reviewed in one column.

The March Concept contains a piece by Catherine Hallman Jones, "The Autobiography of Henry Nel-

son Snyder." It is an essay on Dr. Snyder which is a sort of resume of An Educational Odyssey. As such, the editor was very proper in not putting the article in the book-review section. Nicely handled.

"The Bad Boy," by Margaret Jones, is listed under Nonfiction but reads like a short story. The events dominate the story, and it flows easily. This, despite the "eating out" that J. Mitchell Morse gave Miss Jones for some of her diction.

"The Social Companion" is a reprint from the February 1921 Concept. In that year it was awarded a prize as the best in the state. Mary Bosse was the author.

An excellent issue; "Sadie and the Sprinkling Water" and "Lil' Ole Mar' Alice Baker," both by Mary Alice Ingram, skillfully catch a "Southern" atmosphere, the small-town relationships.

The May Concept also is first rate. Those not from the Low Country gain an insight into the landscape in Clara Childs' "De High-Ball Pike." This writer only wonders if turtles actually shed tears. He also felt that the phrase "Kings Highway of Life" was too Edgar-Guestish to end such a beautiful idyl.

Mary Gwathmey, daughter of Converse's president, has written a nostalgic and loving account of her childhood and college years spent on the Converse campus: "Watching Her Children Down Through the Years."

All of the fiction was quite good.

The only other publication which sent us two numbers after the May deadline was The Yale Literary Magazine: the April and May issues. Yale's magazine, of all our exchanges, is perhaps the most "literary." It contains esoteric literary criticism, as well as realistic short stories whose dialogue would make a longshoreman blush. Book and music reviews; student-written poetry, as well as student-translated poetry from another language.

Yale does not print material that is not good; there is no padding to get the required number of pages. So it is difficult for a reviewer to recommend one selection to the neglect of others. However, in the April issue, Frank Shelden's description of an incident in a New England preparatory school seems to have more actuality than the other stories; the author probably went to such a prep school. It is titled "A Birthday for Jimmy."

It grows worse. The same situation of uniform high quality obtains in the May number. Norman Rubin handles "sex in the raw" without a single offensive word pertaining to anatomy or biology. All major dialogue in the story is spoken in mixed company.

The Thunderbird comes from the University of New Mexico. New Mexico's magazine is of the first water. Usually it prints, along with the fiction stories and poetry, a satirical essay or story. Those who, when children, were awed by the cussed perfection of Frank Merriwell and Tom Swift will enjoy George Groskritz's "Frank Merriwell's Tragedy." No need to say more.

Most will be interested in J. R. Hassall's "Alley Interlude," and by Milton Goldberg, "To Hell and Back." In both stories the advance of desire is frustrated.

The Erothesian is published by the girls of Lander College. It contains poetry in great bulk, short essays, short stories, and book reviews. The only fiction in the issue here (Summer 1948) is "The Future of Dreams," by Mary Eaddy. Elizabeth Brown's "That's What I Heard" is a fascinating enumeration of the qualities different girls look for in the men they would marry.

Duke's Archive is of a hoary and and venerable age, but is modern in its format. The March 1948 issue prints four excellent short stories. "You're Crazy," by R. D. Loomis is delightful, but has not much verisimilitude in that a farcical plot is developed with realism of detail.

Characterization is the keynote of the story by Guy Davenport: "In the Juvenescence of the Year." Beautifully done; good plot exposition—something like Henry James.

Connecticut College for Women is in New London. Its literary magazine is called Quarterly. The Rhoda Meltzer story, "Uncle Jake," is simply told, with traces of sadness and humor. Read Deidre Coons' "The Last Spring," and Sari Buchner's two-act short story-sketch, "Finale." Both are drawn with sensitivity.

The Harvard Advocate: Francis O'Hara in "The Unquiet Grave" has presented on one page only a stormy tale of carnality, murder, and insanity by the sea. Reading twice helps the understanding.

Recollecting, it seems that several stories in last year's exchanges concerned funerals. In the Advocate, a topnotch one: "The Funeral," by George Bluestone.

Also, read "Herr Zipfl's Revolt," by Denis Fodor. In the opinion of the Exchange Editor, Mr. Fodor's "Yes, My Lieutenant," which appeared in another of last year's Advocate numbers, was the best story he read in a college magazine last year.

The Journal of Winthrop College issued only two numbers last year. But each was a "lulu." They put all their eggs in two baskets—instead of five. Spring 1948 is fifty-two pages long. There is so much of the Winthrop Journal that it cannot be covered adequately here. The outstanding feature of the issue is five humorous essays. Hilda Proctor wows the reader with "The Diaper Set (or Babies Are Not People)."

Strangely, for a "literary magazine," The Journal has a full section of literary-criticism articles.

# Books

Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's technique in gathering and compiling the information in his now-famous report (Sexual Behavior in the Human Male, by Alfred C. Kinsey, et al., W. B. Saunders Co., Philadelphia, 1948), is probably unsurpassed by any other text on a similar subject. His report differs from the older texts about as much as a Gallup poll differs from the observations of the individual armchair expert.

In 804 pages, the author proceeds to classify every sexual act of the human male by means of an intricate system of charts, graphs, and tables, which cannot possibly contain an ample consideration of the emotional and psychological involvements of such acts. A common sneeze can usually be analyzed simply, from a physiological standpoint, but acts of sex entail much more than that. However, nowhere in this report does Dr. Kinsey even pretend to cover all such implications, so he cannot be discredited for this. The American public has read the book and immediately moralized about the facts presented, and some have condemned Dr. Kinsey for condoning what are now called "abnormal" practices. Dr. Kinsey has merely presented facts; so far, the reading public has done all the moralizing.

Probably the most outstanding contribution of the book is not a presentation of the true picture of animal contacts, or homo-sexuality, or extra-marital intercourse, but a comparison which shows the variation of the sex habits of an individual in one group as compared to an individual in another educational, religious, and social group. The figures in the report indicate that the higher the level of the person concerned, the more widely embracing his sex attitudes are likely to be.

The critical reading public has already jumped to the conclusion that Dr. Kinsey is endorsing all sorts of unusual, and what we call abnormal, sex practices. Many are clamoring for a revision of laws and social attitudes concerning these things. They seem to think that because Dr. Kinsey has shown a thing to be very prevalent that it is normal. Well, the common cold is a prevalent thing, and it certainly isn't normal. Just because a thing happens to exist does not necessarily mean that it is to be accepted without question. So, rather than trying to revise all attitudes and laws concerning the abnormalities present, we should probably go farther back and try to uncover the cause of the abnormality. A doctor certainly does not grant that pneumonia is normal because it is rather common — he goes back to what he thinks is the origin and tries to kill the root of the trouble. It would be well if we could apply such a procedure to whatever immoral practices we might have today.

It is interesting to note the European's attitude toward the Kinsey report and the reaction it has produced in America. It is reported that one European, at the United Nations Headquarters in New York, was rather puzzled by the amount of attention given the report. He said, "What is it all about? Why do you people make so much of this? Is there anything new in it?" Possibly he is justified in his amazement, for there is probably nothing that is really new in the book—possibly we are only shocked to hear ourselves thinking aloud the things we have never mentioned for the first time.

Many have compared reaction caused by the report to the reaction caused by Darwin's "Origin of the Species," when it was first published. They state that this, certainly, is a milestone in the field of science. Possibly they are correct, but we stick to the belief that there's nothing really new in the report except the comparison of attitudes between the various educational, social, and religious levels.

—JOHN WILSON

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THIS YEAR AND THE ONE BEFORE

*That year is one that I shall not forget;*
*When seconds were not seconds but instead,*
*Long days, and days were years (the nights seemed as*
*Eternities, though only black decades).*
*And in that year there was no laughter left*
*With which to pierce the fetid air, to make*
*A second be once more just that; all laughs*
*Remained unlaughed, all soothing words unsaid.*
*And substituting these were secret moans,*
*The heavy breaths of disillusioned boys—*
*The muffled cries that failed to cleanse the air*
*But only mocked us hanging high like birds*
*Of prey. This is the inglorious year*
*In which our youth perceived the glory of*
*An age; a year the truth of which remains*
*Untold: because, to children, truth is lost*
*In that initial flash of valiant sword.*

—PETER KAREGEANNES

## *A Line, A Shape, A Proportion*

(From Page 5)

with that clear, silent height again struck me. Across the ravine from the entrance was the bare, huge granite hill, the Areopagos, from which the politicians and statesmen spoke to the people of ancient Athens assembled in the agora below. The agora itself is now only a desolate, barren field strewn with stumps of ruins, fallen columns, and bits of marble. (Odd to think that ancient Athens had a smaller population than Spartanburg.) The Parthenon seemed bigger than it did by moonlight. The friezes could be seen, and the prehistoric foundations. Great evocative fragments lay in odd pieces: one was a big and perfect marble foot, every detail clear and delicate; it was about as big as the top of your coffee table. But the most exciting thing for me was the Theatre of Dionysus, which was clearly and entirely visible from the acropolis wall. There it was, the exquisite amphitheatre carved from the side of the hill, the marble seats for the eminent people still intact (and very comfortable, too—we sat where Pericles may have sat as he watched the drama, and we found that it was cunningly cut to fit the human body, so that fatigue wouldn't have bothered him). The semicircular stage itself is laid in checks of white and blue marble, and at the back is a frieze, about hip-high, of graceful figures. The acoustics, so mysteriously perfect (they never have figured out how and why the acoustics of these Greek theatres is so marvelous) really lives up to its reputation—we tried it out. I sat there just at the hour when the ancient Greek plays were produced—the afternoon — and imagined the masked and buskined actors, the entrance of Clytemnestra, the cry of Agamemnon and the blind Oedipus, and the chorus of Aristophones singing "Brekekekex-koax-koax." I can't convey, because I myself would never have imagined unless I'd seen it, the immemorial silence of these places. There they are, amid this crowded, hiving city; and there they have been through war, pestilence, defacement and oblivion; and there they are now, their perfection suggested only, but insufficiently, by a line, a shape, a proportion; and over it nothing but hot sun or darkness, a few wild flowers blooming in the cracks, a hawk stationary in the sky.

Monday, July 17

Yesterday we went to Marathon in the car of Col. Waggoner, a pal of ours. Wag took his girl, Kay,

along and we took Lilla. The drive, which is about 26 miles, is really rough—it took us two hours; I can't see how Phedipedes ran it afoot at all. You can get some idea of what these roads are like if you remember those early days of motoring that we used to do, on rudimentary roads, without signs, through streams and over sand. The country is really lovely with the silvery olive trees, and the blue rugged mountains always in the background, and the glimpses of sea. Finally, about 1 p.m., we reached the plain of Marathon, where the battle was fought. It stretches, not a mile wide, between the foothills and the sea, and it is covered with gnarled olive trees. There is nothing there—no houses, no people, no sign of civilization—except for the steep, high mound that is the tomb of the Athenian dead fallen in the battle. Concrete steps lead to the top of the mound, which is flat, about as big as your hall, and affords a fine view of the battlefield. We took movies and snapshots there. As always among the Greek scenes of ancient events, I was struck by the silence and loneliness. The only road leading to the mound is a little dirt one, deserted and dusty. There is a small monument at the foot of the mound, a marble frieze of a Greek warrior. That is all. Looking out to sea, I tried to visualize the Persian ships and the clashing ranks. Then we drove on, down a road that could hardly be called a road, winding among the trees of the great grove until it came to a swamp. There it turned into a narrow causeway just wide enough for the car and so rough that we had to go 10 miles an hour. Finally, through another grove we reached the beach, which was extraordinary. Trees grew almost to the edge of the water, and underneath was a carpet of pine needles. The beach itself was a narrow strip of sand where the water lapped in all its blue clarity. The bottom was smooth, hard white sand. We spread our blankets out under a big, spreading tree and to the music of Wag's radio ate our picnic. . . .

Last Monday we went to the concert at the ancient theatre of Herodes Atticus, at the foot of the acropolis. Every week during the summer, the Symphony Orchestra of Athens performs there, and very effective indeed is the setting. It was built about 200 A.D. by an Athenian millionaire. Now it is in ruins but still usable. The amphitheatre is semi-circular, rising very sharply, like a bowl, and the ancient stone seats are there still. We sat quite high up and faced the semi-circular, marble-paved area where the orchestra, a big one, sat. Behind them rose

stone tiers of arches, one atop another, so high that the last crumbling and broken arcade was black against the stars. We came at dusk and watched the audience pour in until the theatre was filled and people spilled over on the slopes of the Acropolis. At dark the music began. The orchestra is excellent. The program was printed in Greek, of which I can just read enough to make out the general sense. . . . Afterwards we walked down a few yards and had dinner at one of the best tavernas in Athens,right under the Acropolis. It is not at all swanky and not many people know of it, except the Greeks. The proprietor knows us and brings us whatever is best that day, and his best is superb. . . . We ran into a Greek friend and afterwards repaired to Constitution Square, where we sat at a table under the palms and had Turkish coffee and told stories.

August 4

. . . Out of all the people here I haven't met anyone who seems to have the faintest general grasp of any principle or meaning in American Aid to Greece, beyond the lick-Russia idea. Most of the Americans look upon the Greeks with mingled contempt and fear — fear of being cheated. They think all Greeks are out to gyp them in a clever way, and this attitude naturally gripes . . . the Greeks. We seem to have a sort of national xenophobia.

August 13

. . . When in Athens, do as the Athenians do. Well brought-up men go without ties and coats. All cinemas are outdoors in the summer: you sit in chairs under the stars to watch, and the shows start at 8:30 p.m. and end at 12:30. Life goes on until late at night because the nights are always cool and everyone is fortified by the afternoon snooze. Most of the restaurants function outdoors, too (there is no rain during the summer, so this is quite safe).

The Greeks, however, do not grow fat. The fighting still goes on. Maybe you've heard of the struggle for Mount Grammos. Our friend . . . was sent to that area recently and has written us that it is pretty grim. He wrote in a tent by candlelight. . . . There are lots of mines there and the soldiers have to be careful when walking. The casualties have been high.

---

## *The Baby*

(From Page 6)

I tried to be tolerant without mentioning the incident. It was right there—we both knew what the trouble was—but neither of us wanted to bring it out in the open.

One of the things that had drawn me to her in the early days of our courtship, was that unfaked naivete in her nature. She loved animals as passionately as a child, and that's one reason I had bought the dog. Being alone with it all day made her naturally very close to the animal.

But my patience was beginning to run out. I didn't want to sacrifice her health by keeping quiet about the thing any longer.

When we were back in the house I got her a glass of warm milk and sat down beside her on the couch.

"Rebbie, darling," I said, "Why does it bother you so much?"

She looked at me quickly.

"What?"

"This business about the dog," I said.

"What dog, Stevie?"

I stopped on that. Rebbie doesn't play games nor does she deliberately pretend ignorance in a vital matter. She had never lied to me since our marriage or even before that.

"Rebbie," I said, "please answer my question."

My voice sounded hollow in my ears.

"Stevie," she said, "we haven't

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got a dog. We've never had a dog, darling."

She tilted her head and that side of her hair swung out like a pendulum. She smiled at me and, just for a second, she was the Rebbie I had always loved and not the stranger who sat on our couch every night when I came home from work.

"Rebbie," I said. I tried to put my arms around her but she ran out of them and disappeared into the kitchen.

I got the same stab of cold hollowness that the dog's dying had given me and I ran after her.

She had thrown open the dog's cabinet and was waiting for me, one hand on her hip.

"If we had a dog," she said, "why, we'd have all his stuff in here, wouldn't we, Stevie?"

"Rebbie," I said, "stop that!"

"But, Stevie, it's true. Look."

Of course the cabinet was empty.

"Why, Stevie, we haven't got a dog. We haven't got anything. We had a baby, remember? But he died. A long time ago, he died."

"Rebbie," I said, "Rebbie, shut up!"

I reached out and took her by the shoulders. She came to me easily enough and I held her tight, her brow against my chin. It was cold, like ice. She began to tremble.

Suddenly, something bumped against the small window above the sink and it came open slowly. Rebbie twisted in my arms and, as the sharp slice of wind hit her face, she screamed. The scream died away in her throat and she fainted against me, her arms and face very cold, colder than the wind outside.

That was three months ago. We have been out West since then and stayed for a month at Catalina Island. Rebbie seems to be well as ever now. For a while, I toyed with the idea of getting another dog, but decided, under the circumstances, to drop the matter. I don't know.

—PETER KAREGEANNES

## *The Most Unkindest Cut*

(From Page 9)

be overjoyed at the sight of his students presenting on the stage one of the greatest of Shakespeare's greats. And think of the favorable impression it's bound to make when he is told that this great undertaking is all under the direction of Mr. Skinny Simpson! How small that frog incident will seem them!"

"I don't know, Skinny. Papa said that was the biggest damn frog he'd ever seen. And he doesn't cuss much."

I say it with pride when I say that I am not one to be weakened in my decisions by discouragement. Under my direction the production begins to gain momentum.

Valley is much more in favor of the idea when I choose her to play Juliet. I could probably have found someone to play the role better, but I figure it will please Papa if Valley shows up in the lead.

The night of the presentation arrives, and so does Old Shakey, just as I know he will. Only about half the guys I'd paid to come showed up, but there are a few who came of their own accord. Besides, Old Shakes is there, and that's what counts.

The thing goes off fine! At least I think so, considering we hadn't practiced it but twice. Of course, some of the guys forget their lines and have to ad lib in American. And Valley gets tickled during the balcony scene, which I don't think Juliet was supposed to do. All the guys in the audience laugh and howl themselves crazy. I can't understand why. Romeo and Juliet isn't a comedy. I suppose they just don't know any better and are trying to impress Shakey. We didn't have any costumes that would suit the occasion exactly, but most of the boys wore dress suits and left their shirt tails out, and, what with the girls in evening dresses, we all thought it looked mighty effective. On the whole,

I thought the thing went off fine.

But I guess Shakey didn't think so. He never did come right out and tell me he didn't, but I flunked Shakespeare, and I suppose that's a pretty good indication. It doesn't matter, though, because I don't go to State any more. I'm at the University now. Valley's got a job as a secretary, and, with my selling insurance in the afternoons, we get along pretty well. Papa Saunders hasn't come to call yet, but in case he ever does, we've hung a plaque on the living room wall that says, "Married in haste, we repent in leisure."

Valley thought of that. She sure is a clever girl.

—RAB BRADDY

---

## *Germany Today*

(From Page 10)

ican Military Government is more quickly restoring the authority of administration to the Germans than the other occupying powers. This is especially offensive to the Russians, and, as was strongly hinted to me, one of the underlying reasons for the Berlin blockade. Other occupying powers feel that America has yet to learn what war really is. France has already felt the heel of the German aggressor twice in one generation. Russia and England have both suffered far more in loss of life and material destruction in their own homeland than America. Consequently, they strongly differ with the United States in again building a strong Germany perhaps only to use her military power again to rain havoc upon the nations of Europe.

Still another problem in teaching a democratic way of life to the Germans is the fact that Germans are not accustomed to speak and act for themselves. They are accustomed to being told what to do, or to follow a leader in a docile manner.

As to the attitude of the German people toward their former Nazi leaders and their crimes, I found varied opinions. Among the university students there is the feeling of guilt, and they readily admit that their government acted criminally, but they were helpless to intervene in fear of the inevitable "purge" methods employed by Hitler against all who opposed him. Among some I found that they conveniently used the Kaiser as scapegoat for World War I and Hitler the scapegoat for World War II.

As would be expected, they were reluctant to discuss Nazi brutality during the war and readily placed the blame upon Hitler and his "S.S." troops. It is no doubt true that the S.S. troops were more generally responsible for the wartime atrocities. As I had opportunity, I showed various Germans pictures of the extensive bomb damage inflicted by them upon England, Belgium, and Holland. The extent of the bomb damage in Rotterdam so amazed them that I strongly suspect that some did not believe the pictures. They said: "But the Dutch were not our enemies!"

Economically, Germany reminds us of a felled pugilist groggily trying to get to his knees. The monetary reform has greatly aided in that it has brought into the shop windows articles that heretofore had been held back for black market prices. While in many quarters the mark reform hurt them, yet as a whole the German people concede that it was for the best. The average German worker is earning enough upon which to "exist"—and hardly more. I do not see any signs of suffering from hunger as I expected. In fact, one would need to search for any signs of physical want which he could not duplicate many places here in our own America. I understand that conditions are not any worse in the industrial areas of the north. Regardless of the com-

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plaints we heard about our occupational policies from the Germans, it was evident that they were all very happy to be in the United States zone, and I saw no one making plans to leave!

Spiritually, the war also had its effect upon the people. I was told that there had been a spiritual dearth in Germany prior to the war, but that the people had seen the weakness of a Godless materialistic philosophy, and were now more interested in the church and their spiritual welfare. I visited both the largest Protestant and Catholic churches in Munich and found them both filled with worshipers at the morning services.

Agriculturally Germany is probably the most beautiful of European countries. This had been a good year for the farmers, and the well-kept grain fields are fast becoming golden brown with promises of a "bumper" harvest. All available farm land is carefully utilized for essential crops.

We can readily understand why Hitler chose Berchtesgaden as a rest spot, and the famed "Eagles Nest" as a means of impressing visiting diplomats. This Alpine "home in the skies" takes the breath as you actually look down on other high snow-covered mountain peaks. The blue waters of beautiful Konigsee, and the nestling village of Berchtesgaden all make for a scene that can hardly be matched for beauty anywhere in the world. The near-by salt mines, which began to operate at about the time that Columbus discovered America, the ancient customs of the Bavarian Germans still carried on today, all tend to give the visitor a journey into the dim past of history.

In conclusion, the industrial might of Germany holds the key to European recovery. Today she stands as a divided country, her people confused, the nations of the world fiercely contesting her peace treaty, with the future insecure. What will be the end of these things? One thing America must do, and that is to stand firmly for a democratic Germany—or else?

—FELIX R. WAGNER

---

## *The Search*

(From Page 13)

"You might be ——"

"Everything else can be predicted, everything follows set laws except man. Plants have their cycles, even the number of monkeys that will be in the jungle in ten years can be approximated almost exactly. Man is the only thing that is unpredictable. And miracles, I believe that they can all be explained. Maybe we lack the knowledge now, but there is a logical explanation for them. Say, for instance, my grandfather's sole earnings came from the marketing of his drove of pigs, and one summer a plague of cholera was coming his way. When the family sat at the supper table he prayed for his pigs to be spared from the plague. If the pigs were spared and all others around were killed, he'd term it a miracle. Now say my father has a drove of pigs and a plague was coming his way, would he sit at the table and pray? No, he'd have them vaccinated.

"It's been proved that man evolved from nothing but plus and minus charges of electricity. From a simple inorganic compound to a complex protein molecule; one of these, the tobacco mosaic virus, acts independently, like life. It has the power to change the surrounding tissues into molecules like itself, therefore it has the power of reproduction. From this, we go to the one-celled animal which has evolved through millions of years to the complex structure of man. To me, God is knowledge, understanding the laws that control us."

"And as how the earth got here?"

"I don't think man's mind is capable of conceiving how the solar system was organized or how it came to be."

"Ben, why don't you let the unsolvable mysteries take care of themselves? They will. I agree with you that mankind has many faults. We learn these faults from history and literature and make greater mistakes now than have been made in the past, but the only way that man can survive is through goodness and trust in his fellow man."

"But most of the people that seemingly do good are hypocrites; they really have their own selfish interests in mind. It's only done for sake of appearance."

"Be that as it may, since it isn't possible for man to live and progress by himself, goodness is the only way out that I see."

"You're right there, man's goal is progress, knowledge, and it cannot be attained without cooperation and good will. I guess goodness is the basis of all this. But to get ahead, one must have interest for himself as well as interest for others."

"Surely (to use an ambiguous phrase) you can work out a 'happy medium' for that."

"I think I can. Thanks for listening to my troubles, got it off my chest now I think you've helped me."

The older man replied, "It might help you to remember this quotation from Dante, 'So wide arms has goodness infinite that it receives all who turn to it'."

Ben looked at him as if about to speak but only left. He squared his shoulders and filled his lungs with the cool refreshing night air. He noticed the moon's misty light flitting between the foliage of the trees and the dance it performed on small patches of dewy grass as he allowed the elusive ragged-edged path to lead him to the dormitory.

—W. C. ROBINSON


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## *Journal Financial Report*

1947-48

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### *Receipts*

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| Student Activities Fee, 1947-48 | $ 1268.70 | |
| Local Advertising | 531.00 | |
| National Advertising | 166.65 | |
| | | $ 1966.35 |
| From Previous Surplus | | 152.65 |
| Total Receipts | | $ 2119.00 |

### *Disbursements*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
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| Editor's salary | 105.18 | |
| Business Manager's salary | 105.18 | |
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| Cuts, art, photography | 191.47 | |
| Bohemian bill | 35.00 | |
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BEN J. DeLUCA, Editor

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The JOURNAL is indebted to Mr. Peter J. Mandanis for the use of the cut from which the November cover was made. Mr. Mandanis is the father of Nicholas and John Mandanis, both recent Wofford graduates and currently attending Duke Medical School.

**the journal**

december '48

(volume 70, number 2)

# This Month

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Cover by Michael D. Drotor, Jr.

# Editorial

F. Scott Fitzgerald in THE LAST TYCOON, the novel he was writing at the time of his death, has one of his characters speak these lines: "In the real dark soul of man, it is always three o'clock in the morning."

This remark is occasioned when Starr, the book's protagonist, looks into his mirror at that early hour of morning. He is in the midst of the gravest crisis of his life, a once successful man now lonely and beaten.

Instead of seeing his own reflection he sees, by his own words, a death's head," his own "real dark soul."

A man cannot create his own soul; many men have created themselves —after a fashion—out of their own imagination, but no man can create a soul.

There are men in the nation's colleges today who, through their imagination, can create an image of themselves and project it into the future: one man becomes a great surgeon, another a great writer, and still another sees himself sitting at a judge's bench, calmly surveying his nation's judicial needs and confidently knowing the right answer, the just from the unjust.

But the years pass: our doctor is no longer the humanitarian he once swore he would be—his fees are high and he can no longer discriminate between those who need him and those who feed him.

The writer still retains his imagination but the hard work which would have taken him to the heights he once saw for himself has broken his spirit. Many Thomas Wolfes will spend tonight carving their initials on bars and on park benches.

(Turn to Page 14)

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# Rich Man, Poor Man

Just at dusk a lot of fluffy, big-flaked snow had begun to fall, and now it made the colored Christmas lights strung along Main Street look hazy and distant. The cotton and the imitation snow in the display windows looked quite natural as a backdrop to the original.

A Salvation Army Santa Claus, his false whiskers awry, stood on the corner, ringing his bell. And everywhere were people, hustling about with their arms filled with packages.

Joe was humming to the tune of "O Come All Ye Faithful" that was blaring forth from a loudspeaker somewhere along the street. He honked his horn impatiently at the usual heavy Christmas Eve traffic ahead. His right foot jumped back and forth from the accellerator to the brake: and with every stopping and starting jolt the electric train in the back seat rattled in its box. Joe grinned. The football and the cowboy suit and the Hershey bars didn't rattle, but he knew they were there too.

"Well, Mr. Peterson, how does it feel to be a papa, and to be playing Santa Claus?" Joe had a habit of asking himself questions when he felt good. "Fine, thank you, pret-ty fine!"

Of course, Joe wasn't a father—not really. He and Marjorie had discovered early in their marriage that they weren't going to be able to have any children, so they adopted George. George would be five in March, but this was his first Christmas outside the Orphanage. So this was Joe's first attempt at playing Santa Claus. It would be hard to say who was the most excited about it being Christmas—Joe or Marjorie or little George.

Every day for the past two weeks Joe would go to the stock room before he left the office, to check on the things he had bought for Santa Claus to bring George. Each time he checked he would cock the cowboy hat jauntily on his head, heft the football once or twice, then mentally count off the days left until Christmas.

Now there weren't any more days—only a few more hours. And Joe was bringing the toys home from the office.

"Well, by Pete, there just aren't any parking places. Marj should have known it would be like this. She should have bought enough wrapping paper the first time. Still, I suppose Aunt Mamie would be hurt if we gave her her handkerchiefs without any red paper around them. Well, then, John Law, since that's the way it is, I'm parking it right here in this old alley, right under your old "No Parking" sign, and if you give me a ticket I'll ——" He wheeled the car into a loading alley between two grocery stores, then hustled off to the drug store down the street.

"Look, Lady, I've been standing here twenty minutes. All I want is two packages of red wrap ——" But the clerk had hurried past him. "Poor kid," Joe thought, "look at her. Hair falling down, clothes all untidy, no make-up, people pushing their purchases in her face. I suppose she does have her troubles. But she could hand me two little packages of wrapping ——"

"Here you are, sir. That will be thirty cents."

"Well, I'll be at long last darned." Joe grinned and handed her the right change. "I sure am glad I didn't go into the drug store business."

He walked as fast as he could along the street to the alley where his car was parked. "Aha!" he laughed when he saw there was no ticket on his windshield. "Who says crime doesn't pay!"

The wrapping paper he flipped into the back seat and reached into his pocket for his keys. Then he jerked his head toward the back seat again. The train! It was gone! Someone had stolen George's electric train!

He made a quick check and found that all the other presents were there. Only the train had been stolen. But that was the only one present George had asked that Santa bring. The football and the cowboy suit—all the rest were Joe's and Marjorie's idea. But George had been asking for an electric train since Easter.

Joe slapped his hand to his forehead and groaned. "Oh, what a fool, a stupid, ignorant fool I am. Why, oh, why didn't I think to lock the car. Well I suppose I should call a policeman. As if that would help." He reached for the door handle, but he knew it would be a hopeless task, finding a petty thief on those crowded city streets.

"Maybe I have time to buy him another one tonight!" His watch told him it was nine-fifteen, and he knew the stores closed at nine, but he thought perhaps he could get a clerk in one of the department stores to let him in. He ran out of the alley and down the street. Store after store after store he pounded on the doors and shouted for admission. But the clerks were tired and anxious to get away. Few of them even bothered to look up, and those who did just shook their heads.

The stores were closed. He thought of the drug store where he had just bought the paper, but he knew they wouldn't carry electric trains. Dejectedly, Joe thrust his hands into his pockets and shuffled back to the car. "Wonder what Marj will say? And George! Well, I'll

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# Christmas Carols: Spanish and French

Neither the words nor the music of French and Spanish Christmas Carols ("noels" and "villancicos") have any of the mystic character found in the hymns that are sung at this time of the year in England and America.

Although they have been inspired by religious devotion, these carols have a decidedly earthly character.

In these two countries, people sing about God's descent to men, about his humble birth among shepherds instead of singing about man's elevation toward God. Their carols deal with the lowly events relative to the nativity, leaving out all reference to the divine halo which surrounded these events.

The offerings to the Christ Child that are made in Spanish carols by shepherds and other humble folk are not at all different from the presents that would be brought to any ordinary infant.

The new-born Babe is given useful and concrete realities within the reach of the poorest peasant. In one song, a Gypsy brings a rooster with him; in another, a plowman gives Mary a piece of cloth to make little Jesus a shirt.

Ancient as some of these songs are, they have not lost any of their homelike character as time has passed; their earthiness has become more noticeable in the newer versions.

The Spanish "villancicos" are songs of feasting and sometimes of boisterous merry-making. They can be sung to the penetrating rhythm of the tambourine or the sharp accompaniment of the guitar.

Until the early hours of night on the 25th of December, as the wine makes the singers merrier and the songs bolder, the revelers sing with increasing enthusiasm.

The French "noels" are oftentimes sung while people dance and clap hands. A few centuries back, the words of certain carols were sung to the arias of operas or the tunes of popular melodies. Conversely, the music of well-known carols was used in singing the abusive "mazarinades" against Cardinal Mazarin during the 17th century. There is one that begins like this:

Le cardinal,
Cet animal, etc.

Some French "noels" degenerated into satires and epigrams, so from that time the church has intervened in defense of sacred writings.

Here follow a few typical examples of Spanish "villancicos" freely translated into English:

ESTA NOCHE
ES NOCHE-BUENA

Tonight is Christmas Eve.
Tomorrow Christmas Day.
Pour me some wine, girl,
For I want to drink my fill.

The fish in the stream
Go up and come down.
Go up and come down.
Soon the dew will fall.

The Virgin walks on a road
In a mountain dark and drear.
When the owl made a noise
Her mule kicked back and reared.

Run little brunette,
Run after your flock.
Here comes the Virgin Mary
Who's queen of all the heavens.

SAN JOSE

Saint Joseph is quite old
And no one loves him now.
But the Virgin Mary
Is dying of love for him.

Even though we are late
We are not all alone.
Sweet Mary's only child
Is always here with us.

LA VIRGEN FUE A LA FUENTE

The Virgin went to the fountain;
She went to wash some diapers,
And she said to Saint Joseph:
Don't you let little Jesus cry.

But Jesus did wake up,
And He started to cry and cry.
Said Joseph: go back to sleep.
Heavens! When is your mother
coming?

The last two may be found in the original in Kurt Schindler's collection of Spanish folk-poetry.

In contrast with the English and American spirit during Christmas, which is one of great solemnity, the French and Spanish spirit at this time of the year is one of health rejoicing for the birth of Christ.

—PEDRO A. S.

# Says Sam

People come to me at times with their troubles. I guess they think that I don't have any troubles because I have survived for sixty-two years and have never been married.

I really don't have many troubles. I have a home way out here in the country where it's nice and quiet. I'm not bothered with book agents and peddlers. Some people say that I am peculiar because I don't have an automobile and keep up with present day society, but they keep coming to me with their problems.

I admit that I live in the past somewhat but I like the life I live. They often say, "Sam, why don't you get married?" I usually answer back, "There are worse things maybe than not getting married." To myself I wonder if getting married is worth the struggle.

That reminds me. Did I ever tell you about Dalmus' and Adelaide's wedding?

They are first cousins to each other and they are both my first cousins. You know they live over at Winville now and have three grown children. Dalmus carried the mail for a number of years but he is retired now and has a nice home.

Well, what I started to tell was that I went to their wedding and I shall never forget it. I was a young boy in military school and I came home for the occasion of their wedding. It was to be a home wedding, followed by a good supper. Knowing the family, I knew what to expect in the way of eats.

I wonder if some people other than myself went to the wedding with that thought in mind. I am sure that all of them didn't think so much of the good food, because Mama and Aunt Rosa had written to me all about what they and Kate and Sally were going to wear. They seemed more interested in their clothes than in the event itself. I didn't have to worry about my clothes because I wore my uniform. I guess everybody thought I was a policeman or government man of some kind.

Mama and Aunt Rosa were finally through primping, and I must say they looked better than I had ever seen them. They should have looked good though because they had worked for two months on those dresses they wore. I hitched up the horse to the buggy and we were off.

My horse was not as high a stepper as some I have seen. My buggy was as clean as any and the red paint on the spokes showed up good.

All along the way on the road people looked at us and knew where we were going. At last we turned up the long lane leading to the old King estate. The elm trees had full grown leaves that interlocked on either side of the lane. The birds were flying around tending to their business in the elm trees.

We drove up to the front door of the bride's home. I helped Mama and Aunt Rosa out of the buggy and up the high steps to the house. Then I got back in the buggy and drove the horse around to the back of the house in order to take off his harness and let him rest.

When I looked out in the corner of the yard, was I surprised at what I saw! Buck, Adeaide's brother, had Reverend Brown backed up against the high board fence. With a butcher knife in one hand and Reverend Brown's long beard in the other, Buck was saying, "Mr. Brown, if you perform this ceremony and marry my sister to Dalmus, I will shave your beard off even with your chin."

I heard Reverend Brown say, "My boy, my boy, I will not marry your sister to Dalmus here today." Reverend Brown couldn't say anything else; Buck had him in a tight place.

I didn't know Buck was going to do like that. I knew that he had opposed the marriage of Dalmus and Adelaide, and I knew that Buck wasn't as bright as some people I have seen, but I didn't think he would do ugly. I would have never believed that he would have cornered Reverend Brown out in the yard with a butcher knife like that.

I went on in the house. Uncle Andrew soon appeared. He lived at the old King place with his sister, Adelaide's mother. Uncle Andrew said to the company, "Buck is drunk and is behaving something awful." (If it had been Uncle Andrew drunk I would not have thought anything of it, for it didn't take a wedding for him to get drunk.) "He's got his gun up in his trunk and he's going to shoot Dalmus if he comes here today!"

In the meantime Reverend Brown appeared with Buck, assuring him that he would not perform the ceremony and persuading him to go upstairs and go to bed. No one but a Baptist preacher could have persuaded Buck to go upstairs and go to bed. Be that what it may, Buck went upstairs; whether he went to bed or not I don't know.

After that, the older people decided that it was a shame for all that good food to go to waste and that since Buck was quiet they would go ahead and have the supper.

Where was the groom? Oh, I forgot about him, poor fellow! He was waiting down at the road gate at the end of the lane. They had sent a messenger down there to tell him of the disturbance and to advise him not to come up; so he obeyed and stayed right there.

Well, while the older ones were getting the table ready, we younger ones got together. I saw Kate and Sally, and I must say they looked good, better than I have ever seen them, in fact. Someone came to me and asked me if I would turn a little on the ice cream freezer. I said I would and got to work, Kate sitting on the freezer to hold it down.

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# In Defense of Thinking

COLLEGE STUDENTS and graduates do less thinking than any other segment of the population. This is a regrettable paradox, increasingly regrettable when one considers that mass education, when carried to its ultimate goal, will eliminate thinking altogether. Certainly this is a symptom of disease somewhere in our precepts and doctrines of education.

The college graduate does not think, because his education under the modern American system has removed the necessity of that tedious process. It supplies him with facts, the possession of which makes thinking an idle pastime which wastes time and energy that should be more valuably employed in receiving more facts. Thus the graduate who has been thoroughly impregnated with this modern conception of learning emerges with more knowledge than any of his predecessors, but with little ability to think.

Greatly removed from this typical graduate is the alert farm-hand who has not been subjected to formal training. He has few facts at his finger-tips, but he has a wondering mind which seeks to understand his experiences and observations. Of course, it must be granted that in the answers which he finds he is as often wrong as right; but he most certainly is thinking. This distinction between thinking and the possession of knowledge is an important one. The former involves reasoning, philosophizing, and even speculation, and leads to wisdom; the latter involves memorization and automatic application, and leads only to concrete knowledge. The swing in emphasis to the latter explains in a large part the failure of American education.

This is a relatively new development in scholastic doctrine. Education once heightened man's thinking powers, encouraging the natural wonder found today in the farm-hand of our example but too often lacking in the college graduate. This spirit of wonder gave the impulse which brought culture out of its Medieval stand-still into the Renaissance. It also parented another spirit which was to work miracles but also was to kill that very parent—scientific method. It is this, a primary cause of the educational break-down, that is being examined here.

The Renaissance scientists naturally and justifiably revolted against the old dogmatism and authoritarianism, and sought to develop a system of accurate investigation in establishing knowledge. This system formulated itself into the definite steps of perception of the problem, development of an hypothesis, experimentation, deduction of truth from the results of the experimentation, clarification, and generalization and classification. The benefit that has stemmed from this insistence that nothing is certain until proved cannot be too highly appraised. By it knowledge emerged from dependence on unsubstantiated theory to vast possibilities of verification. By it the realm of knowledge has been expanded to almost infinite extents.

For these contributions scientific method has been rewarded. It has become the by-word of contemporary civilization. It affects not only the natural sciences, but carries over into all disciplines. Two young disciplines in particular, psychology and sociology, have gone to almost ludicrous extremes in defensive arguments to establish themesvles as "sciences" and sustain themselves upon the established reputation of the latter while building themselves into respected fields of study. Scientific method deserves allegiance, but not deification. Lest it be considered a panacea, it is well to note several dangers in it, as it affects thinking.

First of all, the influence of scientific method has formulized learning. The student seeks his knowledge in the form of concise, pre-digested statements — an attitude expressed in the typical plea, "Professor, would you put that in a brief sentence for me?" Then it is a simple matter to commit this "brief sentence" to memory, where the student hopes to find it immediately accessible when he needs its application. He makes no attempt to comprehend meanings for himself. He exhibits no eagerness to contemplate broadening implications.

Another danger lies in the tendency to suspend thinking. "Only that which can be observed and fully explained is worthy of occupying the mind." Consequently a student is encouraged to be concerned only with already proved data. He refuses to allow his mind to speculate upon matters still beyond the present scope of knowledge. By discouraging speculation, scientific method strikes at its own roots, for it is doubtful that scientific experimentation has ever gone anywhere that speculation has not attempted to go before. This "nudge" from the wondering mind is essential to true scientific investigation, whether it be of natural phenomena or of "human nature."

It is interesting to note that the natural sciences actually make use of theory, which those in other fields who are enamored of the concept of

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# Christmas in Britain

During the years since World War II Christmas in Britain has naturally suffered from the country's austerity program. However, despite the restrictions and deprivations this policy has involved, there has been little change in the Britisher's attitude towards Christmas.

The food and clothing rationing has reduced the amount of buying in the stores and so pre-war lavish window displays, advertising, etc., have disappeared. Nevertheless the spirit of Christmas, with its feelings of good-will and its great place in the lives of children, still remains.

An interesting feature of the British Christmas is the celebration of Boxing Day on the week-day following Christmas. Boxing Day is so called because of the gratuities and presents, which were at one time placed in boxes, given to tradesmen and servants. This custom of presenting gratuities still exists, especially in England where Boxing Day is celebrated as a bank holiday. It is believed to be a survival from the Roman Saturnalia.

While describing a British Christmas a number of incidents and associations immediately come to mind, but perhaps the most significant are the excellent radio programs of the B. B. C. Every Christmas Day the King broadcasts a message to the Commonwealth. Other annual broadcasts and special features include a radio version of Dicken's "Christmas Carol" and the pealing of Christmas bells from churches in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and from the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem.

Sport plays an important role during this festive season. Professional soccer games probably arouse the greatest interest and usually over a million fans will see the forty games played on Christmas and Boxing Days. Great rivalries are renewed each year in the local "Derby" games between neighboring teams.

Most of the games are hard battles and the injury jinx, which often hits teams during this period is a constant headache to managers and club officials and produces a crop of form up-setting results. Excitement reaches fever pitch, particularly during return matches, and the scores of the Christmas games are often deciding factors in establishing pennant winners.

The eve of Boxing Day sees the start of the Christmas pantomimes which usually continue for about two months. Such old favorites as "Treasure Island," "Dick Whittington" and "Peter Pan" are annually produced, but with a novel and interesting twist which succeeds in maintaining their popularity. In order to ensure a visit it is necessary to purchase the tickets several weeks in advance of the actual performance. The popularity is so great that few children consider their Christmas complete without a visit to a pantomime.

The circus is another highly successful form of entertainment. Each Christmas Mr. Bertrand Mills brings his circus to the Olympia in London. In 1947 some 550,000 people saw it while running in London and over a million when the Big Top toured the provinces. This year even greater audiences are expected and the news has been gladly received by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will probably collect over a million dollars from taxation on the profits of the sawdust ring.

At the moment it is difficult to tell whether Christmas in Britain this year is going to be any great improvement upon those of the previous years. However, there does seem to be a prevalent feeling that this is the occasion for all to enjoy life fully, whatever the future may hold. Folks have been buying presents, as far as the rationing will allow, with the idea that something must be done to make it seem like old times.

A good supply of poultry has been promised, and although the bacon ration has again been reduced, food should be more plentiful than on previous Christmastides. The children have not been forgotten for the stores certainly have more toys of higher quality than previous years and as usual the candy ration has been increased over the holiday. During this Christmas vacation the British people, by means of their football games, pantomimes, radio programs, etc., will attempt to forget the present conditions and austerity program, and enjoy Christmas in the familiar manner they have always celebrated this great festival.

—DOUGLAS HOOKER

## DECEMBER KISS

*Today*
*I cupped my hands*
*About the glowing face*
*Of one deep crimson full-blown rose.*
*I pressed*

*My face*
*Against its sheer*
*Red velvet heart, and there*
*I breathed the faint wet fragrance*
*Of spring air.*

—M. L.

# Love in a Machine

MARK got out of the soft-cushioned easy chair in which he was sitting and walked over to the maple desk that stood in one corner of the room. He opened a drawer and took out a deck of playing cards.

"Care to play a game of cards, dear?" he asked as he unfolded the legs of a card table.

"No thanks. I think I'll just sit here and watch for them to come in. They should be here any minute now," replied his wife, Jane, who sat looking out of a window.

"It won't do a bit of good to sit and worry about them, Jane. Harry is sixteen and is capable of taking care of himself. He's been driving a car for two years now and he knows how to handle it."

"I'm not worrying about his driving, dear. I'm only wondering about his conduct with Fran. You know how children are when they reach sixteen—they become curious."

"Now quit thinking about it, Jane. If you don't trust the boy, why do you let Fran go out with him? You act as if he might be the type who studies anatomy by the Braille system."

"Mark! I've always trusted Harry. You know that. Up until tonight anyway. What time is it?" she asked as she looked through the window again.

"One-fifteen," he yawned as he laid the cards out for a game of solitaire.

"Did you hear what happened to Zelda Grant's daughter last week? And we all thought Zelda had such a good little girl."

Mark filled his pipe and struck a match. "Jane! I told you not to worry. Maybe they had a flat. If anything had happened we would have heard about it before now."

"I didn't say I was worrying. I only asked if you heard about Zelda's little girl."

"No, I didn't hear about her. Probably gossip anyway. And furthermore I don't want to hear about it." Mark took a short puff after each sentence. "All I want to do is play a peaceful game of sol."

"But dear, don't you care anything about our daughter? If we had fifteen or twenty running around every night it would be different, but she is all we have. I don't see how you can sit there smoking that filthy old pipe and play cards while she is out—Lord only knows where—doing something we know nothing about."

Mark put his pipe in the ash tray and leaned back in his chair. "What do you want me to do, Jane? Call the sheriff, form a posse, and go searching all over the country for them?"

"I didn't say a word about that. I can't understand why you can't help but worry. After all, she's as much yours as she is mine." Jane paused. "What time is it now?"

"One-thirty. Time for us to go to bed. In case you've forgotten, I work during the day and usually sleep at night. They'll soon be in now."

"Mark! I just saw a light flash out in front of the house."

"Great! They've probably been out there for hours while you've been sitting here worrying about them. Now for a good half night's sleep. Come on, they're home and everything is all right."

Mark watched Jane as she got up. She walked over to the window curtains and pulled them a little more apart.

"Jane! Don't spy on the kids. Don't you have any respect for privacy?"

"I'm not spying, dear, I'm only trying to see what they are doing now. They haven't gotten out of the car yet."

"Maybe they're looking for Harry's hat. He's always losing it and forgetting where he put it. Apt as not, he's looking for it with it on his head. Come on, let's go to bed."

"What! After waiting this long you don't want to find out what they have been doing parked out there all this time?"

"If anything took place that we should know about, we'll know. If not, it's none of our business what they have been doing. Good-night! I'm going to bed."

"Mark! You stay right here until those children come into this room."

"I swear, Jane, can't you remember how you were twenty years ago?"

"Don't try to change the subject. They're coming in now and I want you to get to the bottom of this and find out exactly what those two have been doing."

"Me? I don't have anything to ask. She's home. That suits me."

"If you don't, I will," said Jane as she went to the door and opened it.

Fran walked in followed by Harry.

"What in the name of Pluto have you two been doing? Harry! Haven't your folks taught you better than to keep a girl out until this hour of the morning? Fran! Your Father and I have been sitting up since midnight waiting for you to come home and here you and Harry have been parked out in front all this time. Just what did you two do out in that car?"

"Mother," answered Fran slowly, "I wouldn't ask you that."

"Mark! Are you just going to stand there like a tree? Say something!"

Mark put his hand on his daughter's chin and looked into her starry eyes.

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# Political Observations

ON the morning of November 3, many people throughout the United States awoke to discover that a miracle had taken place. From the role of a lonely, unwanted candidate at Philadelphia, who would assuredly go down in a disastrous defeat, Mr. Truman had emerged with a personal triumph that even his enemies must admit as being miraculous.

Mr. Truman's election is truly one of the most amazing upsets of this country's political history. It is even more amazing when we realize that he did this after having been repudiated and abandoned by many of the Democratic leaders throughout the nation, and after the Democratic party had been split into three parts by the formation of two splinter parties. The first was the Communist fringe disguised behind the label of Progressives, under the leadership of Henry Wallace, and the second was the States' Rights party, under the leadership of J. Strom Thurmond.

The political scene is now one of much face-changing by many politicians in an effort to get into the good graces of Mr. Truman once more. The politicians who abandoned the Truman bandwagon like rats from a sinking ship when defeat seemed inevitable are now swarming aboard like locusts. One notable example is Mrs. Roosevelt, who now urges the Democrats to purge the Dixiecrats from the party. This is the same Mrs. Roosevelt who waited until the eleventh hour to cast her lot with Mr. Truman. She likewise had every opportunity to denounce the States' Righters at any time during the campaign, but instead chose to remain silent. The fact that she waited until after the election is certainly indicative of the old bandwagon-hopping technique a little late. Could it be that she is interested in keeping her $12,000 a year job with the United Nations so that she can remain in the public limelight?

Leaders from both sides of the Mason-Dixon line are equally guilty of being two-faced. Many of the Truman cheer leaders at the welcome-home party at the capital were leaders of the rebellious Southern movement. In fact, several climbed aboard the train several hundred miles out so as to share the victor's triumph.

Now that the election is over, we can readily see that the Dixiecrat movement was a failure. Henry Wallace in one state did more damage to the Democratic cause than did Thurmond in the entire South. Since the movement proved to be such a failure, Southern politicians are now seeking some way of shifting the 38 Dixiecrat electoral votes to the Truman column. This move would assure South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana their bonus votes in the next national Democratic convention. These bonus votes are earned if the states cast their votes for the Democratic presidential and vice-presidential nominees in the electoral college.

Some Southerners also are fearful lest their straying from the Democratic fold will cut down the number of jobs which come from being loyal Democrats. These patronage jobs are often rewards for the workers back home who help elect constables, congressmen and the President himself. Thus it seems, in the final analysis, that political motives are paramount and not ideals; that is, if the Dixiecrats were fighting for an ideal, or was it after all just a part of the game of politics? Incidentally, Thurmond's term as governor and Johnston's term as senator expire in 1950.

At this point it becomes necessary to digress for a moment to answer this question: What, in reality, is the States' Rights party? We can come to a rather obvious conclusion merely by making an analysis of the votes cast in South Carolina. The States' Rights candidate received almost fifty percent of his total votes from the eighteen counties which constitute the area known in South Carolina as the low country. It is in this area that the Negro-white problem is particularly acute because in several of these counties the Negroes outnumber the whites. Nevertheless, this does not detract from the fact that we can justifiably assume that the States' Rights movement is merely a white supremacy movement hiding behind the cloak of state sovereignty.

The people who voted for Thurmond in the low country certainly had compelling reasons for doing so. Anyone living in the low country can readily appreciate why the people voted as they did. The situation to them is indeed acute. Thomas Jefferson very ably expressed a comparable situation in these words: "We have the wolf by the ears, and we can neither hold him nor safely let him go. Justice is one scale, and self-preservation is the other."

The theory of states' rights, as such, is certainly not to be condemned because it is one of the fundamental principles for assuring continued democracy in the United

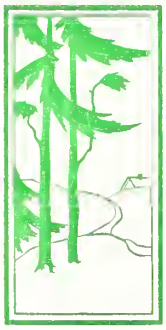
States. But the leaders of the present States' Rights movement certainly deserve condemnation for their hypocrisy and demagoguery. The whole movement is headed backwards. It is a movement which plays upon Southern prejudice and emotions. Thurmond very eloquently affirmed his belief in the constitutional guarantee of equal justice for all people. This he said, unless he be a naive person, knowing that this does not hold true in the South.

Whatever the schemes that were planned by the States' Righters, they surely must have backfired as a result of the election. The picture today is one vastly different from that of a few short weeks ago. Now the States' Righters proclaim that they are good Democrats and were never out of the party. They say this despite the fact that a convention was held in Birmingham, Alabama, and amid the rantings of a half-crazed mob, stimulated by the waving of the Stars and Bars and the playing of Dixie, candidates for president and vice-president of the United States were named under the banner of States' Rights Democrats.

The folly of secession from the national party must now be apparent to the most vehement States' Righter. The sensible people of the South must realize that the only hope of success for Southern Democrats is to reamin within the party. Southern Democrats will be very much to the fore in both houses of Congress. A number of the choicest chairmanships are to be held by the Southern Democrats by virtue of their seniority. The South can make its best fight within the party. That is where the Southerners should organize, to control the party organization.

While the Democrats have control in both houses, they are dependent upon the members from the South if these majorities are to be effective. Since it is known that the Southern bloc is not with Mr. Truman on some of his proposals, it is a pretty safe bet that Mr. Truman's entire program, on which he campaigned, will not be enacted into law. The South is riding in the driver's seat. If the 22 Southern senators formed a coalition with the Republicans, the count would be Southern-Republican 64, Democratic 32. This power can force the Democrats to repudiate the civil-rights program which is so obnoxious to the South. Is is difficult to see how anything is to be gained by standing on the sidelines. The States' Rights movement has proved a failure, thus the only alternatives are to remain within the party or to organize a two-party system in the South.

One of the greatest grievances of the South is the fact that, politically speaking, we are in the bag. The only logical manner by which this problem will be solved is the formation of an effective two-party system. Whether we realize it or not, the conservative Democrats of the South are certainly more Republican than Democratic in their actions. The only effective opposition to the Roosevelt regime was instigated by conservative Southern Democrats. Already we hear talk of a new coalition; therefore, if we are so willing to consort with the Republicans to achieve our own ends, then why is the word Republican still anathema in the South? The Republican party of today is not the same party of the Civil War days and the South should come to this realization. Neither is the South of today that of Civil War days. Our agriculture has made tremendous advances and the most important fact, and significant for the future, is the rapid industrialization of the South. The Republicans follow a policy of laissez-faire government infinitely more so than do the Democrats. Thus the South would have to endure much less intervention in state affairs from a Republican than from a Democratic administration. The only prerequisite is that the South forget the Civil War and resort to practical political action. When and if the South becomes a two-party section it will cease to be the whipping boy of the nation.



It is time for all, North and South, to take concrete action on the issues which have caused the present internal political eruption in the Democratic party. If the Democrats of the North are really interested in doing a great service to the Negro and not just attempting to curry favor among the Negro minorities in certain large cities, they would enact a federal aid program to help them. Federal aid to education would create better citizens than the repeal of the poll tax in the seven states in which it exists. A national housing program would add far more to the human dignity of the mass of Negroes than would a ban on residential or other public segregation in the South. A national land use, conservation and resettlement program would give the Negro—and the poor white of the South—far greater job security and productiveness than would an F. E. P. C.

On the other hand, if the Dixiecrats are truly interested in making the South a better place for all people, they should expend some of their energies in that direction. It is not too difficult to visualize some of the things that Thurmond could have accomplished for South Carolina if he had expended as much energy at home as he did by flying all over the South making meaningless speeches. What we really need is some energetic leadership in our own state. Thurmond at one time advocated abolition of poll tax in

(Turn to Page 13)

# Nothing to Worry About

DAN REDDING looked at his watch, then extracted from his mouth the cigarette he was smoking, and looked at it. In a sudden movement of disgust he ground the cigarette into the ashtray with vigorous intensity.

It's senseless, he thought to himself, senseless to be nervous like this. He had always considered other men fools to be worried and unstrung when their wives were about to bear children. He had always said to himself, "Redding, when your time comes, you'll take it as a sane man should. You'll be calm and relaxed; you won't worry or lose your composure. You'll be perfectly normal; there is no reason to be otherwise."

No, there was no reason to be anxious, nothing to worry about. Just sit and wait. But what was he doing now?

Dan looked at the pile of cigarette butts in the ashtray, at his own pallid face in the mirror with the strained lines about his eyes and the beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead. Perfectly normal —calm and relaxed. His lips broke into a half-smile, and he laughed without mirth at himself and his image in the mirror.

Maybe all this was because he was so far away from where Beth was soon to give birth to their first child. Poor Beth—all by herself in that big hospital.

Well, he still might get there in time. No one had guessed that the baby would be three weeks early. Dan had learned the news only a few hours ago; and he certainly would not be in a hotel room two thousand miles away, if he could have possibly been any closer to Beth. But there were no southbound planes leaving until midnight. So now he was just waiting and worrying.

He thought of Beth, of how kind and sweet she had been to him in these three years. He remembered what she had told him just before he had left for this business trip. "I'll be all right, darling," she had said. "There's nothing to worry about; you just relax and have a good time."

Beth always made him feel better. She knew what to say to soothe him or comfort him or encourage him when he needed it. Now that he thought about it, he knew that she was right. Why be nervous? There is nothing to worry about. Everything will turn out right. It always does.

"I'll prove to myself that I'm not worrying," he thought; "I'll read a magazine." He sat down in an easy chair, picked up a Saturday Evening Post, and turned to a story. When he had completed two pages, he realized that only his eyes had been reading—in his mind there was no remembrance of what he had read.

He laid down the magazine and took out another cigarette. While he was reaching for his lighter, the telephone began ringing and his hand froze in his pocket.

As the sound continued, he shook off his momentary shock and walked toward the instrument. His hand trembled as he pulled the jangling receiver from the hook and lifted it to his ear.

"Hello. . . . Yes, this is Daniel Redding. . . . What? . . . Oh, yes, St. Mark's Hospital. Hello. Is ——"

A long pause.

Dan stood there with the receiver in his hand. After almost two minutes, his lips moved. "Yes, I'm still here. Would you repeat that, please." Dan remained motionless for another minute. Then—

"Oh. . . . I see. . . . You say there was no chance to save the baby, either. . . . Oh. . . . Beth, was she —did she—. . . . No, nothing. . . . Funeral when? . . . I understand." The words were now coming very slowly. "Yes, I'll be where she is soon. Very soon."

Dan let the receiver fall heavily back on the hook. He sat down on the bed, his eyes staring blankly at the wall for several minutes. Placing his hands on his forehead, he felt the skin cold and dry. He was no longer perspiring, no longer nervous. There was nothing to worry about now.

Like a man who knows what he must do but does not want to do it, Dan got up, poured a glass of water, sat down on the bed again. He placed the glass on the bedside table, while he took from the drawer a small bottle of white pills. He stared at the label. It read, "Barbiturate—take only when unable to sleep. Dose: one tablet with water." He emptied all the pills into his hand and reached for the glass of water.

—EDWARD BERCKMAN

## One of Seven

*Sanity ends when the world*
*becomes a fairyland and we*
*are suddenly satyrs.*
*Butterfly-like we*
*spring from a flower embryo.*
*winding our way up*
*into lavender mist; incense*
*deletes our true color.*
*Happily disguised.*
*we wander around in poised*
*circles, flicking our*
*cleverly-veined wings in*
*many directions.*

—PETER KAREGEANNES

# Books

Various people read war books for various reasons, one of which might be entertainment. I don't; war, to me, was not entertaining, and I find myself somewhat irritated by an overall tendency in the books by Ernie Pyle and Bill Mauldin to give the impression that war isn't really unbearable after all, and the glory in it sort of compensates for all the suffering involved.

I am sure neither writer intended to convey any such sentiment at all, and my reaction to them is admittedly a personal one. Ernie Pyle was the hero to everyone back home and to a great many men on the battle fronts. I will not be disparaging about the man, for he did lose his life in the war and I didn't; but his writings leave me somewhat cold.

It's as though he were writing to be read by the folks back home, and he doesn't always tell the whole truth, because folks didn't want to know the whole truth about their boys. And while I, as an enlisted lackey, often felt the same sentiments toward the brass that Mauldin expressed, after a while his endless variations on the same theme grew stale and reminded me of nothing so much as a bot-fly buzzing around the head of the general staff.

When I read a war book, I expect it to bear some degree of verisimilitude to the war I know. Not many of them do. John Hersey's Into the Valley was one of the best; others have been Heggen's Mr. Roberts, and John Horn Burns' The Gallery, which contains some of the most beautiful writing I have ever read.

With this prologue, I will stick my neck out and state unequivocally that Norman Mailer's The Naked and the Dead is the finest novel to come out of the recent war, and in my estimation is one of the three best war novels of any war — the other two being Tolstoy's War and Peace and Crane's Red Badge of Courage. Perhaps I am premature in placing The Naked and the Dead (by Norman Mailer; New York: Rinehart & Co., 1948, 721 pp.), in such distinguished company; that is, of course, only my opinion, but all any reviewer or critic can do is present his own personal views.

It has been a surprising fact to me that Mailer's book has received the consistently good reviews it deserves. Also somewhat surprising is the fact that it has not stirred up any particular teapot tempests in literary and publishing circles.

Shortly after it appeared, I watched with some interest to see if Boston would ban the book, or if Mr. Sumner's vice-hounds could condemn it. To my knowledge, neither has happened, but if ever a book was printed which by all rights should raise a howl from blue-nosed quarters, it is The Naked and the Dead. The only explanation which occurs to me is that perhaps readers from such groups were left too numbed or paralyzed after finishing it to be able actively to campaign for its suppression.

What sort of book is this, then? Is it really so wicked, so vile and profane as to cause apoplexy? It is indeed, because it is a portrait of war and men in war, and as such it is the most startlingly vivid account I have ever read.

Norman Mailer has lifted a section of war and preserved it as a pathologist might remove a section of diseased tissue. This analogy is apt; it is possible to admire the clinical technique whereby a gangrenous tissue is preserved and mounted without being aesthetically moved by the tissue itself. Just as a lay visitor to a laboratory might be revolted by the morbid specimens he finds there, so will many delicate readers be nauseated by Mailer's prose.

These readers will protest primarily, I believe, at the language of Mailer's soldiers, and next, to the attention given sex. They will protest also at the undue harshness and realism which permeates every paragraph. But these are the sort of readers who might object to an anatomy text on the grounds that it contains pictures of nude figures and is hence pornographic; they are in the minority, fortunately. They are the sort who, in their search for the objectionable, completely overlook the most important elements of a novel: the plot and the development of character. At this, Mailer is an artist of rare abilities. He has depicted the anatomy (or at least, a part of it) of a Pacific campaign, and euphemism is not in his nature.

For example, there are more quadriliteral words of Anglo-Saxon invective per page in this novel than in any other likely to be sold openly over the counter.

Is profanity, then, a virtue? Yes; I think it is in this case. Whether we like it or not, such fluent expression was all but universal in the service, and these are the only fictional soldiers I have ever encountered who talked like the real soldiers I knew. And if there are any squeamish readers left who think that army dialogue could be written without such terminology and remain convincing, I believe he's a bit naive.

With this, we shall pass over the more sordid aspect of the novel. Actually, it needs no apologia. War is by its very essence a sordid and unlovely thing, and no one can really expect to read a novel about war that does not reflect these qualities.

Mailer has taken as his characters a number of types of soldiers. These types are so pronounced that Hollywood should have little difficulty in selecting a cast when they get

around to filming the book (which, unfortunately, is inevitable). However, the author does not do this with malice aforethought or because he is too lazy to invent characters. He does it to telescope into one composite portrait each, all of the Lt. Hearns and the Gallaghers and the Browns which were to be found in every company of men anywhere there were American soldiers. There was scarcely a detachment in the world which did not have its lecherous Wilsons or its Jewish Roths, the amiable little Goldbergs and embittered Crofts. The Bostonian Gallagher is as perfect a picture of a type of Bostonian as was George Apley, though the two types are poles apart. As composites, these characters will be completely unconvincing to many non-veterans, but wholly recognizable to anyone who was in the Army.

These characters are alternately sympathetic and irritating, which gives them credence. Sometimes they are amusing, often they disgust, but always they are real.

The plot of The Naked and the Dead is fundamentally simple: it is the story of a campaign from the time the men disembark on Anopopei atoll (which is itself also a type) until the final climax when the island is taken—a climax which is simultaneously as anticlimactic as the letdown feeling which accompanies the termination of an actual mission. The ascent of Mt. Anaka and failure of one detachment because of the most preposterous sort of accident is suspenseful and convincing because of its very absurdity. Missions have failed for just such unlikely and unforeseen reasons.

The plot, however, is enormously more complicated in its ramifications. Characters which on the first page or so arouse our skepticism are made increasingly more believable by flashbacks. Using what has become known as the stream-of-consciousness tecnic, Mailer has described the background of each of his types, and has shown how such characters became what they are. These flashbacks do not impede the continuity of the story; rather, they promote it. I shall not attempt here to present a resume of the plot, for it is too involved and one would do better to read Mailer's own version of it. It is a heady draught, and not for the uninitiated; it will blister the tender eye, and is not the sort of thing you want children or adolescents to read—though read it they will. It should not be read by anyone looking for a pleasant picture of war—not the phase of war that Ernie Pyle wrote of, or about which Bill Mauldin carped, nor of the war about which you read in newspaper headlines. You were spared such details there; Mailer is less charitable but far more accurate.

The critics by and large have received The Naked and the Dead rather well; perhaps the younger of them have not been back from overseas themselves too short a time to appreciate the book. But the opinion of the professional critics is not worth the snap of your fingers by comparison to the opinions of an audience far more critical. When the ex-servicemen themselves read (and some of us do) a book and say, as they have in this case, "Say, have you read The Naked and the Dead? Boy, that's just about it, ain't it?" one is inclined to agree with them. The Naked and the Dead is, indeed, just about it.

Norman Mailer is clearly someone to watch. A young man, about twenty-five now, from Brooklyn, and a Harvard graduate. Previous to the publication of The Naked and the Dead, he had written short stories which appeared in Cross Section. Until last summer he was in Paris at the Sorbonne. He has written another novel, unpublished at present, but which will probably be brought out by Rinehart. If it is as eloquent as The Naked and the Dead, it will be quite an achievement, and Mailer's promise of being the most important new novelist in the contemporary field will be fulfilled.

—JOE ERWIN

## *Political Observations*

(From Page 10)

this state. Since he fears a federal law abolishing poll tax, why has he not erased the need of a federal law. Erase the cause of the civil rights program, and it will die an ignominious death. South Carolina is the only state in the union which does not have a secret ballot. Our antiquated system of election laws needs overhauling so that a citizen may vote as his conscious directs without the scrutiny of prying eyes. This is only one of the many things that need correcting in our state. What South Carolina, and the South as a whole, need more than anything else is less talk and more action on the part of its political leaders.

—GEORGE MAUGHAN

## *Love in a Machine*

(From Page 8)

"Is everything all right, Fran?"

"Natch, Poppa," she replied smiling.

"Are you happy now, Jane? Can't you realize Fran and Harry are growing children and like to have a long evening together once in a while?"

"Well—yes, dear, I guess I used my imagination too much. I'm sorry," she replied apologetically.

"Well then," said Mark, "Tell Harry good-night and you and Fran go on to bed. I'll be up in a minute."

As Harry turned to leave, Mark put his arm around the boy's shoulder and walked to the door with him saying, "Just a little advice, Harry. In my day it was customary for the menfolk to wipe the lipstick off before going into their girls' homes. Keep up the tradition by doing it next time. Good-night."

—PHILIP G. CLARKE

## *In Defense Of Thinking*

(From Page 6)

scientific method disparage. All the knowledge of the well-known atom is actually theory, based on the observation of the effects of the atoms rather than of the particles themselves; yet the theory has demonstrated itself in practical application as very trustworthy. Again, Einstein's Theory of Relativity is replacing Newton's demonstrable law of gravity in the minds of many discerning scientists as an explanation of some of the basic phases of physical order.

The third, and perhaps the greatest, danger stemming from the influence of scientific method is the disparagement of philosophy. This timeless art is assailed from all sides as valueless. Since it employs only the mind and the senses rather than test-tubes, it is not to be trusted. Philosophy is compared to "a blind man searching in a dark room for a black cat that isn't there."

In this belittling, a fundamental purpose of education is discounted. Philosophy expands knowledge into wisdom; it integrates facts and interprets them in the light of the total situation; it provides insight into purposes and comparative values. Education has not completed its task in moulding an individual until it supplies these finishing touches which only philosophy can give.

These dangers just pointed out indicate that the whole doctrine of modern American education is centered in the wrong place. What should form the circumference is unwisely placed at the core. Education will not redeem itself until it sees the possession of facts in a less glorified light and restores the forgotten art of thinking to its proper place.

—RALPH A. CANNON

## *Editorial*

(From Page 2)

The one who aspired to justice has listened to the tiny voice that speaks of personal profit; he has taken the short cut to a thing he calls greatness and when he finds his greatness, it is a one-man eminence. People pay for his advice and he gives it to them, certainly—out of books that the real great men have put together.

And then there are the others: the young men who possess the genuine souls — they have an imagination, yes, but they know its limitations and recognize the true value of what their fancies breed.

They walk on paths of their own choosing: into the nation's schools to teach others and, through the guarded entrances of the world's laboratories in which the puzzle of the universe awaits them; a tired statesman stands high on a ridge overlooking two struggling armies and he cries in his inability to find the answer that humanity has sought since its beginnings; a young doctor trembles at the sight of patients dying from the effects of a mysterious malady and at night this vision of the dying keeps him zealously over a microscope while he tries desperately, yet with hope, to pierce that clear mass into which he stares.

All these men have little time to envision rewards—they explain their dreams to one another in a strange scientific jargon peculiar to their own professions and these dreams lay down the groundwork for the next searching generation to build upon.

"In the real dark soul of man, it is always three o'clock in the morning."

Only one type of individual goes looking for his soul at three o'clock in the morning: the one who is in a hurry to get some place and has left too many things undone.

## *Says Sam*

(From Page 5)

Finally the food was put on the table and everyone was seated. Reverend Brown said the blessing and we were about to eat, when suddenly we heard a loud voice and Uncle Andrew rushed in shouting, "Buck has his gun and is coming downstairs!" There was a scramble in the dining-room.

It's a funny thing that as many times as I had eaten good meals in that dining-room and as many times as I had been to the old King place, I had never noticed that the room had but one small window. I had no time to measure windows though; I had to get out of there and the window seemed to be the nearest exit. I took the nearest. The ice cream freezer was near the window. I tried to salvage that but the window was not big enough for both of us, so I gave up the idea of ice cream.

The ground was a long way from the window sill but the sash and I made it. How the others got out I don't know. Everybody was pale with fright. We hitched our horses; women got in buggies unassisted; and we left.

I am told that after everyone had left, Uncle Andrew asked Buck where he had hid his bottle and if he would give him a drink. Buck told him that the bottle was in his trunk upstairs and that he would give Uncle Andrew a drink. They went upstairs and Uncle Andrew succeeded in getting the gun away from Buck. With a few more drinks of "jolly good ale and ole," Buck rested in silent slumber.

When Buck was quieted Adelaide was sped away down a back road and met Dalmus at Aunt Rosa's house. There Reverend Brown married them. The thing I thought was nicest was that in the excitement someone was thoughtful enough to bring the food down to Aunt Rosa's —but not the ice cream. Well, I guess you can't have everything though, can you? But Dalmus had Adelaide.

—ROBERT W. PARKER

## *Rich Man, Poor Man*

(From Page 3)

buy him one the first day the stores reopen. And I'll let him help me pick it out—but it still won't be the same as Santa Claus' bringing it to him. Why in heaven's name didn't I lock that car?"

Marjorie was playing Christmas carols on the piano when he got home. Little George, in his outing pajamas, was standing with his nose pressed to the window, watching the snow. The Christmas tree in the corner was sparkling with lights, tinsel, and angel's hair.

"Look, Daddy, it's snowing!" As Joe entered the hall, stamping the mud from his feet. "Daddy, look at the snow!" And George came running into his arms.

Marjorie got up from the piano, her face hidden behind her smile, and came to meet him. Joe put his arms beneath George's armpits and swung him over his head. "Sa-a-y, young man! What are you doing up so late? Suppose Santa Claus should come and find you awake. What would you do then, huh?"

"Ha! I'd pull his whiskers and tell him to give me a 'lectric train!" And he giggled his happiest giggle. But Joe couldn't giggle with him this time.

"Well, you talk big now, but I'll bet you wouldn't be so brave if he did get here and find you running around in your 'p-j's.' What say we sing one verse of 'Silent Night' and then you let Mommy give you your milk and pack you off to bed."

After the song was over, Marjorie tucked the little boy into bed; then she came back into the living room and dropped down in front of Joe's chair. "Joe," she whispered, and hugged his knees, "I'm awfully happy."

Joe leaned over and kissed her forehead. "Marj, honey, I'm afraid I have something to tell you that will take away a little of your happiness." And he told her what had happened.

"But, Joe," she protested when he had finished. "That was the only thing he really wanted—the train. Oh, Joe! Isn't there something we

can do? It will break his heart!" He saw her eyes get wet, but she held herself back. Silently, he thanked her for that.

For a long time they sat in silence. The fire in the grate had died to embers. The twinkling Christmas tree seemed far, far away. The low sound of Yuletide music on the radio hummed about the room. An occasional sliver of tinsel slipped from the tree. . . .

Then the brash, rude ringing of the doorbell startled them upright. They looked at each other, the same question in their eyes. Marjorie put it into words. "Who could that be?"

"I suppose I'll have to go and see before I can answer that," Joe replied, somewhat irritated.

He went into the hall and jerked open the door; but there was no one to be seen. He pushed open the screen and stepped out onto the stoop. Then he saw a package.

"Marj! Come here! Would you look at this! It's the train, Marjie. The train!"

"Oh, Joe, no! It couldn't be. What ——" And she ran into the hall.

"But it is, I tell you! It's the same train I bought for George. I'm sure of it!"

"But, Joe! Where did it come from? Who brought it? Why ——"

"Well, Marjorie, how should I know? Wait—here's a note or something." He pulled the paper from under the box lid and read aloud.

Dear Friends:

I hope you will not mind me giving George this present. Tell him Santa Claus brought it to him, and tell him Santa Claus sent his love and wished him a very Merry Christmas.

Signed, George's Father

P.S.—Thank you for giving my son such a nice home, and God bless you.

"Well, I'll be darned." Joe smiled wistfully down into Marjorie's eyes. He noticed that they were wet again. Then he slapped her hip playfully and said, "Well, if we're going to spread out the stuff before he wakes up we'd better hurry!"

While Marjorie took the train out of its box, Joe went to the car for the rest of the gifts. Then together they laid all the things out right where George could see them the minute he ran through the door. They sprinkled a little artificial snow over the presents, cut out all the lights except those on the tree, and went upstairs to bed.

"Still snowing," Joe mused as he raised the window. "Looks as if we'll have a white Christmas. . . . Well, goodnight, Mama, and Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas to you, my darling Santa Claus."

—RAB BRADDY

# RETHA

## *A Novelette*

I HAD gone to Charlotte over the week-end to follow up a lead on a newspaper job when I ran into Walter Daniels. I am convinced that if he had not called to me on the street that day, I might have gone on walking and perhaps never seen him again.

My lead turned out to be nothing more than a vague promise of an opening on the city desk next fall and it was a few minutes after I'd left the Herald office that I heard my name being called: "Hey, Tommy! Tommy Suttle!"

No one had called me Tommy since my college days. I resented the name then but hadn't given the thing much thought in the last few years. My first impression as I turned to see who was calling was, I remember, that this person was probably someone who dated back to my pre-war days. Actually, Walter and I had known each other as far back as the time when war was a game to be played with tin soldiers.

I saw him leaning out of the window of a parked car and I dodged past people, across the sidewalk to the curb.

"Hello, Walter," I said.

"Tommy Suttle, you old so-and-so," Walter said. The Panama straw on his head was pushed off his head by the window frame as he reached out to shake my hand. "Man, it's been years since I've seen you."

He had gotten a little thick under the chin and his face was flushed. I could not tell whether it was from drink or being out in the sun too much.

"Yeah," I said. Since college, isn't it?"

"Is it? Gosh, I don't remember. Come on in and sit down a while."

He pushed open the door and I got in beside him. When the door was shut, he tapped a finger against my chest. "Let's see; seems to me the last time I heard from you was a letter. When was that?"

"Must have been during the war. Yes; I wrote to you from North Africa."

He grinned at me. "Well, well. Tommy Suttle. You know, Tommy, Retha and I were talking about you just the other day."

"How nice," I said. "How is Retha?"

"Fine, fine. Same as ever. "Man, wait until I tell her I ran into you like this."

I remembered then that the letter he had mentioned was the one in which I'd sent my congratulations.

"Right now, we're up at the lake," he went on. "I just drove down to pick up some stuff we need. Say, what're you doing in Charlotte?"

"Something about a job," I said. "I was just on my way to the station. You're not by any chance driving down toward Rinehart, are you, Walter?"

"No, Tommy. I'm sorry; we haven't been back to Rinehart since last January."

"Seems to me I heard some place that you're living up North now. That right?"

"Yeah. I'm in New York. Got a home out on the Island—Great Neck. Ever been to Great Neck, Tommy?"

"No," I said.

"Nice little place. Got a lulu of a nice home out there. Like to have you come up sometime."

"Well, thanks. It won't be soon, though."

"What're you doing nowadays?"

"Newspaper work," I said. "Something I got interested in during the war."

"That so? Well, Tommy, that sounds right nice. Newspapers, heh?"

We talked for an hour.—Walter did most of the talking. He told me about his law practice and what a lot of money there was to be had around New York. There's no place like little old New York, he told me.

"No," he said, "I knew that Rinehart wasn't the place for me any longer."

"You're so right, Walter," I said.

He asked me what I'd been doing since college and in the war. I told him and, later, he suggested I come up and stay with them at the lake for a few weeks.

"Thanks, Walter. But I don't think so."

The more he thought about it, however, the better the idea seemed to him.

"Say, look here; you play golf, don't you?"

"A little."

"There's a terrific course up there. You'd love it."

"Sounds nice," I said. My train was leaving in fifteen minutes and I was anxious to get on it.

"Now, wait, Tommy. Look; I've got a six-room shack up there that's just being wasted with two of us in it. There's a boat, too—a darned nice boat. And we could play golf, Tommy. And, besides, Retha would like to see you. Don't forget; we were great pals once."

I hadn't forgotten.

"What d'ya say, Tommy?"

"Look, Walter. Do you have to call me Tommy?"

"Huh? Oh—heh, heh. I forgot. You hated that, didn't you?"

"I don't let it change my life," I said. "It's just that I'm a big boy now. You sure I won't be any trouble if I come up?"

"Trouble? Not at all. I'm asking you to."

"Well—I've got a couple of deals working and I'd like to follow them up. What do you say I send you a wire if I can make it?"

He slapped my back. "Swell, Tom. Swell."

I looked at my watch. "I can make my train if you don't mind driving me to the station."

"Be glad to. I was hoping you'd stick around and have supper with me, though."

"Thanks, Walter. I thought I'd drop down to Atlanta tomorrow and see one of the wire services about a job."

Driving to the station, Walter was quiet. Suddenly, he said. "I hope you've — well, you've forgotten all that business that summer, Tommy. You know; Retha and you. I'd—" He stopped.

It was unexpected, although it had been on my mind since the moment I had recognized him in the car. I was surprised only in that he would have been the one to bring it up.

"Of course," I said. "That was a long time ago, Walter. It was kid stuff, really."

I didn't want to look at him after that, because I knew that if Walter had any laughing to do, he would not let me see it on his face.

Retha, Walter's wife, was the first girl I was in love with. I mean by that the love that is a little more than infatuation. I'd been infatuated, too, before but I knew the difference between the two when I fell in love with her. For me, it might even have been the kind of love that leads to marriage. I say for me because, in all fairness to Retha, I was more in love with her than she was with me.

All this happened during our senior year in high school. I've always thought of that year as being the most impressionable, because, for me—and I suppose for many people—it had been a heart-breaking year when future images began to take on their vague, gray shapes. All I know is that when I think about high school now, I can remember only that last year.

I was a hall monitor that year; I directed the stream of traffic through the narrow halls of the school during one of the class changes.

Retha passed my post daily and I recall the beating my heart took whenever she approached. She was a small girl, doll-like, with the flowing walk of a goddess. "Your regality is surmounted by a tawny-gold halo," is the way I put it in a poem once.

It was also during this last year that Walter's father had made a fortune suddenly in cotton. Or maybe it was peaches. Anyway, Walter's family moved out of our neighborhood and up to the "Greenbay" section or what we called "Snob Hill." Several weeks after this transition, Walter's father was seen uptown, driving a bright red Cadillac and Walter himself soon afterwards began to drift away from our crowd. The change was gradual for a time but became complete the day that he parked his new convertible outside the high school.

After this, I did not see him often, except when he happened to pass my post in the hall.

One night, he phoned me at my home.

"Say, Tommy," he said. "I know you're nuts about this Retha Williams babe. So I'll tell you what: I need a date for her for tonight and I wonder if you'd like to come along with us."

Needless to say, my ethics and my loyalty to the gang went out the window while I rushed to the closet and nervously took down my best suit, my one tie, and a white shirt.

By graduation, Retha and I were known to everyone as "steadies." And when school was out the four of us—Retha, Walter, his girl, Nancy, and I—we were inseparable. At first, I saw my old crowd occasionally, bowling and playing tennis with the guys so they wouldn't think I'd gone over to Walter's side, but as the summer went on I had to stop because every free moment I had was spent with Retha.

It was that one summer you remember a lifetime; when all summers become that one summer. I have to get poetic to tell how it was because sometimes on the quiet surface of summer nights since, a waft of summer breeze comes to my face, bringing with it the sound of a popular tune we knew then; and if the breeze brings with it a scented quietness or the cooked-meat smell of a drive-in, the smell of leather automobile upholstery, I can recall things like the warm, quick kisses Retha gave me or the longer ones I took. Sometimes I can even taste the perspiration that was on my lips during those warm nights. Of course, all this isn't as sharp now as it was then but, just the same, it catches me unawares at times and I think about it and maybe even laugh at myself remembering.

And then there are the things we call "little" things, the ones that take a stronger incentive to recall. Like the pet names we had for each other or those silly, long phone conversations. The times when we played tennis in the searing midday, and the way—if no one was looking—we ran to each other across the dry court, meeting at the net and

kissing. It was nice to lie in bed at night and think that I had a woman of my own.

Later on, we got to that stage in our relationship when we quarreled about trifles that at the time seemed immense. This was always good, because — well, we knew that the making-up would be swell. So, even when we were like that we felt pretty good about everything.

But near the fall, my folks went up North and I had to go with them. I was only going for a month and I remember the night I asked Retha how she felt about it.

"It's up to you," she said. Her voice had that tone of cool neutrality she used after a quarrel.

"But look, Baby. You don't really mind do you? It's only for a month."

"It's your problem," she said. "Do whatever you like."

"You'll write to me, won't you?"

"I guess so."

"You're my baby, aren't you?"

"I guess so."

Of course that infuriated me. I got sore but she didn't seem to care. After talking with her a couple of hours, we half way reached an understanding—enough at any rate to send me away feeling that, after all, everything was going to be okay when I got back.

On the train, I wasn't so sure, and by the time we got to Chicago I was almost out of my head with fear and worry. I feverishly wrote her several long letters. She answered one of them. It was a short answer.

And I guess it was just about then that everything went to pieces.

When I got back from Chicago, I found out that Retha had been seeing a lot of Walter. One of my buddies told me that, "Every time you see his convertible, your girl's sitting in it. She's still your girl, ain't she, Tom?"

Of course that hurt.

I called her on the phone a couple of times and she always put me off with something about being "terribly" busy. For the first few times I gave her the old routine. You know, "Remember the time, baby, when—" and so on.

Finally, in desperation, I called Walter. I'd been too proud to talk to him before.

"Oh, don't worry, Tommy, old kid. It's nothing. You know Retha couldn't go for a jerk like me."

But she did go for him. And that was about all there was, because next month I went off to college, up to the U. of T. It was the same school Walter went to but we never had much to say to each other. I avoided him as much as I could. About Retha, pretty soon it got to the point where it didn't even hurt. Not much.

Walter graduated in June of '41, but I flunked a couple of courses and had to stick around for summer school. In the fall, I enlisted in aviation cadets. Walter, I remember, went into the Air Corps, too, and I heard later that he was stationed down at Miami Beach.

Well, I washed out of cadets and got shipped to the infantry and, soon after, I went overseas. I mention this because it was in North Africa that I got a letter from Walter telling me about how he and Retha were going to be married in June. He wrote it from Miami and told me about "A rip-roaring shin-dig some soap manufacturer is throwing tonight down at the Edgewater-Beach. What a clambake this is going to be. Retha is down for a few days and she asked me where you were."

I was in North Africa, out on a hot slice of beach, reading his letter with the sun above me turning the paper dry in my hand.

That was the last thing I heard of Walter until somebody—or maybe it was in a letter from home—told me that Walter had gotten a medical discharge. Something about an old football injury.

I thought about all these things while on the bus, going up to Lake Spruce. All I had to do was put my mind to it and there it was, all of it coming back. Some of the thinking made me sore and some of it made me feel like a kid. Most of it, I laughed inside myself about.

Lake Spruce is high up in the North Carolina mountains. I'd sent Walter a wire the day before after thinking over his invitation. I don't know why I finally decided to accept. Maybe I'm a leech who likes to eat off other people.

Walter was waiting for me at the bus stop in his car. It was the same car he'd been in at Charlotte but I hadn't paid too much attention to it. I saw now that it was some car; sleek with chrome and instead of fenders, there were huge bulges.

"Some car," I said.

"You like it? I got two more. One for Retha."

"And the other one?"

"Huh? Oh, we've got a three-car garage up in Great Neck. Had these shipped down on the same train. You know what a hole a three-car garage is with only two cars."

"I imagine an awful hole," I said.

"How d'ya like the country?" he asked, waving around with his left hand. We were going up a steep incline but he only glanced at the road occasionally.

"Personally, Walter, if you drive like that I don't think we'll live to enjoy it."

"What's that? Oh, heh, heh. You're a card, Tom. I'm sure going to

enjoy your company. What kind of golf do you shoot?"

"In the seventies," I said.

He looked at me from the corners of his eyes .

"I'm kidding, Walter."

He made a "phew" sound with his mouth. "Man, Tom, don't say things like that to me."

We continued going up into the clean smell of the country around us while Walter talked golf. He told me about the hand-made set of clubs he had and what a difference it made with the balance just right and how they really improved a guy's game.

He was still talking when we leveled out and presently came into view of what I was certain was Walter's six-room house; six rooms the size of baseball diamonds.

"That's not yours, Walter?"

"Yeah. Some shack, hey?"

I agreed. "Some shack."

Walter turned the yellow monstrosity he was driving into a flagstone driveway and stopped behind a more conservative Mercury convertible. An old guy in faded overalls was trimming the hedge near us.

"Hullo, Mr. Daniels," he said.

"Hello, Pritch, old man. This is my friend, Tom Suttle."

"Hadeedo, Mr. Suttle." He turned to Walter and said, "Mrs. Daniels says to tell you she went for a swim."

Walter nodded and we walked across the lawn and up the steps of the knotted pine porch.

"Take a look through there." Walter said. "Ever see anything like that?"

"Now that's really something." I was genuinely appreciative. There weren't many boats on the lake. Too many boats always take something out of an otherwise beautiful body of water.

Standing on the porch, I could see over the trees where the lake's blue flatness went to the base of the green mountains on the other side. A white bank of clouds that was turning black at the edges clung to the skyline and above us the sun was in the sky's center. A steady, clean breeze came to us from the lake, bringing with it the small sound of far-away voices.

Later, in the room Walter had shown me to, I caught myself pacing in front of the window. I realized then that there was a certain amount of psychological preparation necessary for my meeting with Retha. First, I had to convince myself that I was a big boy now and all that had previously happened was actually kid stuff. I presumed that Retha was happily married and I didn't want to give her any reason for taking advantage of me.

After my big disappointment when Retha married Walter, I had not become seriously involved with any other woman. I did not want Retha to think that she had anything to do with that. Also, I did not want her to think that I had accepted Walter's invitation purely because of an insatiable desire to see how she had fared in her marriage. I was tired of being the butt of a big joke. Nor did I want to have the joke perpetuated.

Often in my thoughts of Retha I found myself within the grasp of an emotion I did not care to analyze; I was afraid that an analysis might show it to be hatred.

Later, I was ashamed of myself for my earlier reasoning; our meeting was casual and quite without violence.

I had just put on a fresh shirt when I heard the muffled sound of bare feet in the hall outside my door. A gentle tapping sounded on the door and I said, in a surprisingly composed voice, "Come in."

She pushed open the door and we were suddenly face to face, blinking at each other.

"Well, hello," she smiled.

She was wearing a yellow Terry-cloth beach robe draped to about her knees. Except for her dark sunburn, her face had not changed and, without shoes, she was as small as I remembered her. Her voice was a note huskier and the sun had burned her hair so that a clearer vein of gold ran through it. She was standing close to me and I was conscious of the heat of her body in what had previously been a cool room.

I did not become perceptibly nervous nor did my hands shake. For suddenly Retha emerged from the piece of hard marble in which she had existed for so long in my mind; she was just a person I had once known intimately and was now seeing again after several years.

We were shaking hands and I was saying something about how nice it was seeing her again and what a swell place they had here and how kind of them it was to have me up.

"I couldn't believe it when Walter told me he'd seen you, Tom. And look at you; my, you've grown!"

"You make me feel like a kid, Retha."

"Well, Tom! We were just kids the last time we saw each other."

We both laughed. "I'm afraid I acted like a kid about a lot of things then."

She shook her head; she could not understand how we could have possibly been so serious about the old profound things that were now so trivial.

"I'm afraid we were both green about a lot of things. Remember the time—"

I remembered and—really—it did seem as if we'd done some silly things.

"Oh, no! I didn't really say that?"

She laughed and her eyes sparkled with the moisture coming to them. "Oh, Tom. We did have some good times. And how about the time Walter's car stopped right in the middle of Main Street. Remember that?"

She leaned against the wall in mock submission to the powers of the great god Humor.

I felt good being able to talk about it. "I was very much in love with you then, Retha."

"I guess we both thought it was love. It just took longer to realize it wasn't."

"I'll have to admit; it took me longer."

"Well, it's certainly nice having you up here. Walter's been looking for someone to play golf with. He has a terrible time finding someone he can beat . . . do you think you can let him beat you a few times?"

"Everybody beats me," I said.

She smiled at me. "I can't get over how you've grown."

"Dammit, woman. If you say that again, I'll strangle you."

"Oh-h-h," she laughed, putting her hand on my shoulder. "You're embarrassed, Tom. I'm sorry."

"I accept the apology."

She pursed her lips. "Oh, look at me! Standing here almost in the nude. Walter told me you were here and I rushed right in."

"That was very nice."

"I'll dress and fix some supper. Then we'll talk; all right?"

"Anything you say."

"Walter's out on the porch. I'll just be a minute. See you later."

She glided along the hallway and into a door at the other end.

The first time I realized something of how Retha and Walter were as man and wife was on my second day at the lake. It was our first day of golf together. Retha had taken her car and gone into a nearby town for clothes or something.

We started the game shortly after lunch. After we had played the first nine holes, Walter was up two strokes and feeling pretty good about it.

"Don't let it get you, fella," he told me. "You're just a little rusty with your putting."

It was a sane statement and I didn't counter for several reasons. I was out of breath, having climbed up for the tenth tee, but besides that I'd gotten cautious when it came to kidding Walter about his golf. The game was something quite personal; it not only challenged his big ego but frightened him as well. I had no idea then why it frightened him.

We sat down to catch our breath. A few minutes later we teed off and I couldn't help thinking what it might be like if I won.

More by luck than skill, I was two up on the seventeenth hole. After that, Walter refused to speak to me; on several occasions when an answer would have helped, he merely grunted.

If you've read the books, you know how the bull walks into the sword simply because he's been worked into a blind age. That was Walter. He blew up on the last hole simply because of what I thought was a silent, blind rage.

I holed my ball and stooped to get it out of the cup. When I came up, I met Walter's eyes squarely. We didn't speak but, as I turned away, I felt cold in the pit of my stomach.

On our return trip to the house, we rode silently and I recalled how —even in high school—Walter hated a beating. He'd been a good football tackle and could literally drive holes in the opposition's line. But any time somebody caught him squarely, he'd go into one of his blind rages and the coach would take him out rather than have the referees throw him out because of a fight.

And maybe this explained the letter I got from him in North Africa. It's just possible that his winning Retha from me gave him as much satisfaction as beating holes in a football team. I was still thinking about it when we got to the house.

It had gotten dark and I was sitting on the pine log railing around the porch when Retha parked her car in the garage. She came across the lawn with an armful of bundles and heard the noise of the ice in my glass before she actually saw me.

"Is that you, Walter?"

"No; it's me."

"Oh, hello, you. Where's Walter?"

She dumped the bundles in a chair and sat down beside me in another chair.

"He's inside. Want some of this?"

"Yes, thanks." She took the glass from me. Then she gave it back and looked at me.

"Did you play golf?"

"Yeah."

"Well, tell me. How did it go?"

"I beat him," I said.

I heard her breath make a sharp little noise. "Oh, did you?"

"Yeah. And is he sore at me!"

She was silent.

"Your husband," I said, "sure hates to lose a game of golf."

"Yes; I'm afraid he does."

"If I'd known he was going to disown me, I'd have played left-handed."

"Is he really that angry?"

"Hasn't spoken to me since this afternoon."

"Oh, Tom, did you have to?"

"Yeah, I did it purposely. I always go around getting people sore at me."

She touched my arm. "I didn't mean it that way. Do you have to talk like that?"

"Sorry. I'll pack up and leave in the morning."

She stood up; her hand was still on my arm. "You mustn't do that."

"What? Hey, what's the trouble, Retha?"

The pressure was gone from my arm and she wiped her face with a gloved hand. "Oh, what's the matter with me? Forgive me, Tom."

"Is it something serious?"

"It's just that he gets in an awful way when he loses. Like a little boy and a game of marbles."

"Well, don't tell me the family secrets. I'm just a guest."

"It's really nothing. He'll be over it in the morning."

"I should hope so."

She picked up her bundles and I said, "Can I help?"

"No, thanks, Tom." She walked across the porch to the door, then hesitated. She came back.

"Tom?"

"Yeah?"

"You're not really going to leave in the morning?"

"No," I said. "Not if you don't want me to, Retha."

I couldn't see her face very well in the dark; I could not see the expression on it.

For the second time then, I was in love with the same woman. Often, in the past, I had been able to look far enough ahead to see a mistake approaching and often I have been able to make the necessary corrections. I had certainly never made the same mistake twice.

The first Retha had been lost to me forever; in her place had come this other woman. She was the meek, warm person who had emerged out of the mistakes of her younger self.

I felt that she was unhappy; that she knew that her marriage to Walter was a mistake. Despite this mistake, she was doing her best to live with it.

I felt this because—even when I was present—there was a fine line between them and their relationship as man and wife. It was as if they were trying very hard to give an impression they knew was necessary and it seemed to me that it was always Retha who leaned over backward to give that impression.

One night, I casually suggested that the three of us play golf together. I was drinking something, looking at a newspaper when I said it and it was the silence that greeted me that made me look up.

Retha was lighting a cigarette; Walter was drawing on a cigar.

"Well, what about it?" I asked.

Retha shrugged. Walter said, "What about what?"

"Golf. The three of us tomorrow."

"I don't think so," he said.

I looked at him; his face had become very set and his mouth was down hard on the cigar.

Retha got up and stretched her arms. "Walter means, Tom, that I'm going to visit some friends across the lake tomorrow. Hope you don't mind."

"No," I said. "I didn't know that."

Later, I went out on the porch to see how the lake looked with the moon on it.

Walter followed me out.

"Nice view," I said

Instead of answering, he said, "Don't ever suggest to Retha about playing with us."

That was all. He walked back into the house and to his room. When I got in, Retha, too, had gone to her room.

Without having told them, I had almost decided to go back to Rinehart the next day. But that morning Walter and I played a round of golf. He beat me and on the way back to the clubhouse he said that the Brewsters—a couple who lived on the other side of the lake—were throwing a party that night. He asked if I'd like to go and I told him sure, that it sounded like a lot of fun. I didn't tell him about leaving.

The Brewster home was a modest cottage situated closer to the lake than Walter's home. A pleasant stretch of beach spread out, below the house. It showed clearly as we parked behind a surprisingly large number of cars; there was an immense full moon in the clear sky above the lake.

We were late and there were a great many more people than I had expected to see present. While the cottage itself was not impressive, the veranda at the rear of the house was. It was a very large affair, somewhat throwing the scheme of the Brewster home off balance. I attributed this to the probability that the Brewsters were great party givers. My assumption was proved correct by the lavish display of food and drinks on the tables.

We were met at the door by a beautiful red-head whom Retha introduced to me as Charmaine Brewster, our hostess. On the other end of the house, I heard the sound of many voices, many of them off-key, and I knew then that we were almost too late.

"This is Tom Suttle," Retha told her. "He's a newspaperman."

"How nice," Mrs. Brewster said. "You're just the man we've been looking for."

She led the way out to the party and there were more introductions. I lost sight of Walter, but Retha stayed with us. Mrs. Brewster led us to the center of what turned out to be a heated discussion.

After being again introduced as a newspaperman, I shook a great many hands and listened to a great

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many names, all of which I promptly forgot. Someone pushed a drink into my waiting hand; we were off.

"What I want to know, Suttle," a large fellow wearing thick glasses said, "is what do you know about anti-Semitism?"

"Very little," I said.

"Oh, come now!" This voice belonged to a young fellow with a huge supply of tarnished blond hair topping his head. He wore dark sport glasses and I remember wondering how he could possibly see anyone. Later I decided that, judging by the assembly, he had a very good idea of what he was doing.

"I thought newspapermen were a very informed bunch of people."

"Well, you see," I said, "I'm not exactly a newspaperman. I only practice at being one."

Somebody laughed. Several people laughed. There were exclamations to the effect that I was a hot sketch and quite witty.

"Certainly you can throw a little light on the subject, old man?"

Retha had moved away across the room and there was no sight of Walter. Somebody—somebody who was very good—was playing the piano and singing.

"I know that it makes a good discussion," I was saying, "but, really, I don't know much about it."

"Hear, hear! Mr. Suttle wants another subject discussed! Any takers? Any other subjects?"

A short, dark man who had a pink flower attached to the lapel of his expensive suit sidled over to me and said in a confidential tone of voice, "I understand you're a writer, Mr. Suttle. What do you write . . . mystery stories, I'll bet."

I could see no point in trying to argue him out of the idea I was a writer. "No. I write satire."

"What a pity. You know, you've got a wonderful name for a mystery writer."

"My name is Suttle." I was on the verge of spelling it but somebody slapped me on the back of the neck, rather hard, and I spilled some of my drink. It was taken away from me and another handed in its place.

"Satires, hey? A satirist. Hey, everybody! This guy's a satirist!"

"How dreadful!" came the voice of a polluted female. "Is it contagious?"

Much laughter, much noise. I was beginning to feel the drink. Retha walked past with a woman I had not seen before; they both smiled broadly and Retha waved to me. Somebody wanted to go swimming, and, by gosh, if I didn't see an old codger walking down to the beach in a pair of trunks. The piano-playing singer was rendering "Nancy With the Laughing Face," and I heard a girl say, "He's singing about me. He's so sweet."

I was walking across the floor and something hit me in the left eye. I looked on the floor and saw an olive fall in the cuff of my trousers. Then, I was in the corner of the crowd and a pleasant faced old man who looked to me like Judge Hardy of the movies was saying in my ear, "Now this will be a fine satirical novel. It's about the tobacco industry."

I protested that it had been done already and he was disappointed. He walked away shaking his head.

"So I dropped into the boat show and tried to buy the biggest yacht they had, but they wouldn't take a check for it."

Somebody tugged at my sleeve and I kept pulling my arm away. I looked and it was Retha.

"Walter's passed out," she said. "Oh, Tom!"

"Where's he?" I think I asked.

"In the bathroom. Get him out, will you, Tom?"

"Certainly," I said. "Certainly. Where's he? Where's old Walter?"

Retha led me by the hand and I

was constantly bumping into someone. I was continually apologizing but everybody giggled or guffawed and protested that they were at fault. The piano-player-singer was singing, "All of me, why not take all of me?"

"That's a rather suggestive song," was the last thing I heard before Retha was suddenly gone and I was inside the house. I shook my head and stumbled through a hall. A door that was half open stood before me. It was the bathroom and in it was Walter, dozing against the wall.

Somehow, I managed to get him out of the house and into his car. He mumbled something and promptly fell asleep on the front seat.

I did not go back to the party. For the next few minutes, I sat against a fender and felt very sick.

After several minutes, I felt somewhat better and left the car, walking around the corner of the house and down toward the beach. I was walking too rapidly down the descent into the beach and had to stop abruptly to keep from falling. I sat down for a moment then got up and continued walking.

On the beach, my shoes became immediately filled with sand and I sat down and took them off. I walked on with the shoes under my right arm. About a quarter of a mile down the beach, I felt almost sober enough to go back to the party but got only as far as the spot where I'd planned to start the ascent back to the house. Retha was walking rapidly along the beach, coming in my direction.

"Tom! Is that you?"

"I think so. What're you doing down here?"

"Looking for you," she said. She was out of breath. Otherwise, she did not seem to be in any trouble. She was completely sober. As a matter of fact, I don't think she'd had anything to drink at all.

"Say, don't you drink?"

"Yes. Walter doesn't like for me to, though."

I did not say anything; it was their business.

"I put Walter in the car."

"Yes, I know. I saw him. He is drunk!"

"Me, too. I was stupid for a while. Some party!"

"Isn't it charming, really?" she said.

"Oh? I thought they were your friends."

She looked at me and what I saw in her face was answer enough.

"How did you ever get tied up with a mob like that if you don't care for them?"

"They're Walter's friends. I shouldn't complain, though. It's better than staying home every night."

She was making it difficult for me to keep my nose clean. As a diversion, I suggested we do one of two things.

"Shall we go back or shall we walk?"

"Let's walk."

"I took my shoes off," I said. I held them up for her to see.

She laughed as if I'd made the biggest joke of the day.

"Oh, Tom, you're precious! I'll take mine off."

"Here; let me help you."

She sat down on the sand and I bent to my knees and unbuckled her shoes. She pulled them off. I got up and she stretched out her hands. I took them and pulled her up. It was rather abrupt; I pulled too hard and, just for the smallest second, our bodies met. She looked at me quickly and I tried to think of something to say.

What I said was, "This is a nice lake." It sounded very flat.

Retha did not speak. I felt she was looking at me and I didn't want to meet her eyes.

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"Like to have a home here myself some day," I said.

"Oh, no. This isn't for you, Tom."

At least she'd spoken that time. "Why?"

"You're not the . . . the type."

It began as a sensation. . . . I felt something happening somewhere and realized suddenly that she had taken my hand. I became confused; I did not know what to do or say. But my hand instinctively closed on hers and I felt the life and the substance of the hand within mine, knowing it was something of her but not being able to see the logic of what was happening. I wished desperately that my head was clearer so that I could look at this thing from the logical viewpoint. I suddenly wanted to be in complete possession of all my faculties and felt now that I was missing something. Something vital which I needed to see to the end of this. But the drinking had put an ink blotter lining in my brain and I felt unable now to be clearly certain of what I was doing. I kept thinking of Walter . . . Walter.

I felt Retha putting a slow but steady pressure on my arm so that, without knowing it, I turned and faced her. Her small face was turned up warmly at mine and there was a complete absence of expression in it; only in her eyes was that low flame that told me she knew exactly what she was doing.

It was as if I'd suddenly been hit on the temple and at the bottom of the stomach; I had no strength. She could have done anything with me.

I was afraid to speak, to answer any questions. I wanted to put my arms around her and dig my fingers into her shoulders; I wanted to break her in half, to push her face into my chest. I wanted to kiss every part of her face and every part of her body.

But before I could do any of these things, Retha put both of her arms around my waist and came against me so hard and with such ferocity that my breath went out of my body. She reached up and pulled down my head, my face on top of hers and, with a violence that was almost rage, she kissed me.

For an immeasurable length of time I made love to her; she made love to me . . . she pushed her fingers into my neck and said things. Our faces met many times. I did all things I wanted to do. I tried to think of Walter and then I stopped thinking of him.

Then, we were under a big, gray rock that cast a shadow on the white sand. My hands were gritty from the sand. Retha had her face against my neck.

"Oh, I knew," she whispered. "I knew. I could tell."

I choked for air. "You've got to understand, baby. This has nothing to do with before. It's something else. Do you understand that?"

"Yes. But I knew. I could tell."

We stayed under the rock for a long time and then decided it was very late—or early, we weren't sure—and the thing to do was to get back to the party.

She had told me everything. Their marriage had gone well for the first year but, later, Walter began to take her for granted. She was just another conquest he had made and now that she was his, he had put her aside. He was conscious of her, however, as his responsibility and aware of the things required of him as a husband. Oh, yes; he had given her all the things that one must have in order to have a good life. But there were many things he had not given her.

He was jealous and, at times, all her friends were hand-picked by him. There was the golf business, for instance. Walter had discovered golf and it had become an obsession.

He had taught her the game and they'd had some good times together. But when she began playing better golf, he forbade her playing.

And the drinking. He did not want her to drink at parties or any place, for that matter. Walter always became thoroughly saturated at parties and had found so many women who—after a few drinks—lost completely their inhibitions that he "wasn't going to have his wife run off with somebody just because she was giddy in the head and forgot she had a husband."

He thought that every man in New York was trying to go with his wife.

"You know," she'd said, "he has no intention of ever letting me go back up there. He wants to send me back to Rinehart with my mother. And, of course, he'll give me a list of people I can have as friends."

There was no question of a divorce. Walter had a reputable law practice and could not afford the scandal.

I'd had many reasons to hate Walter. Some of them were—admittedly—petty but I think I hated Walter very thoroughly for at least part of that night.

When we got back to the Brewsters', the party had gotten mellow. The piano player had somehow managed to retain his faculties and was playing the instrument softly and inconspicuously. A number of people were stretched out in many odd places, all in varied positions of sleepy relaxation. The survivors were gathered in small discussion groups. Some had gone. The food on the tables had gotten quite messy and some of it, along with a staggering number of empty bottles, was deposited haphazardly on the floor.

"Oh, there you are!" Charmaine Brewster shrilled as us. Her coiffure was one of the evening's casualties. "That is you, isn't it? Of course. Aren't I silly?"

"Is Walter around, Charmaine?" asked Retha.

"Walter, Walter? Oh, Walter! No, I haven't seen him. Lissen, everybody! Has anybody seen Walter?"

But nobody had.

"You take it easy, baby. I'll go out and see if he's all right."

She nodded with something warm in her eyes. I went out to the car.

To my surprise, Walter was sitting up in the seat. He was smoking a cigarette and looking much more refreshed than many of the guests.

"How's the party?" he asked.

"Almost out. I thought you were too."

There was nothing to feel about Walter now. If anything, I felt sorry for him. I had him at a disadvantage; as if I'd knocked him to the floor and was sitting securely on his chest.

"Let's go inside," I said.

"No, wait a minute. Sit down a minute. . . . I want to talk to you."

"But—"

"For Pete's sake, Tom. I want to talk to you."

It was then that I caught that note of desperation in his voice. For a second, I had the uncomfortable feeling that he might have seen us on the beach.

"Lissen," he said. I was standing near the door of the car. He was not looking directly at me. "I wanna ask you something and I want an answer."

"I'll try."

"Try hard; this is serious with me."

"Do you love my wife?" he asked.

There just didn't seem to be anything to say.

"You do, don't you?"

I saw then that there was only one way to go about it; that this would be a mess before it was over—any way that you looked at it—and that honesty was what was needed. The advantage I felt was

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much more powerful than anything Walter could do.

"Yes," I said. "I do."

He put the cigarette to his mouth and drew in the smoke very thoughtfully. Then, he blew it out with such an audible sound of relief that I felt he had suspected this for a longer time than I knew.

"I kind of figured it would happen," he said. "That's one reason I asked you up here. I suppose you've talked it out?'

"We've talked."

"Now I want you to understand something. I'm not going to get violent or anything like that. I say that because we're going to talk about it. . . . I want you to feel that you can say anything you please." He looked at me. "You understand that?"

I nodded. He was being magnificent; he had figured this out very well. But I had to listen to him. It was the least I could do.

"I'd like to tell you about her," he said. "But first, I want you to understand this: I love Retha. No matter what she thinks of me, I love her. Understand that?"

"Yes, but—"

"Now wait. Now lissen, darn it! I don't know what she's told you, but it's all lies."

"Now wait a minute, Walter."

"Shut up! Now get this: she isn't what you think, Tom. She's a hellcat. She's run around with more guys since we've been married than I can count on these hands." He held up both hands.

"Now I'm not saying she loves you and I'm not saying she doesn't. I hope she does. I brought her down here to get her away from that crummy crowd of people she runs with up North.

"She's always had me under her little finger and she's always known it. Understand? Every time she gets a chance to show people she can lick me, she does it. I guess you were surprised when I refused to play golf with her. Know why? Because every time she beats me, she tortures me. She rags me to death. She does it in front of my friends all the time.

"She didn't drink anything tonight, did she? I'll tell you why: Because every time she drinks she starts painting the town. She doesn't know who she is or what her responsibilities are. Man, Tom, I came that close to having a scandal on my hands a hundred times. She likes to talk about her boy-friends to people she's never seen before.

"She's been threatening to kill my practice. And I need it, Tom. I really need it. I don't know what impression you've gotten, but I'm not a rich man. I have to pretend I'm rich to get the right people as clients. The old man's dough was shot years ago.

"But, Tom, I love her. I don't know why, but I love her. And she'll never leave me, Tom. She's too secure and knows it. Just ask her if she'll leave me. If she wants you, she wants you without having to leave me.

"I brought you up here because I knew you were a straight guy. I've been hoping she'd fall for you and be satisfied with one man. I'd rather see her have you as a playmate than anybody else. Look: I won't interfere. You can have her. But you've got to know how it is, Tom. You see, don't you. Don't you, Tom?"

And with that, Walter quite properly bent his head and cried.

After we were back at the house, Walter and Retha went to their rooms. Retha did not suspect that we had talked. I lighted a cigarette and sat down with it to think things out. I don't know how long I was like that but I snapped out of it when I heard Retha come into the room. She smiled at me and came across the room slowly as I stood up. She pushed her body against mine and her hands went around my

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neck. I reached up and took them away.

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked.

"I want you to tell me something, Retha."

"Certainly, darling. What is it?"

"Will you leave Walter and come with me?"

She put her arms around me again, saying, "We can talk about that later."

Again, I unwrapped her arms from around my neck.

"I want to know right now," I said.

She looked at me; her face got hard. She walked across the room, stopped, picked up a cigarette from a table, lit it, blew out a streamer of gray smoke, came back and faced me.

"No," she said.

It was later, with the pale light of morning in the room that I finally slept. I'd thought it all out and had decided that it was really not Retha's fault; the fault was in my own reasoning, in the way I had lived my life. The answer to all of it had been given to me many years before by a girl I should have forgotten long years ago.

There was only one thing I was curious about and I saw the answer to that in Walter's eyes that afternoon as I was leaving. Retha had left the house earlier and now, as Walter shook my hand, there was a look in his eyes which I can best describe as a look of envy.

—PETER KAREGEANNES

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(volume 70, number 3)

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# Editorial

Whether in politics or religion, anything that is new is heresy. To deviate from an old long-practiced custom is looked upon with distaste. A decade ago, one of the large religious denominations decided to unify its forces by bringing its Northern and Southern wings under one head. A group of extremists immediately cried out that such an action would be catastrophic, because Negroes and whites would then worship together. These die-hards have since found that they were grossly mistaken and many, like the prodigal son, are running home.

Sometime after the Civil War, a great South Carolinian was born in Charleston. He was reared and trained according to the customs and traditions of that old Confederate city. He was well acquainted with the bitterness and hatred that was incumbent upon his section. He became a learned lawyer. In 1945 President Roosevelt appointed him a Federal Judge.

Early last summer Judge Waring issued a temporary injunction directing the South Carolina Democratic Party to allow Negroes to vote in its primaries. The Judge's permanent injunction came as no surprise. His temporary injunction had been upheld by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

The injunction was nothing more than a legal and constitutional right given to citizens of the United States. It was releasing the Negro from the political bondage and hypocritical intimidations sanctioned by those leaders who have not only undermined him, but have kept all the voters of South Carolina from complete freedom in the use of the ballot. To those leaders, complete freedom for all means loss of power for a chosen few.

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*Time is a bottomless sea of black,*
*and we frail swimmers*
*naked in its reaches.*
*No swift impelling current of the water*
*tingles 'round our bodies*
*giving direction.*
*Only eddies*
*from other swimmers.*
*Other swimmers so strong,*
*going with such seeming purpose*
*as toward a known island.*
*Are they more strong than I?*
*Do they, so sure, know more than I?*

*Time is a limitless pool of black*
*and there is no current of the water,*
*nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor wind.*

L. Poindexter Watts

# How Come?

HE CRUSHED out the last cigarette in the pack and slowly rose to pace the floor. The right words would not come, the bitter and vitriolic ones that came so easily when countless drops of salt water had prevented him from properly expressing himself. He stared at the typewriter as if it had robbed him of all coherence.

It had been the little things that had annoyed him most. The inconsideration that he had read between every line that she had written. The details that had been expressly asked for and never received. The inability to speak "face to face" as when he had fought through the six months they had spent together before Korea, with all its stupidity and dirtiness and rain and uselessness and boredom.

He turned, left the room, made his way to the bedroom where she lay, still as beautiful as she was before distance and time and Uncle had separated them and in spite of the little blond image of her who slept so peacefully beside her bed. He lighted another cigarette as he kicked off his slippers and crawled into bed, inhaling deeply as if that act was the panacea of all. She turned to him for the goodnight kiss that had endured their four years of connubial bliss.

The most annoying thing of all seemed to be the refusal of anyone to listen to the tale of how it had been, the misery and confusion, the hope and despair, the seeming endlessness of it, the many inconveniences of the life and the many amusing incidents that had occurred because of it. It seemed as if he must talk to someone or else ——

His last thought came as she stirred sleepily and his dreams were filled with innumerable typewriters that clacked off innumerable words and brought immense satisfaction to him.

A constant ringing of the bells of the typewriters invaded the dream, shrilling him back to the conscious world as he reached to turn off the alarm. The face of the clock showed five a.m. as he rose and accomplished the familiar act of dressing. Coffee and eggs and bacon tasted the same as usual and he left without awakening her as he went to his old job of weaving on the morning shift at Rifton Mills. The wartime graveyard or midnight shift was still running at Rifton and he did not have to start the looms up as he did before he donned khaki. It seemed strange to have all the noise at once and not the clickety-clack-clack that used to slowly invade the unfamiliar quietness of the mill at six a.m. on weekdays.

The work was so familiar, tie threads, pull them through harness and/or reed, match filling, flag for cloth - hand or loom - fixer, check cloth, and the innumerable aspects of the job that had become second nature to him. He had plenty of time left over for brooding thoughts. Maybe he had tried to fill the gap of two and one-half years in two weeks, but it had seemed important to him that it be done. It was important that she and all the others understand what had happened to him, how he felt about it. Maybe he was an idealistic fool; maybe he was too sensitive; maybe many things, but how could he do great things when he could find no satisfaction in anything these days.

So it had been a dream. The words of praise and exaltation had shattered on the hard realities of life. Words he had once used with such facility and effect now heeded not his command. To accept it as thus would mean the inevitable question of "HOW COME?" with all the ramifications as only one who has lived in a small Southern town can comprehend. Never the direct questioning that might result in a direct answer but the implied and behind-the-back type that is whispered and sneered and asked with a shaking of the head in such a manner as never to have anyone doubtful of the meaning implied.

It was very necessary that he start something immediately, if it were only one of the "pulpy things" of which he had composed so many before, when reveille had been confused with revelry in his mind. Or maybe he should attempt the difficult; something that would absorb whatever processes of thought that remained with him; something that would shut out any brooding speculations that he had lost his touch. He might be able to retouch that episode of the faithful wife awaiting her conquering hero for "True Experiences," and sell it. The latter was most important, selling of the product of nimble fingers and sure, unmuddled mind. To prove that he could sustain life and pleasures while working on a worthwhile project, without being forever tied to the clickety-clack-clack of shuttles weaving Carolina cotton into the raw materials of apparel.

But to talk, to release thoughts threatening to store up dangerous pressure inside. Who said, "My kingdom for a horse," King Lear, Hamlet? Anyway, anything for a talk with someone who would understand. Susan? No. That he had tried. Watson, his best friend of High days? Too much had occurred since those two had exchanged schoolboy confidences. No, there was no one who could or would listen. Meanwhile, to use a favorite expression of Korea, one tauntingly thrown by those departing to those forced to stay, SUFFER!

The same old rut continued in the twenty-four-hour period that seemed now to accelerate now to decelerate. Weekends were consumed by auto trips to Greenston on Saturdays and visits to either his or her relatives

on Sundays. The latter were pure torment as he could never keep up with whom Cousin Leona's third cousin twice removed on your father's side married after her second or third husband turned out to be such a "drunkard," the word being spoken sotto voce with an implied sneering contempt.

It seemed as if everyone had read a book or books on the Rehabilitation of the Ex-Soldier. Conversation relating to, or which might be construed to be relating to war or foreign countries or the Army and services in general were conspicuously absent or conspicuously changed if brought into the mainstream of conversation, by everyone except Uncle Abner, his wife's uncle, who had been called in the Great War just in time to help celebrate the Armistice in Paree. If ever anyone could bore with war talk, Abner could. He liked to recall the wine and "cherez la femme" with a chi and a laaah and goodness knows how he pronounced femmes. Abner almost attained the height of boredom that Brooklyn did with his description of Flatbush Ave. and all the glories of that foreign land that exists in the minds of its couple of million inhabitants. Brooklyn, wonder where he is now? The last he saw of that character was in Hawaii at Schofield barracks. If he could talk over old times with Brook he could endure another description of that wonderful land.

The yaga-ta-yaga-ta-yaga-ta had been going full blast for over two hours now and as most everyone's kin had been adequately discussed, departure at 2000 hours seemed a certainty. Goodbyes and farewells dispensed with, he eased the Merc into first gear and turned onto Highway 25 toward home. The polite interchange of connubial conversation hardly interrupted one car of his train of thoughts and even that was soon over as she retired with a book and he turned to his typewriter. But it was no good. It was no use to sit and stare at the keys which had mutinied against him. There had been worse times, sure, and there might be even worse, but ——

He had been home two weeks. As he trudged home from work that day he wondered if he should have gone to work so soon. Susan had not saved a thing from the allotments he had sent home, nor from her salary as secretary to the superintendent of Rifton Mills. Oh, she had a little but not when it was compared to the $3,000 he had accumulated in the three years he was in. No crap games and being discharged with the rank of T/Sgt both contributed to that nest egg. A new car would run him almost that now but he must not bemoan the fact that Susan had not saved money. Still he might have been able to get back into the groove sooner if he had not returned to work the very first week he was home.

Lucky he had been, he guessed. He and Susan had been married six months before he had been drafted. He had heard of and met guys who were crazy enough to get married on a seven-day leave. They deserved the consequences that most of them got. Induction meant to him only the fact that he and Susan were separated for the first time since their marriage. The long hours of waiting in line for a physical left the mind free to brood over many things that he had said and done and the many that he should have said and done.

The trip to a northern training camp was disheartening. Why did they send Yankees down here and send us up there? A logical explanation, probably true, being that one would not have the time to scoot home on a three-day pass, thus one's desire for said passes would diminish somewhat.

Basic training and maneuvers can only be compared to the rainy season in the Philippines. The minute details of the many different periods of basic and maneuvers would cover so many volumes as to render publication of them impossible.

He sat again at his typewriter and slowly crushed out the cigarette against the many that filled the ash tray to overflowing. He thought of the amazing rapidity with which the fourteen days leave of the furloaf immediately preceding overseas shipment had sped by. Events and incidents that happened during this time were too confused to be viewed with any clarity. He could not draw upon it for any material. Wasn't exactly sure what had occurred then.

He flicked the lighter wheel to light another cigarette, then stared at the lighter. It was the one Susan had sent him for his birthday and arrived shortly before he was taken aboard the transport. The troops were allowed to smoke only on deck in daytime, although many sneaked smokes below deck, in the compartments.

Mindanao had been rough for a while but he had come down with a shell fragment nick in his arm. Meant a chance to rest and get at plenty of cigarettes. He took a satisfying drag on the one he was smoking as if to compensate for all the times when he had butted and resmoked them.

The Philippines. He had learned a lot about the Filipinos. Bet he could do a little research and write some swell, selling stories on that country. If ——

Then Japan and Okinawa. Not much in the latter except the memory of Pyle and Kamikazes and a lot of dead troops. He had learned a little of the Jap lingo, Ohiyo Goziamas, as the phonetic good morning of the spoken language was written. Maybe an expose of the racket some of the white women, Army hostesses and Dacs, had operated in that and other theaters where it took a long time to get dependents over

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# Heirs Wanted

ABNER WILSON was the town's loafer. A faded blue shirt, rough overalls, and worn, down-at-the-heel shoes clothed his thin figure. His hair unkept and scraggly, his pinched face never entirely clean shaven; Abner was a landmark in the little southern town of Banbury.

His favorite lounging place was the porch of Squire Marker's General Store which also housed the post office. Propped in a square-back chair, his dangling legs outthrust on an empty pickle keg, Abner spent most of his waking hours in quiet contemplation of his little world of Banbury.

An odd job or two brought in enough funds to insure a roof over his head. He lived in an old ramshackley outhouse behind the store. When he was flush, he would get a square meal at Aunt Sally's Boarding House, one of the two public eating places in town. When he was low in funds, he would trust to luck. And then, too, there was always the cracker barrel in the store. Abner was wholly content. Now and then a little job that did not require too much exertion, a day or two with the county road workers, but a regular job—never.

One cold December morning twenty years ago a rumbling freight train had brought him to the place that he now called home. A heavy, booted foot of an energetic brakeman had jarred him from his perch atop a coal car and had presented Banbury with a new citizen.

Abner's existence, before his arrival in Banbury, was a mystery. No one had ever learned where he came from, nothing was known of his former life. Close-mouthed himself, Abner vouchsafed no information. He had lost all touch with the outside world. In fact, according to the postmaster, in the twenty years that Abner had been a Banburian, no piece of mail had passed the delivery window for him.

In the humdrum life of this little town, the arrival of the 4:40 train each afternoon was a real event. several citizens would gather in front of the Squire's store at four o'clock and then walk down to meet the train as a sort of reception committee. On this particular day, Sheriff Wells, Postmaster Marker, and Alan Pankow, proprietor of Pankow's Garage, composed the committee to await the arrival of the train.

Occasionally a traveling salesman or a cotton buyer would alight and receive a "welcome" from the committee, but more often there would be no passengers. The out-going mail would be taken aboard, the incoming sack hurled from the mail car to the station platform and the train would speed on to the next station. The welcome committee, their duty over, would return to the store.

Two miles away, the shrill whistle of the locomotive was heard as it screeched for a grade-crossing. In a few minutes the train would round the curve below the depot.

From his point of vantage, Abner surveyed the scene: the main street of town, the depot, the committee of three, a few freight cars on a siding. Listlessly he yawned, stretched, and shifted his quid of chewing tobacco to the other cheek. His eyes drooped again as he brushed a fly from his forehead.

With no one aboard for Banbury and the green semaphore in the station tower indicating no out-bound passengers, the train did not stop. Two short blasts from the locomotive whistle sounded as the mail crane on the baggage car snatched the pouch held in the hanger. There was a blur of dirty white as a mail sack hurtled from the door and the train sped on.

Narrowly missing the sheriff in its bullet-like flight, the mailbag bounced from the station platform and slipped under the rear trucks of the last passenger coach. The wheels passed over it and sliced the bag neatly in half. Spurred to action, Postmaster Wells retrieved the two pieces of the sack, but not until the suction draft from the train had violently scattered the contents along the tracks. The three men gathered all the mail matter they could find and the postmaster carried the mutilated pouch to the post offce.

Through half-closed eyes Abner had seen the entire occurrence and had given a thought to aiding the men in their search for the mail matter. But as his cud deserved attention and that pesky fly was still buzzing around, he was content to maintain his usual indifferent attitude.

Sorting the mail for the various patrons' boxes, the postmaster was greatly surprised to finger an envelope addressed to "Abner Wilson, Esquire."

"Here's a letter fer yuh, Abner," he called, "looks like it was real important sure 'nough, with a fancy red seal to it."

Abner startled from his reverie. A letter for him? There must be some mistake. He ambled into the store and before his astonished eyes a letter was shoved through the brass grill-work of the delivery window.

"Thanks, Jim," he muttered softly. Abner returned to his chair and resumed his former posture.

Fumbling with the envelope, which was already slit across the bottom, he pulled out the letter. It had been cut in half as with a pair of scissors and only the upper portion remained. Laboriously, Abner read it half aloud:

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# A Tied Note

THE walls of my office echoed the buzzing.

"Come in," I said, with about as much expression as a mute. A long black glove followed the door knob as it swung toward me. Then there was an arm, and then a figure; but what a figure! She was gorgeous—like the ones men dream of. Long black hair, falling over her shoulders like clouds, created a magnificent background for her eyes, which were as blue and shining as sapphires.

"I want to apply for the stenographer's job," she said in a low flowing voice.

"I'll have to ask a few questions." I imagine I spoke rather unconsciously, because I was actually thinking of the many objections my wife would have to my hiring this Venus.

"Of course," she replied, "the usual routine, I suppose? I was born January 20, 1925, in Atlanta, Ga. My mother and father are living there with my brother and his wife. From high school I went to Florida University where I got a degree in music. Since college I've been home taking it easy and catching up on my shorthand and typing. I'm quite independent. I'm single and have come as close to being married as I care to come. I'm broad-minded, try to be efficient, and keep as neat as possible."

I don't know why, but I hired this girl. She certainly had all the qualifications for a music publisher's stenographer plus a little extra-curricular.

I was about to bid her goodbye when it dawned on me that I did not know her name. I suppose I was too overwhelmed to ask.

"For the sake of simplicity . . . er . . . uh . . . do you have a name?" I caught myself about to test the breadth of her mind, but I thought the better of it.

"Certainly," she laughed. "I'm so sorry. Diane Kensington is my full tag, but my friends call me D. K. for short."

"Fine," I said. "Then I'll see you at nine tomorrow morning. Goodnight, MISS Kensington," I sighed as I again thought of my wife.

"Oh, by the way, my name is Andrews—William B."

"I know," she replied, "I saw it on your door next to president. Goodnight."

As I was leaving my office, Bob Worthington, my vice-president, stopped me.

"Just thought I'd tell you I sent out the lists of our new specials to Dorsey & Goodman tonight. Ought to hear from them tomorrow."

"Fine," I replied. "I hope they want them. We need the business. See ya' tomorrow, Bob."

"O.K., Bill."

I thought about Bob as I was going home. He was tall, handsome, and partly the playboy type, but one of the best vice-presidents I ever had. Women were always falling in love with him and he was always breaking their hearts. He often repeated his favorite motto, "The disappointed lover is often luckier than the groom."

Bob was dead set on being a bachelor and living to a ripe old age. I am still amazed that one of the many women of his life hadn't hooked him before now. I know for a fact that I can't count on one hand the number of stenographers I've lost on account of him. However, I felt reassured about D.K. She had firmly expressed her independency.

I thought about her, too. Although she talked as if she were the indifferent type, her eyes and manner seemed to reflect a warmth and a sweetness that couldn't be concealed.

Damn, she was beautiful!

The next morning when I got to the office, D. K. had really taken things in hand. She had tidied up all the scattered papers and books, dusted, and had the place looking like a well kept business firm. She had fixed up her desk in the reception room, cleaned the typewriter, and had a picture of her mother and father by the "OUT" basket.

"Good morning, Miss Kensington," I said, as pleasantly as possible. "You seem to be catching on fast."

"I hope so," she replied. "After all, I want to keep this job, and a little ambition helps."

"I'll have one of the men show you your work and office procedure shortly. You just take it easy for now. There will be plenty of work later."

"Yes, sir."

Bob was waiting for me in my office, and I could tell from the expression on his face he was pleased about something.

"Got wires from both Goodman and Dorsey, Bill. They want all of 'em. Isn't that swell?"

"That's wonderful, splendid. They liked 'em, huh?"

"Liked 'em? Why, they thought they were terrific, which they were, of course.

As he talked I could tell he had something on his mind besides the business deal, and I was willing to bet my life on what it was.

"She is Diane Kensington—Miss Diane Kensington," I said, anticipating his next question, "our new stenographer. She's single, and has definite plans of staying that way and is completely indifferent toward the male sex. So leave her alone. Please have pity on the company—stenogs are getting scarce. Especially ones like her."

I told him as much as I could about her and emphasized her independency.

"Now I want you to introduce

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# "They Sure Are Dumb"

THE dirt road was rough and dusty, but the four American soldiers in the jeep took little notice of the jolts and dust. Having left Shanghai for the first time in two months, they were quite happy to be riding on a country road. The G. I.'s were attached to the M. P. battalion in Shanghai and, after exploring the city to their satisfaction, had decided to see a little more of China. On this Saturday morning they were headed for Soochow, noted for its rock gardens, temples, and pagodas.

The jeep passed a cluster of huts, and in front of one was a peddler displaying assorted candies and Chinese delicacies. Bradley, who sat in the front seat on the right, pointed to the peddler:

"How do you like that? Look at all those flies on that stuff. These Chinese don't have any idea of sanitation." Bradley had been drafted out of Ohio State University and had read a book on China during a history course. He never hesitated to display what knowledge he had.

From the back seat Dominic, a heavy-set G. I., replied, "Flies or no flies, they don't know anything about food. These Chinese are heathens —with meatballs they eat rice instead of spaghetti." In civilian life Dominic had been a barber in Connecticut and still remembered some Italian he had learned from his parents. "This Chinese food can't touch apizza; too bad the Chinese don't like cheese."

Brad turned around, "Dom, it's been discovered that Orientals have different taste preferences from Westerners. What we like may not appeal to them, and vice versa."

"Is that right? Why, I'll bet they wouldn't even like cornbread and peas," mused Dixon, who also sat in back. Dixon had lived on a Mississippi farm all his life. At nineteen he found life abroad more exciting than raising cotton, but China, as he often put it, "ain't no place for a home-lovin' boy like me." Dixon thought the Chinese were as dirty and sometimes dirtier than the hogs he had in Mississippi. He said so as the jeep came into a small village where a dirty-faced girl holding a baby in her grimy arms stared at the soliders.

"You're not kidding," said Red, who was driving, "dirty and living all crowded together. I never saw so many people in one place as there are in Shanghai. You can't walk anywhere without stumbling all over them." Red had gone into the Army immediately after leaving high school in Colorado. China to him had been the "land on the other side of the world where they do everything backwards." When he had arrived in Shanghai, he had been surprised to see people walking with their faces to the front and their legs moving forward just like people in Colorado (though he had not confessed this astonishment to his friends). "Colorado for me," Red continued. "I can't wait to get back to where I can look out and see nothing but cows. I'd rather see cows than these damned Chinks."

Bradley took up the discussion. "They lead an awful life, but you can hardly blame them. After all, Chinese are much less intelligent than we are."

"I guess so," added Dixon. "I guess if we was that dumb, we'd be dirty too."

Dominic leaned towards the front seat and thumped Bradley on the shoulder. "Well, Brad, I don't care if their taste is different. They're still pretty stupid if they don't like apizza."

"Yeah," said Red, "they sure are dumb."

Wu Ling put down his chopsticks and got up from the breakfast table. "I must hurry," he said to his wife; "Saturday is a very busy day. Many foreigners come to pagoda on Saturdays. Sometimes even American soldiers come."

Wu was referring to the famous "Leaning Pagoda" on top of Tiger Hill, which is about three miles outside of Soochow. Wu was one of the many peddlers who were situated along the pathway going up the hill. Wu sold souvenirs—trinkets, carved wooden figures, small stone images—which he kept at night inside his home near the hill. Wu himself made some of the articles he sold, but most were done by his wife and the older three of his children. Thus they had a special interest in Mr. Wu's sales progress.

"So American soldiers might come today?" said Mrs. Wu. "That is very good. They spend much money. They buy anything. They are stupid. My uncle from Shanghai told me they buy anything. You should sell much today."

"Yes," replied her husband, "but I cannot sell them air. Have you and the children made many things for me to sell?"

"I will get them. There is one that is especially good." She went to the corner of the room and pulled out a box. From it she took a small stone image carved in the form of a sitting Buddha. "Chu-sen made this one. He is showing more talent every day. And he is fast too. He finished this in only three days. Maybe you can sell it to a soldier for—oh, maybe 50 American cents! These American soldiers are so dumb!"

"Leave the selling to me. I know how to handle the soldiers. You make the things and I sell them."

It was nearly noon and the food

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# How Britain May Vote

ONE OF THE most popular questions Americans are asking about Britain is how the British people will vote in the 1950 General Election. The result of the recent Presidential campaign shows the inadvisability of predicting the outcome of any election, but an attempt will be made to indicate the trend of political opinion in Britain at the moment.

The successes or failures of the Labour Party during the next eighteen months, for it is now almost certain that it will remain in office for the full five years, will naturally play an important part in the decisions of the electorate. Information about two public surveys carried out in Britain in July and November of last year has been received. In these surveys questions concerning a number of immediate problems and issues were asked and the answers provided a good indication of feelings on these controversial matters and the present strength of the different political powers in the country.

The results of the poll showed that there has been a general swing away from Labour to Conservatism. In every age-group the Labour electorate strength has declined since 1945. At that time the Labour Party's basic strength lay in the working class and among men and people under 50 years of age. This was supplemented by support from the middle class and people over 50 years of age. Today Labour has lost 25 percent of its support in the middle class and 15 percent of its support among those aged 50 and over. Only among the working class and the young does Labour enjoy a definite lead over the Conservatives and it is far from certain that this lead will be sufficient for a repition of the 1945 clear-cut victory.

It is interesting to note that more people had made up their minds about their political allegiance in November than in July. This greater certainty seems to favor the Labour and Liberal Parties but subsequent events will determine whether this allegiance will be maintained until 1950. Possibly it is here that the whole secret of success lies. In 1945 it was generally believed that a number of Liberals, finding their party inadequately represented in the election, voted Labour to keep the Conservatives out of power, while others voted Conservative with the hope that Labour would not gain a majority. It is possible, therefore, that in the 1950 election the scales will be tipped in the other direction, restoring a Conservative Government to office.

Several of the questions were asked in both surveys and as they are probably of the most vital concern to the Britisher let us examine his reactions to them.

The question of signing a military alliance with the United States has received wide support irrespective of party. Virtually the only change between the July and November surveys was a slight tightening of support as more women came to a decision on the subject. However, the small opposition of 12 percent had remained the same.

There was also little change in the

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# The Downfall of Sam

SO YOU wonder why an old bachelor like me has all these pretty girls' pictures on my bedroom walls? Oh, they aren't anybody specially—just pictures I've saved. You see, I admire women greatly, especially the good-looking ones, but I just never in all my sixty years got tied up to one for life. Now that I'm older, I sorta wish I had. It would be nice to have somebody around the house. I'll admit I sometimes get lonesome, way out here in the country by myself.

When I think about it, maybe I wasn't such a bad catch when I was a young man. Of course I wasn't a Clark Gable or anything like that; neither was I like the Mad Russian or Frankenstein. I stood about six feet and had broad shoulders and black hair with a widow's peak on my forehead. I tipped the scales at right around two hundred. I had learned at military school to keep my chest out and my shoulders back.

The year after I finished school a young lady who lived in my community finished school also. She was Goldie Belle Moore. Goldie Belle was planning to teach school in the community the coming fall, and I was planning to see something of her. She was really nice looking, a good-sized, tall woman. If I knew she wasn't listening (although she now lives out west somewhere), I would say she was stout and heavy.

It had been a long time since I had seen Goldie Belle, so I was very happy when we met at a party. We talked together, and she agreed to go to church with me the following Sunday.

I spent much time in my preparations for our Sunday engagement. I washed my buggy and slicked and waxed up the buggy whip. The red tassels on the horse's bridle and the red stripe in the buggy wheels matched perfectly. I dressed up in my somewhat loud checked suit. The

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# Conversation

THERE has always been something missing. A good job, enough to eat, a place to sleep, and a fair feeling of security just isn't enough. I am continually looking for something extra special in other people, some supersensitivity, I guess, so that is why I went over to Jim and Alice's apartment so often.

The nature of our crowd ran pretty constant, but there was not a one of us who would agree that he was like the others. There was Alice, small, somewhat naive, and very gullible; her husband, Jim, was the exact counterpart: big, hearty, and with an air of agnosticism that made the rest of us give up in despair. Curt was the fidgety type with an overdose of nervous energy. Millie was the one that puzzled me, though. She was tall, slender, and flat-chested, and not greatly unlike Lauren Bacall, but that was only on the outside. I couldn't help but feel that there was something ungovernable going on underneath those fiery black eyes.

We were all together the night after the election . . . just to exclaim mutual feelings of astonishment, I suppose. In one corner Jim was authoritatively proving once and for all that the election was proof of our tendency toward socialism, and someone was very vehemently denouncing that idea, along with all others suggested by him.

Alice and Curt were discussing the pro's and con's of the divorce situation, bringing in all the trite arguments that they had picked up in various courses at school. Alice was being quite definite tonight, punctuating each statement with short, nervous gestures of her glass. I just waited for the beer to spill out.

Jim was arguing with her and dialing the radio at the same time, never being satisfied with any station he picked up. Alice was somewhat angered by his defeat of her arguments, and his indecision with the radio only made her more nervous.

I was sitting in the window, my feet stretched out before me, trying to appear disinterested. The whole group was boring me tonight, for some reason, so I chose to be aloof. It was then I noticed that Millie was the only quiet one. She sat poisedly on the edge of the big red leather chair listening quietly to the divorce dispute between Alice and Curt. She sipped her drink from time to time. just a little bit nervously.

I kept waiting for her to say something, because she could always be counted upon for some new, unheard-of angle on any situation, but she just sat there with a scornful look on her face. She was becoming more and more peeved.

Millie was one of those naturally-poised girls. She acted as though she had been in modeling school most of her life, and always held herself like something out of a fashion magazine. You would think she was rather sterile and not understanding, if you didn't know her. But she was extremely will educated, with a broad understanding of human nature.

Curt was arguing against divorces: "After all," he drawled, "we've got to have something to hold this country together. I mean, what with the speeded up times we're living in, it's still going to take the family to hold us together. Trite as that may seem."

"But, Curt," Alice was irked now. "Surely you don't think that . . . well, that that would solve our domestic problems. We've got to adjust our social responsibility to these speeded up times you were just speaking of. Divorces will allow us to do just that."

"Social responsibility, my eye!" Curt exploded. "What the American people need is a good dose of plain old-fashioned morality. Oh, I'm no flag-waving moralist, I'm no stick in the mud, but you know what I think? I think we're just twisting things around to fit our own desires and whims!"

Alice was getting more and more enthused. "Well, smarty, what are you going to do with all the illegitimate children in the world now? Why, our state, right here, has any number. And they do present such a problem. Everything's all mixed up. If this state had a divorce law we wouldn't be bothered with them."

Millie's glass of beer had gone crashing across the room and she was instantly on her feet. She was as white as milk. "Fools!" she muttered through tightly drawn lips. "Fools! You sit around babbling about something you don't have the slightest conception of. You don't know what it is to be tolerant, and decent, and understanding."

Everyone had looked up in astonishment. No one ever blew his top over here, and Millie was the last one in the world to do so. We all just stared open-mouthed as Millie stood there and sobbed slightly. Then she turned and dashed for the door.

Well, gad, everyone was just plain stumped. Curt started stammering around, wondering what had happened, and Alice was tittering nervously, glancing from one to another.

"Well! What's wrong with her? Did anybody say something wrong?"

"Oh golly," Alice put in, "I don't know what could possibly be wrong, I mean, she hasn't said a word for the past hour. I thought she was just tired or something."

"Don, you know Millie. What on earth's wrong with her? She's never acted this way before."

"I don't know," I said, "But I

think I'll go catch her."

I left them in the living room, still babbling to themselves, each one expressing his own opinion of Millie's temperament.

I went willingly, for I had always held secret admiration for anyone who could do anything so erratic as that which Millie had just done, and frankly I was wishing for an excuse to leave anyway.

She had already reached the street, and was walking rather aimlessly toward the corner. I caught up with her and walked along in silence for a few steps. She was calm now, but ignored me. I took her arm but she didn't resist.

"You know," I said, "Those people are pretty funny sometimes. They don't know what the score is." I was trying to cater to her mood but this didn't have much effect because she just kept on walking without saying anything.

"But after all, Millie, Jim and Alice and the rest of them are going to want some sort of explanation. We've all known each other for quite a while, and we can't just ignore each other. And they'll probably hate you for spilling the beer on the carpet."

I was trying to be funny with that carpet crack, but it didn't seem to register.

"They and their ideas stink," she said, slowly and deliberately. "They sit around so confidently and self-righteously condemn people they don't know anything about."

I was getting a little impatient myself, but I just listened as she talked.

She talked on and on, and finally I got what she was driving at. Millie was mad because Curt and Alice were taking-off on illegitimate people. Under ordinary circumstances she would never have broken down and acted like she did, but evidently this business of being . . . well, of being what she was,

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# By Exchange

THE other college magazines have been rather slow in sending out copies this season, and that is why there was no Exchange column in the December issue. Especially in South Carolina, it seems, have the schools been slow in sending us their exchange issues. The only publication representing South Carolina in our files for this year is the November number of Columbia's Criterion.

Columbia puts out a small, well-edited magazine which usually leans very heavily to poetry. The feature short story, "Sixteen Cents," seems faulty in that the co-incidences of plot appear contrived, which blunts the realism and irony of the story to some degree. But "Sixteen Cents" is well redeemed by its sustained mood and pace.

The feature essay of The Criterion is titled "Today's Teacher." This will probably frighten many away from it, and those who read it will realize that the portrait of the teacher is an idealized one. The essay, though, was delightful in its turns of phrases, its descriptions. The picture of modern home life was rare:

> Will family life continue to degenerate until home actually means no more than house? Conditions are forcing people to cook in kitchenettes; eat in dinettes; wash in bathettes; sleep in sleepettes; and sit in ettes with the sleep part pushed up into the wall.

The selection on page 7, "A Monologue," is very short and quite good. The poetry, as usual, is excellent.

Princeton University has sent its Nassau LIT, a sleek 42-page magazine. The first department of the magazine is an editor's department called "The Owl and Kettle," which is similar to New Yorker's "Notes and Comments." And it is quite good.

"Lessons in Economy" is one of those sensitively treated stories of bitterness and realism and prejudice so fashionable today. Quite above average, however. Parts of the story are described vividly enough (the Dick Tracy illusion, in particular) to be autobiographical — or the shared experiences of a friend.

"The Arab Case" is an essay that is strikingly unlike most seen today. The author takes an unmistakable point of view on the Palestine conflict, and then marshals his evidence to uphold his contention. Most modern essayists strive so assiduously to be "impartial" that they get nowhere.

The feature short story of the Nassau LIT this issue (Winter, 1948) is the "Ways of Darkness," a short story that almost blossomed into a novelette. The author took the space to achieve a finished characterization, even sacrificing some of the pace of the story. The characterizations are some of the best seen recently in college publications.

Though only a small portion of the student body may be interested in such subjects, I enjoyed most the article on Manuel De Falla. A sprightly quatrain entitled "Epitaph for a Frustrated Naturalist," placed on the last page relieves the rather unremittingly literary quality of the magazine.

Duke's Archive has changed its format and become much more conservative. We have a few other exchanges in the same genre, but not even the ivy-league publications we receive adopt so many of the Atlantic Monthly's mannerisms. However, the issue is quite impressive and handsome.

Perhaps the outstanding new feature of the Duke magazine is its

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# Our Vines Have Tender Apes

## *A Play of Our Times*

TIME: November.

PLACE: Honor Bright College, a men's school.

SCENE: Registrar's office.

(A small musty room paneled on one side by a high wall of books, all of which are dust-covered and terribly unread. Piled haphazardly in another corner are stacks of old college catalogues. Amid this debris is a nice, spanking-new desk, at one end of which is a red glamour-phone and at the other an unused ash-tray. The registrar is a slightly-built man who wears the same tweed suit he has worn since the start of the semester. He is thumbing through some papers —a task which holds his attention from morning till night. As he thumbs through the papers for the tenth time this morning, he suddenly blanches and emits a shriek.)

Registrar: MISS HEFTY!!!

(Enter Miss Hefty, a woman who obviously carries much weight on the campus.)

Miss Hefty: Did you call, sir?

Reg. (shaking violently with ill-suppressed rage): Miss Hefty, get me the file on L. Hackensack Potts. This man has taken three times his allotted number of cuts this semester already!

(Miss Hefty exits, returns shortly with a sheaf of papers and lays them respectfully on the Registrar's desk, then exits again. The registrar reads them, leafing rapidly through the pile. Suddenly his rage subsides when he spots a significant fact. He smiles benignly and shrugs.)

Reg. (sweetly): Oh, Miss Hefty.

(Miss Hefty enters.)

Reg.: I guess I was mistaken about Mr. Potts, Miss Hefty. Please return these to the files. And, oh, yes, Miss Hefty, you may forget what I said about Mr. Potts.

(Miss Hefty exits, shaking her head in bewilderment.)

(Registrar turns and regards a portrait above his desk. It is a portrait of J. Fatback Potts, a revered trustee of Honor Bright College.)

## SCENE II

SCENE: The office of the president. (The president is seated at a mahogany desk which is overlaid with plate gold and mother-of-pearl. The office is immaculate and so is his person. On the elegant crimson carpet, the dean is pacing wildly up and down. The dean is a harried-appearing little individual in a seedy blue serge suit and steel-rimmed spectacles. He is obviously excited about something, but the president regards him mildly, as the dean's boiling point is quite low.)

Dean: I tell you, Mr. President, this time he has gone too far! First it was canaries. And that was bad enough, but the house mother eventually got used to them. Then it was a pair of squirrels. (He stops and looks significantly at the president.) A male squirrel, and a female squirrel, mind you. And as if that wasn't enough, last week it was a skunk . . . fully equipped . . . which he took over to the biology lab, at my suggestion, to deprive the beast of some of its powers. Well, you know what it's costing to renovate the lab now.

(The president brushes an imaginary speck of dust from his desk.)

Why, we can't get anyone to room with him any more. It's an impossible situation, I tell you, Mr. President! Why . . . why . . . the next thing we know he'll be raising live apes up there. Apes! APES! I tell you!

Pres.: Now, now, Mr. Dean. No matter what the cost, we must be patient with the boy. After all, you know who his parents are, you know his background. His father IS, you know . . .

Dean (resignedly): But . . .

Pres. (in a patient voice as soothing as warm honey): Let the matter ride a bit longer, Mr. Dean. I'm sure that next year we'll be able to persuade him to go to the State University.

Dean: (fervently): I hope so. Nevertheless, I have here some recommendations based on the protests of his fellow students and a harrassed faculty, and I'll turn them over to you.

(He places a healthy sized paper on the desk and leaves. The president leans back in his chair, folds his hands across his chest, and gazes lovingly at a picture of J. Fatback Potts and himself, obviously taken some years earlier, both dressed in raccoon coats and standing with one foot on the running-board of a Stutz Bearcat, on whose side is embossed in large letters, "Honor Bright C. 23-Skiddooo . . . Oh, you kid!" He sighs reminiscently. Amiably he leans forward, grasps the dean's recommendation, and benevolently and unceremoniously renders it to confetti and files it in the wastebasket.)

## SCENE III

SCENE: Room 225 of Clinchfield Hall.

This is a double suite. In one corner of one room, two students are playing cards. In another corner, another student is desperately poring over a chemistry text. Pacing the floor, the editor of the school magazine is pacing in an attempt to give birth to an idea for the next issue. There is a timid knock at the door, and the chemistry student snarls.

Chem. student: Come in, Potts!

(Enter Potts. He is a fairly tall individual with a mane of bushy hair. He is dressed in a gold-colored robe, and on his feet is a pair of furry slippers made to look like rabbits with glass beads for the eyes. On his nose is a pair of large horn-rimmed glasses and under his arm is a copy of Higginsbotham's "Process of Parturition." In his mouth is clenched a noble calabash pipe from which exudes a column of dense smoke which smells vaguely of Chinese incense. He has a sensitive, scholarly face and sincere and compassionate blue eyes. He glances timidly at the chemistry student.)

Potts: Oh . . . uh . . . Moe . . .

Moe: Yes?

(The two card players exchange a wordless but nevertheless eloquent glance, shrug, and return to their game. The editor is so absorbed in his own problem he fails to notice Potts.)

Potts: I say, Moe . . . you've had considerable training in biology. I . . . uh . . . wonder if you could help me . . . ?

Moe: What's up?

Potts: It's Professor Twitchell . . .

Moe: Who?

Potts: Professor Twitchell . . . you know, my pet beaver.

(The card players look up again and exchange another glance.)

Moe: Oh. Well, what about him?

Potts: Well, I find it isn't a him, and it's rather distressing.

Moe: Well, that's all right. Just treat her as if she were a he. Both sexes thrive on the same diet.

Potts: No, no, no. You don't understand.

He . . . it . . . she . . . well, Professor Twitchell, is in a family way.

(There is a sudden flurry of cards hurtling through the air as the two players clutch each other in astonishment. In the corner the editor shrieks in a faint voice.)

Moe: You don't mean . . . ?

Potts: Exactly.

Moe (flabbergasted): I don't believe it!

Potts: But it's true. Horribly, horribly true, and I don't know the first thing about attending or ——

Moe: Potts, I've been half-way round the world and back, and I've done all sorts of things and seen all sorts of things, and I love you like a brother, BUT . . . I have never, nor do I intend to ever, serve as a midwife to anyone's pet beaver!

Potts: All right . . . all right . . . all right. . . .

(Potts turns hesitantly to leave, then changes his mind, and re-addresses Moe.)

Potts: Well, then, have you a crowbar I can borrow?

(The card players have meanwhile picked up their cards, but at the mention of a crowbar they again drop them and cry in chorus "CROWBAR!!!!???" There is a feeble moan from the corner and the card players put aside their own astonishment to attend to the editor who has collapsed in a stupor, frothing gently at the mouth. Potts regards this scene in utter misapprehension. Moe is paralyzed into speechlessness. During the confusion, Potts turns and leaves quietly, with only the cloud of black smoke left to indicate his presence on the scene of such carnage.)

## SCENE IV

SCENE: The empty hall-ways in Clinchfield hall.

(Some little distance down the hall the football coach walks briskly. He is worried about the forthcoming game with Foaming University, and is diligently trying to corral all his truant players. He stops at each closed door as he strolls down the hall and looks into the rooms. It is late afternoon, and everyone is at the movies, hence he has been unsuccessful at locating any of his players. He reaches Room 229 and reads the nameplate.)

Coach: L. Hackensack Potts. Mercy, no!

(He turns, then thinks better of it.)

Coach: Still, he might have visitors. . . .

(The Coach opens the door to glance inside. He turns to leave again, walks one step, freezes in his tracks, spins around again, and peers into the room. There is a bloodcurdling scream from the Coach as he drops in his tracks in a dead faint.)

(In the room there is some commotion. Then the door opens fully, revealing the inside of the room. Potts steps across the remains of a large wooden box which he has evidently just ripped open with a crowbar which he still holds. He looks at the coach quizzically, and then laboriously pulls him into the room. From a battery of medicine bottles on the top of his dresser, Potts selects a bottle labeled "Lemon Extract" and wafts it under the nose of the prostrate coach. The coach grunts and moans softly.)

Coach (woozily): Where am I?

Potts: What happened, Coach?

(The coach looks at Potts and starts visibly.)

Coach: I . . . I thought I saw an APE in here!

Potts (innocently): As a matter of fact ——

Coach (in rising excitement): He was a monster about eight feet high and he was crushing some poor kid to death. . . . It was ghastly!

Potts: Oh, no, no. He's only six feet high.

Coach: Oh, I see. I guess I was mist—— . . . WHAT!!??

Potts: And he wasn't crushing me—he was just so glad to see me he was embracing me and——

Coach: JEEEE-hosaphat! You're kidding?

Potts: Oh, no. That was Lester. He's in the closet there. I was afraid he might unduly startle someone, so I hid him there. I'll let you see him.

(Potts moves toward the closet door, but is overtaken by the coach who spread-eagles himself before the door.)

Coach: You leave that thing right where he is!

Potts: But he's very gentle, and quite intelligent. Really, Lester is very well behaved. Come out, Lester.

(There is a mighty grunt that shakes the room and the closet door opens inexorably, shoving the unwilling coach before it. Lester is revealed in all his hairy and gigantic glory. Lester strolls amiably from the dark closet and puts his five-foot arm across Potts' shoulder affectionately. At first glance of Lester, the coach tries vainly to climb the side of the wall. Failing this, he abandons clawing the plaster and sinks in mortal terror to the floor, blubbering incoherently.)

Potts: Coach, I want you to meet Lester. Lester, meet the Coach.

Coach (in tiny voice): Hello, Lester.

Lester: UNGHFF! (There is a slight vibration of the window panes.)

Potts (ecstatically): He likes you, Coach.

Coach: Yeh . . . yeah, fine. Tell him I like him too.

Potts: You heard the coach, Lester. Isn't that nice?

(Lester nods in delight.)

Coach: You don't mean that thing can understand you?

Potts: But, of course. He's been my pet since my early childhood. He was getting so lonesome in Florida, Aunt Hephzibah sent him up to me. He can understand me perfectly, but I confess I sometimes have difficulty understanding Lester. (Whispers) He has a lisp you know.

Coach: You ain't kidding me?

Potts (a bit hurt): Of course not. Here, I'll show you. Lester, light my pipe for me.

(Lester seizes a handful of matches from a box on the desk and strikes them on his front teeth.)

Potts (puffing on his calabash): Too many matches, Lester.

(Lester blows out the small conflagration and looks crestfallen.)

Coach (obviously awed): Say, that's really something. You mean that thing can do anything you tell him?

Potts (airily): Well, virtually anything. I've never been able to teach him to thread a needle, but he embroiders beautifully once a needle is threaded for him.

Coach: Embroiders, huh?

(A canny expression passes over the face of the coach. He opens his mouth to speak, then closes it. He toys with an idea, at first rejecting it, then considering it further.)

Coach: Do you think he could . . . Oh, no. It's out of the question. Still . . .

Potts: I feel sure he could, if it isn't too delicate a task.

Coach (hastily): Oh, there's nothing delicate about this. Could he . . . Oh, how can I say it?

Potts: Say what?

Coach: But it's preposterous.

(The coach remembers the approaching expiration of his contract. Throwing all caution to the wind, he shrieks.)

Coach: Could he run a football?

Potts: Well, I see no reason ——

Coach: Oh, never mind. I'd be caught. Maybe. But ——

Potts: Sir, what sort of scheme are you contemplating?

Coach: Well, there's the biggest game of the season coming up, and ——

Potts (indignantly): Sir! It wouldn't be ethical.

Coach: Ethical, schmethical—I need a player! Now you listen to me. You know what'll happen if the administration ever hears about you having an ape up here? Why, I could have you thrown out and that overgrown ——

Potts (frantically): Coach, don't threaten Lester!

(Lester grunts menacingly, and the sound causes one pane, having passed the limit of its endurance, to drop from the window. The Coach turns three shades whiter, and hastens to soothe Lester.)

Coach: No, no, don't misunderstand me, Potts. I love Lester, but you know, there would be trouble if the administration heard of this.

Potts: Yes . . . I'm afraid you are right.

Coach (in the tone of a conspirator): Now I'll tell you what, Potts. We'll take Lester down to the gridiron, tonight. I'll send you a uniform up here, and you sneak him out. Now, if we work this right, nobody will ever know the difference.

Potts: We-ellll . . .

(The coach chuckles in a wily voice, rubbing his hands together. Lester smiles affectionately at him.)

## ACT II

### SCENE I

SCENE: Office of the President.

The dean is again before the ornate desk, and is listening to the president of the institution.

Pres. (reading from a letter): "Yours very truly, Arthur L. Xeno, Director of the Municipal Zoo."

Dean: I simply don't believe it. I don't believe it.

Pres.: Oh, come now, Dean. I think we've misjudged the boy. Why, that was a noble gesture to give all his pets to the Zoo. Why, they've been wanting a duck-billed platypus for years, and now they have one.

Dean: Well, perhaps you're right, but I simply don't understand it.

(The buzzer sounds and there is something ominous about the tone.)

Pres.: Yes, yes, come in. Come in.

(The door opens and the Treasurer enters. He is a tall cadaverous character with purple jowls and eyes that burn like hot coals. He clearly has a chip on his shoulder.)

Treas.: MISTER President!

Pres.: Yes, Mr. Treasurer. (Exit Dean, shaking his head.)

Treas.: Somebody on this campus thinks we're made of money. Look at these bills and requisitions! It's preposterous! (Reads from a few of many slips of paper he is holding.) Thirteen new football helmets, one specially made size 16—two hundred and twelve dollars. Who, Mr. President, I ask you WHO, wears a size 16 helmet? What do they use it for, a bathtub? And here, uniform, size 84, at $362. You could uniform a whole stadium of people in a thing like that! And here: 26 cases of cocoanuts. What in the name of thunderation does a football team want with 26 cases of cocoanuts? And one pair of size 22

quadruple D shoes, designed by Norman Bell Geddes! Mr. President, what is the meaning of this?

(The treasurer sits heavily upon a chair and gasps for breath. He is near apoplexy at the thought of these gigantic figures. The president regards the treasurer with a suspicious eye and gently quivering nostril.)

Pres. (mildly): I'm sure I don't know. Who signed the requisitions?

Treas. (feebly): The coach.

(At this moment the door opens forcefully and the dean rushes in. He is in some excitement.)

Dean: Mr. President, something is going on around here.

Pres.: Why, what do you mean, Mr. Dean?

Dean: I only wish I knew. Do you know that the entire football team missed classes all morning? Do you know where they are? Can you guess? In the infirmary—the infirmary, mind you. The whole team!

Pres.: This is most extraordinary.

Dean: And that isn't all! The matron called me to complain about the noise last night in Potts' room. She thinks they were having a party up there, or else testing out the new Patton Tank. She was up there early this morning to check the room, and said it was a mess. If she hadn't known better, she said, she'd have sworn that somebody had been swinging on the chandelier. I don't understand it at all!

Treas.: I hope you don't think the treasurer's office is going to approve buying new chandeliers for any rooms. It's only been thirty years since we completely rehabilitated the dormitories. There are other more pressing matters. I want you to call in the coach, Mr. President. He's the one who authorized these purchases. I demand an explanation.

(The president lifts his phone and asks his secretary to locate the coach and tell him to report to the president's office. Then he leans back, lights a cigar. No one speaks for a few moments, but there is a tense silence. After only a few minutes, there is a knock on the door to the office, and the coach enters, looking pleased as punch.)

Coach: Yes, sir? You sent for me?

Treas.: You can bet your boots we did! I . . .

Pres. (ominously): Ahem! (The treasurer lapses into a sulky silence.) Coach, I understand that all the football players are in the infirmary today. Do you know anything about that? After all, you know, they have to be in good form for the game with Foaming University next Friday.

Coach: Well, you see, I called a special practice last night about eight o'clock. It was a bit rough, I guess.

Dean: Coach, last night I was at my telescope to see Arcturus at eight o'clock, and I didn't see any lights on the field! All I saw was a red glow in that octant. I attributed that to the Borealic disturbances which are quite common when Arcturus is ——

Coach: Them were the red lights.

Pres. (mildly): Red lights.

Coach: Yes, sir. You see, last week I was browsing around through the library . . .

(At the word "library" the president chokes softly on his cigar, and he and the Dean exchange a significant glance.)

. . . and I saw this article in the Journal of Experimental Psychology . . .

(The president this time chokes violently and the dean, who has been toying with his Phi Beta Kappa key drops it in consternation, and fumbles for it on the floor.)

. . . and I saw this article by Prof. Dusenberg of Calory Tech. about how he trained some white rats to do tricks by exposing them to red light. It has something to do with the neural connections of the cone cells to reflex centers or something. Anyway, I figgered if we was to train football players under red lights, it would make them sharper too, and then when they played under white lights, they'd be all the more keen.

Dean (who looks up from the floor): Hummm.

Treas.: Where did these red lights come from?

Coach: I ordered four hundred three-hundred-watt bulbs.

(The treasurer gives a loud moan and presses his hands to his head in mortal anguish.)

Treas.: Oh, No! (Recovering himself.) And just what did the Journal of Experimental Psychology have to do with the requisition of all this impossible equipment?

Coach: Well, our old equipment is pretty bad. Practice last night was pretty rough, and some of the boys got bumped around pretty bad. Know why? Poor equipment.

Pres.: Well, you probably have a point there, Coach. I suppose, Mr. Treasurer, we'd best authorize these purchases.

(The Treasurer rises and hobbles from the room, a broken and defeated man.)

Coach: Thank you, sir. Oh, yes, I have a new man on the team.

Pres.: Yes?

Coach: Yes, sir. L. Hackensack Potts the Third.

(The effect of this announcement is immediate. The dean's mouth drops. He has been re-attaching his Phi Beta Kappa key, but drops it again and this

time does not even notice it. The president all but swallows his cigar as he grips his desk with such force that a ten-inch sliver of mother-of-pearl goes tinkling to the carpet.)

Dean: I—I—. Excuse me, please, Mr. President. I feel quite ill suddenly.

Pres.: Uh—what? Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Dean. If anything comes up, let me know.

(The dean exits hastily. There is a bright green pallor about his face.)

Pres.: I did understand you correctly when you mentioned Potts?

Coach: Oh, yes, sir.

Pres.: Well, it's quite a surprise, to say the least. I didn't know the lad had it in him.

Coach: Oh, he has it with him.

Pres.: I beg your pardon?

Coach: I said he has it, all right. Lots and lots of it!

Pres.: Fine. I'm really very pleased.

Coach: Good. Well, if you'll excuse me, I'll run down to the infirmary and see how the boys are getting along.

Pres.: Very well. Good day, Coach.

(The coach exits.)

## SCENE II

SCENE: Room 225 in Clinchfield Hall.

(There is a motley assembly of people in the room, involved in an incoherent bull-session. Moe is sitting at his desk with a chemistry text, but not reading it. One of his roommates, a man of considerable reputation, is pouring coffee from a pot. The editor of the school paper is sitting at one end of the room, talking to a bandaged football player. Just opposite Moe, Potts is discussing the poetry of Emily Dickinson. In the middle of the room, two men are bent over a chess-board, oblivious to the three other men who are audibly kibitzing the game. Dimples Day, the man at the coffee pot passes out cups to several of the others. At the height of this confusion, someone starts playing Ravel's Bolero on the phonograph, and a rapturous expression crosses Moe's face. To complete this heterogeneous society, the editor of the literary magazine is on his knees, pleading with one of the men who is more interested in kibitzing the chess game. There is a buzz of conversation at all times.)

Mag. Editor: But Hoyle, all I want is a poem. A poem, that's all. If they can't understand it, so much the better. That's literature. How's about it now?

Dimples: Do you want coffee, Potts?

Potts: What? Oh, yes—please. Thank you.

Moe: What in the deuce did you put in the coffee, Dimples?

Mag. ed. (tasting it): Holy mackerel, it tastes like fusel oil!

Dimples (indignantly): If you don't like it, kid, you can always leave. (Sulks momentarily over this slight.)

Carmichael Fast (one of the chess players): Moe, what on earth are you smoking in your pipe? Floor sweepings?

Moe: You smoke your stuff, I'll smoke mine.

Potts: Listen to this line from Dickinson . . .

Dimples: Oh, can it, Potts. Don't be asinine.

(At this point, an anonymous character rushes in with a flash-bulb camera, shouts "Hold it!" and rushes out, after setting off a glaring flash.)

Newspaper ed.: And something else, Grimes, what is this business I hear about practicing in the dark last night?

Player: I wish I knowed, son. Some damfool idea of the coach's. He says he's gonna play scientific football from now on. He's been seeing too many Pat O'Brien movies, if you ask me.

News ed. (writing on pad): "Coach fritters time at movies." Swell copy. What else?

Player: Cripes, I don't know. Sure was hell to pay on the field last night, though. Place was so dark under them red lights you couldn't see the ball or any of the other players. Roughest practice I ever seen.

News ed.: "Coach blinds players."

Player: And there's some new player, too. Guy about as big as the side of a barn. I was running down the field to where I thought the goal line might be, and this fellow comes loping along behind me. Know what he did? He picked me up, and for a minute I thought he was gonna pass me. I drops the ball and he drops me, and that's the last I seen of him. Some little guy was there yelling to the big guy, telling him what to do. I tackled the little guy just for the fun of it, and you know what? He was wearing horn-rimmed glasses, yet.

(Potts spews a stream of hot coffee over the chess-board and chokes loudly. Dimples looks at him warningly. Potts grins at the chess players apologetically, murmurs "Pardon me." The chess players also murmur something which is not quite audible.)

Football player: And this morning, I noticed bruises shaped like a big hand on my . . . well, all over me.

(News editor rushes ont in an ecstasy of reportorial delight. "Stop the presses!" he shouts as he leaves.)

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Fast: Check your king!

Opponent: Drat it.

Potts: ". . . She did not deem her words ——"

Moe: I don't like Emily Dickinson. I don't like ——

Potts: But it's lovely.

Dimples: Lovely, he says. Lovely like a gorilla. (Potts pales perceptibly.)

Potts: I beg your pardon?

Dimples: Forget it.

(The door opens and Ben Wheelwright strolls in with a copy of Fortune placed scenically under his arm. He is a small man, and walks with a slight limp due to the excessive weight of metallic keys which dangle musically from a chain on his belt.)

Wheelwright: Any of my debate team been in here lately? Hi, Potts; hi, Fast; hi, Moe; hi, Dimples; hi, fellas.

Chorus: Hello, Benny.

Dimples: Oh, fine, debaters yet! What do we ever have in here but debaters?

(Wheelwright laughs artificially at this humor.)

Wheelwright: Say, did you fellas hear about old man Guggenheimer?

Potts: Well, I was in the Research Room today and didn't see him. Is he ill?

Wheelwright: Ill? He's in the disturbed ward at the hospital and receiving no visitors. Know what happened?

Moe: No, what?

Dimples (hopefully): Is he resigning?

Wheelwright: I don't know about that. But this afternoon they had the fire department out on the West Lawn to get him out of the top of the old pine tree.

(This statement attracts some attention. Moe smiles expectantly, and Dimples turns around in his chair. The chess players neglect their game for a moment and Fast utilizes this opportunity to shift the position of one of his opponent's men. Then he gives his full attention to Wheelwright and the other chess player shifts two men.)

Wheelwright (delighted at the effect he has produced): Yes, sir, there he was, perched in the top of the pine tree, and they had to send the dean up to get him down.

Potts: I don't believe it.

Dimples: You're pulling my leg.

Moe: Why, Guggenheimer is eighty if he's a day.

Mag. ed.: Just why the deuce was he there?

Wheelwright: They couldn't find out. He even refused to come down until the dean threatened to send to the infirmary for some chloroform, and then he came down. He ranted something awful, and said he'd been there since last night. He said something about one of the football players chasing him with a tree stump.

Potts: Oh, no!

Wheelwright: Darnedest thing I ever heard of.

Moe (pompously): Well, things like that get considerably distorted in the telling. It probably isn't quite like you heard it.

Wheelwright: I swear ——

Dimples (facetiously): We'll have no swearing in here.

(The door opens and the head of the student head-waiter appears.)

Waiter: No breakfast served tomorrow, fellas.

(There is a vociferous clamor from the men in the room.)

Moe: The treasurer trying to save expenses again?

Dimples: I'll write my congressman. They can't do that. It's not in the school contract!

Wheelwright: Hot dog! I'm glad I'm a day student!

Mag. ed.: Me, too.

Fast: Really, when you consider the quality of the food they do serve . . .

Dimples: When they do serve.

Fast: . . . we may be very fortunate. I believe in looking at it philosophically.

Mag. ed.: Just why isn't there gonna be any breakfast?

Waiter: Dunno. Something happened to all the food.

Dimples: That's obvious at any meal.

Waiter: No, what I mean is, it all disappeared. (He exits.)

F. player: I don't play if I don't get fed.

(Potts is singularly silent during this tirade. He has been nursing a suspicion which blooms forth into a horrid realization. He rises and rushes from the room without a word in parting.)

Fast: Where's Hackensack going?

Dimples: Why be choosy? He's going, isn't he?

Mag. ed.: Maybe he's gonna see if his platypusses laid any eggs we can have for breakfast.

Moe (a stickler for accuracy): Platypi. (He is ignored.)

F. player (hopefully): Can you eat them things?

Fast: Oh, no. He gave them all away to the Zoo.

Wheelwright: Yeah? I hadn't heard that. What's he keeping there now?

Moe: We don't know. He won't let anyone in his room any more.

Dimples: That's bad?

Fast: He's probably raising alligators now.

(The editor of the magazine, losing interest in this erudite conversation, sits down at a typewriter in the corner and thinks to himself awhile, then begins pecking at the keys. The chess players return to their game, and after glancing at the board, eye each other suspiciously. Shrugging, they continue the play. Dimples turns his chair back around to his desk and commences studying his volume of sociology. Wheelwright, having found no debaters, leaves the room, and Moe, with an expression of dyspepsia, picks up his chemistry text and thumbs through it. The football player picks up a slide rule, measures his shoe with it, then lays it aside in favor of a copy of True Crime stories he sees in a wastebasket. The phonograph comes to the end of the Bolero, and Moe drops his text and rushes frantically to it to change the record.)

## ACT III

### SCENE I

TIME: The following morning.

News item:

> ZILCHVILLE, Nov. 12 (AP).—Officials of Honor Bright College have announced that a homecoming crowd of 17,000 people is expected for today's game with Foaming University's Chartreuse Cyclone.
>
> Honor Bright's Spaniels have come up with their finest team in the school's history, winning their first seven games by narrow margins. However, their opponents were favored in every instance.
>
> Word has leaked out that the Spaniels' coach has been holding secret practices after dark but the coach has not commented on this to date.
>
> Coach Blue Strychnine of the Cyclone, when told of this innovation in his opponent's training methods, pointed out that the Spaniel coach was faced with an expiration of his contract and could therefore be expected to dispense much propaganda.
>
> Injuries have taken a toll in both camps, with the Spaniel mentor complaining that his first team will probably see little action, while Strichnine yesterday informed sports writers that almost all of his men are suffering from food poisoning.
>
> Kick-off time is at eight tonight at Honor Bright Stadium.

News item:

> ZILCHVILLE, Nov. 12 (Special).—Residents of the exclusive Concourse Heights section kept City Hall phones busy last night with reports that a second-story man was busy in the wealthy neighborhood.
>
> Several residents reported seeing the culprit and one of them described him as being a person of great size and unusual agility.
>
> A passer-by described seeing the man walking on telephone wires and leaping from these to nearby homes. This man was booked on charges of "vagrancy."
>
> A woman resident claimed that the prowler was accompanied by a tall, thin individual, but the local police department has not been able to check on the veracity of this statement.

SCENE: Room 225, Clinchfield Hall.

(It is late afternoon on the day of the game with Foaming University. There is considerable activity in the room. Moe is dressed in a black turtle-necked sweater, ski-shoes, and a black beret. Dimples Day is combing his hair before a mirror, and brushing imaginary dust-specks from his lemon-yellow corduroy coat. The door opens and Rob Forrester, the third occupant of the room enters, clad in a tuxedo coat and periwinkle shorts. He is quite upset.)

Rob: Them cleaners don't have my pants ready yet! What am I gonna do? I can't go to a game like this!

Moe (helpfully): I think you look real cute like that.

Dimples: I think it's asinine to wear a tuck to a game, anyway.

Rob: It ain't no worse than a lemon-yellow coat! Besides, I don't wanna have to change for the dance afterwards.

Moe: Well, you have something like three hours before kick-off, anyway. In that time you could make a pair of trousers.

Rob: You're a lot of help.

Moe: It looks like snow. You'll have a topcoat on, and nobody'll even notice that you don't have trousers.

(At this point an anonymous character dashes into the room and aims a pistol at Dimples. Pressing the trigger, he directs a stream of water at the lemon-yellow coat, laughs gleefully, and retreats before Dimples can recover. Dimples mutters something under his breath.)

Dimples: That ass!! Look at this coat!

Moe: It'll evaporate.

Dimples: Really? You're so reassuring, son.

Rob: Hey, look, fellas, it's snowing outside.

Moe: So it is. So it is. I'll call the paper. They might be interested.

Dimples (still sulking over his coat): Why don't you dry up?

(The door opens and Carmichael Fast comes in, looking like Cassius with his lean and hungry look.)

Fast: What ho, comrades. Did you know it's snowing?

Moe: Really? Did you arrange for it?

Fast: No, I asked for rain, but they got my order mixed up with one from Los Angeles. (To himself but aloud.) Have a seat, Fast. Thanks, don't mind if I do.

(Fast sits in a beach-chair which is right next to Moe's desk. Moe sits at his own desk, opens the drawer and takes out a large pennant, colored amber and olive-drab, the school colors, ordained as a slight concession to the U. S. Army when the school instituted an R. O. T. C. unit. Spelled out on the pennant are the words "Forever Amber and Olive-Drab." Moe practices a "Rah-rah-rah" in a cracked voice, is appalled at the sound, and promptly shuts up. There is a timid knock on the door and Dimples, without even turning around, shouts, "Come in, Potts!" The door opens and it is indeed Potts, a very pale, haggard, and faintly green Potts. He is trembling visibly, and in one hand he carries a large envelope. He surveys the room, and lights on Moe.)

Potts: Oh, Moe.

Moe: Yes, dear?

Potts: I have something here. . . .

Moe: Where?

Potts: Here. This envelope. . . .

Moe: Yes?

(Potts gives the envelope to Moe, who starts to open it.)

Potts: No, no! Don't open it now. It's a sort of will, I guess you'd call it. I may be leaving right after the game, and in case I don't see you, I want you to open it.

Moe: Why, what's up?

Potts: Nothing, I hope. But if I'm not here tomorrow morning to ask for the envelope back, you open it then.

Moe: Well, all right. But I don't get it.

Potts: Well, it's just a little whim of mine. Just one thing. Promise you won't open it until tomorrow.

Moe: Okay.

Potts: Promise?

Moe: Honor Bright!

Potts (vastly relieved): Thank you, Moe.

Fast (with his usual Machiavellian smile): Hackensack, what's this I hear about your playing on the team today?

Potts (startled): Who told you that?

(Dimples and Rob clutch each other in glee, trying to keep from laughing at this preposterous suggestion.)

Fast: Oh, word gets around.

Potts: Oh, dear. I was afraid it might. I'm a bit worried about it. At practice the other night, I got banged up pretty badly.

(Dimples and Rob look suddenly serious, the humor in the situation having suddenly vanished.)

Moe (skeptically): What are you talking about?

Potts: Football practice this week.

Fast (astonished for once): You don't mean you're really on the football team?

Potts: Yes, I thought you knew.

Fast: You're fooling me.

Moe: I don't believe it.

Dimples: It's impossible.

Rob: We're as good as licked right now.

Potts: Perhaps. . . . Well, I must hasten now to get to the dressing rooms. You won't look at the envelope until tomorrow, will you, Moe?

Moe: Absolutely not.

Potts: Well, good afternoon.

(He turns to leave. At the door, however, he meets Perry Colton, the business manager of the "Conformist" — yearbook of Honor Bright College. Perry is just strolling in.)

Perry: Oh, hello, Potts. I was down to your room last night to collect your Conformist bill. Where were you?

Potts (in some confusion): Out walking with a friend. Good-bye.

(Dashes off. Perry trips into the room.)

Perry: Well, well, well, look at all the little wheels in here. I came down to collect some money.

Moe: We have an optimist among us.

Dimples: That isn't all we have among us.

Perry: Oh, hush, Dracula, or I'll run your bill up another thirty bucks.

Dimples: Another thirty bucks? What do you mean—another.

Perry: Just what I said. If you weren't such a politician you wouldn't have such a bill.

Fast: Say, Perry, did you hear about Potts playing on the team today?

(Perry laughs appreciatively at this witticism.)

Fast: I'm serious.

Perry: Oh, Carmichael, you're really a card.

Fast: Just wait until you get out in the stadium tonight!

Perry: You don't really mean it?

Moe: Fast, you're like the guy who hollered "Wolf!" You fabricate so much that when you are serious no one can believe you.

Fast: In the wildest flights of my fancy ——

Dimples: Which are wild indeed.

Fast: I could never conjure up a tale like this!

Perry: You may be right. It's too outlandish to be fiction.

(The door opens and the editor of the school magazine enters, carrying a pair of pants. Rob seizes on the pants with a whoop.)

Editor: Are these yours, Rob? I saw the delivery boy down in the lobby and he had 'em.

Rob: It's about time. Thanks.

Editor: Say, Moe, got any material for the next issue?

Moe: Nope.

Editor (dismally): Oh, fine. If somebody doesn't kick in with a story or something, I'm gonna print my own stuff.

Dimples: Not that! Anything but that!

Editor: Why don't you write something for us, Dimples?

Dimples: Well, I'll think it over.

Fast: Did you hear about Hackensack?

Editor: On the team? Yeah, but I don't believe it.

Moe: It's gospel.

Editor (dismal again): Heaven help us!

Moe: I hear the coach's contract expires this year. I think this is his way of getting even with the school.

Editor: He must be mad, absolutely mad.

Fast: If this be madness . . .

(The editor springs from his chair with a rapturous expression on his face.)

Editor: That's it! That's it! Get this, Moe—we do a play about a character who's the last guy in the world to be on a football squad, and we'll call it "If This be Madness". . . .

Moe (perennial wet blanket): It's been done.

Editor: Done, schmun!! We'll do it better, with no schmaltz!

Perry: And you can put us all in it!

(Moe considers the idea and his face slowly lights up. He looks malignantly at each of the characters in the room, and mentally rubs his hands together.)

Moe: You might have something there, Buddy.

Dimples (addressing the editor): Incidentally, Mr. Hedda Hopper, I read your review in the last issue of the paper on that Typhoon Power movie. I thought it most excellent!

Editor (absorbed in his idea of a play): Aaah, take it up with TIME. That's who I copped it from.

Perry: I often wondered if you actually see all these movies you review.

Moe: Don't be naive.

Editor: Say, this will be great stuff, Moe. When can we write it up?

Moe: Any time after the game suits me. I got some Analytic Ontogeny to study for, but that can wait.

Perry: I suppose you're going to be at the game tonight?

Forrester (who has in the meantime put on his pants and been making himself lovely before the mirror): See you fellas at the game. I gotta go pick up Rosa. (Rushes out of the room.)

Fast: Don't tell me Rob is actually dating her? He'll have to buy three seats.

Perry (giggling): Well, children, if no one is going to pay me, I'll toddle off to get ready to go to the game, and leave the collection of fees to you know who.

Moe: See you there, Perry.

Dimples: Well, I'll be leaving too. I want to pick up a chrysanthemum for me and the president's daughter.

Fast: You're dating her?

Dimples: Who else? A man in my position has to move in the right circles.

Moe: Well, move then, Boss Tweed, and I'll see you at the game.

Fast: I really hate to seem conventional, but the trend does seem to be toward a general exodus. You're going to the game, aren't you, Moe?

Moe: No, I dressed like this to attend our chambermaid's funeral.

(Fast leaves and closes the door behind him. The editor occupies the beach-chair beside Moe's desk. Moe picks up the envelope which Hackensack has left, and unceremoniously slits it open with his letter opener. He takes out a single sheet and reads aloud.)

Moe: "My esteemed Moe, By the time you read this I shall no longer be at the school, and there is a favor I should like you to do for me. Please ship Lester to the address below, and see that he has an adequate supply of carrots in the box. As a reward for your service and friendship I leave to you all my collected works of Emily Dickinson, Chaucer, Ezra Pound, and Sir Osbert Sitwell, as well as my albums of Stravinski and Hindemith. Gratefully yours, L. Hackensack Potts III, c/o J. Fatback Potts IV, Tallulah Avenue, Talagoochi, Florida."

(Moe looks quizzically at the editor, who looks quizzically at Moe.)

Moe: Who is Lester?

Editor: Must be a rabbit or something the Zoo didn't want. Let's get on with this idea.

(Moe folds the letter, puts it in his pocket, and sits down opposite the editor. Outside the snow falls in increasing flurries, as the curtain closes.)

## SCENE II

(The press box in Honor Bright Stadium. It is crowded with sports writers. Two announcers are

seated before microphones. Just outside, people are milling around as they try to find seats, wave to their friends, throw popcorn boxes, and act as people usually do at a football game. One stocky man makes his way through the crowd and enters the press box.)

Announcer: Oh, hello, Hone. I was wondering when our spotter would show up. Some crowd, huh?

Hone: Sorry I was late. I was just over in the dressing rooms. They wouldn't let me in. I don't know if these are the right numbers I have or not. Coach wouldn't let me in to make a final check.

Announcer: Well, we can check a little later. We don't go on for a few minutes yet.

Hone: How come it's so dark down there?

Announcer: Looks like some bulbs have burned out of the lights.

Announcer No. 2 (already on the air): . . . and it certainly seems to be the biggest crowd in the history of this great institution. People are streaming in through all the gates, and the snow is really coming down now. There are men on the field clearing it off as best they can, but it's quite a job. This is gonna be some game, ladies and gentlemen. The big question, of course, is, can the Spaniels take the measure of the Chartreuse Cyclone? The Cyclone is, of course, favored by virtue of their impressive record this season of eight wins and no losses. This is the first time in the history of both colleges that the two teams have been undefeated this far into the season. The winner of today's game captures the mythical state championship, a goal that both these rival teams strive for year after year. But more important than that ——

(His words are drowned out by the roar of the crowd as the Honor Bright team runs out on the field.)

Hone (to Announcer No. 1): Say, there's J. Fatback Potts sitting with the president now. I guess he's about the biggest dignitary in the stadium.

Announcer No. 1: Say, Hone, is it true that his boy is playing on the team today?

Hone: Are you kidding? That's just somebody's idea of a gag.

(The scene changes to the president's reserved section in the stadium. J. Fatback and the president greet each other heartily, while their wives disapprove of each other with charming smiles. There is some exchange of pleasantries as the two old college chums take their seats.)

Pres.: Well, well, Fatty, old boy, it's really nice to see you again.

J. Fatback: Yes, it's really great to be back. I never thought I'd see the old stadium so packed.

Pres.: Big game today. Big game. Incidentally, I guess you've heard about your boy, Hackensack.

Mrs. Potts: He hasn't been in any trouble, has he?

(The president and J. Fatback exchange a significant glance. Crossing his fingers unobtrusively and diplomatically, the president shakes his head.)

Pres.: Certainly not, Mrs. Potts. I was just going to say you must be mighty proud to have him on the football team.

(J. Fatback is seized with a paroxysm of coughing and sputtering. Mrs. Potts looks faintly worried.)

J. Fatback (feebly): You kidding me, Bill?

Pres.: Oh, no. He made the team this week.

J. Fatback: Oh, brother! That boy. First he runs a thirty-thousand-dollar motor launch on the rocks last summer. Then he brings home that gorilla that his Aunt Hephzibah gave him, and now he climaxes everything by going on the football team. And if this isn't ——

Pres. (mildly): Gorilla?

(There is a roar from the crowd.)

J. Fatback: Oh, I'll tell you about it later. Here comes the Foaming team.

(The gigantic roar from the other side of the stadium drowns out all the conversation. The scene shifts to the locker room. The coach is talking with Hackensack, who is incongruously garbed in a football uniform. However, Hackensack's incongruity is nothing compared to a shapeless hulk which stands behind him, humming contentedly as it plays with a football helmet. It is, of course, Lester, dressed in an amber and olive football uniform.)

Coach: Now remember all the things I've told you. Keep out of sight until I call you, and more particularly keep Lester out of sight. We won't use you unless we have to. I think it'll be perfectly legitimate, 'cause Foaming has a whole team of gorillas.

Potts: What do we do in the huddle?

Coach: Great Scott! I never thought of that. Well, in a huddle, you go in, but keep Lester out. Don't let anyone get too close to him.

Potts: Well, I hope it goes off. It was easy to hide him under those red lights, but we can't play a game under them.

(Lester, in the meantime, has picked up a football in either hand, and crushes them with a loud explosion. The coach leaps forward and clutches Potts in terror.)

Coach: Tell him not to do that!

Potts: Lester, do behave!

(Lester hangs his head.)

Coach: Well, kid, we're in this thing up to our necks now. Let's just hope it comes off okay.

(The scene changes to a student section of the

stadium. The band is playing, some in the key of C, some in the key of G, and the flutist, an individualist, has chosen the key of A. It is very lovely and stirring. On the front bench are seated Moe, Perry, and Carmichael Fast. Near them sit Dimples Day and the president's daughter, together with Rob Forrester and an enormous girl who is obviously Rosa. Dimples, the typical southern gentleman, keeps brushing the snow off the chrysanthemum of his escort, oblivious of the disapproving glances of the president, some distance away.)

Fast: I wish I'd worn my father's raccoon coat!

Perry: This isn't going to do my anemia any good either.

Fast: Say, did you get a look at the size of those bruisers on the Foaming team?

Moe: Yeah, they look like gorillas, don't they?

Dimples (shouting over to them): Hey, fellows. Gonna be some game, huh?

Moe: Listen to that jerk. He just wants us to see him with the President's daughter.

Rosa: Oh, look, Rob . . . there goes the head linesman to flip for the kick-off!

Dimples: Here we go!

(In New York the Ballet de Russe is presenting "Les Sylphides." In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a shoplifter is helping himself in the Boston Store. Moreover, in San Francisco, Omar Khayyam's restaurant is enjoying capacity business. However, we are not particularly interested in these events. Our attention is directed to a couple of alumni who are listening to a broadcast of the Foaming-Honor Bright game over a portable radio in the south end of an Atlanta railroad yard.)

Announcer's voice: . . . for the second time today, making a score of 12 to 0 in favor of Foaming. This has been a rough and tough game, with many injuries, as we had expected before the game even started, and it looks like Foaming is going to emerge victorious. The snow is beginning to pile up now, and the ball is fumbled constantly as men slip and slide all over the field.

There's time out as an Honor Bright player is hurt. Let's pick up a little of that band music.

(The band plays The Black Hawk March, still independent of the key.)

## SCENE III

(The locker room of the Honor Bright team. Players lie right and left in various shapes of repair. The coach is pacing the floor in a frenzy. Potts is unobtrusively seated in a corner near a closet, the door of which he watches closely.)

Coach: . . . and you call yourselves football players! You play worse than kids! Why didn't you go out for the hopscotch team instead? Thousands of Honor Bright alumni are up there in the stands, depending on you guys. Are you gonna let 'em down?

(There is no visible reaction from the players. The coach stares at them in wrath for a moment, then opens a new line of attack.)

Coach (in a voice vibrant with reverence): Boys, back in '29, there was a ball player here named Leighton Lee Maglonskey, one of the Charleston Maglonskeys. You've all heard of him.

(The team nod to each other.)

Coach: Lee was the best ball player that ever came out of Honor Bright College, but he had a tough break. He flunked every course he ever took here except advanced calculus. He was shipped in his junior year, in the prime of his career. I remember the day as though it were yesterday. "Coach," he said to me, "if the boys are ever in a jam, tell 'em to go out and win a game for old Maglonskey." Now are we gonna let that fine boy down, fellas?

(The players look at each other blankly and shrug as the coach wipes an imaginary tear from his eye. The coach looks around, and sees no particular effect on them. Only Potts is moved, and moved profoundly. The coach toys with the idea of getting down on his knees and pleading, but rejects it, resolved not to make this concession to the team.)

Coach (ferociously): All right, girls, I'm tired of foolin' around with you! Get out there and play ball or by my eighteenth grandmother three times removed I'll cut you down to half-rations tomorrow!

(This has more effect than sentiment, and some spirit begins to be seen. Reluctantly the team gets to its feet and files out. When the last man is out, the coach mops his brow and turns to Potts.)

Coach: Potts, open that closet.

Potts: You mean . . .?

Coach: Exactly. Warm Lester up! This is it!

## SCENE IV

(The press box. The game has entered the last quarter. One of the announcers is munching a hotdog, and the other announcer and Hone are disheveled and undergoing some strain.)

Announcer: . . . and the only thing that remains to be seen about this game is how many more times Foaming will score. Oh, oh . . . there's a flag down on the field, and the referee has called time out. It looks like—yes, yes, Honor Bright is being penalized for holding . . . and it's a long one, fifteen yards this time.

(From the stands comes a shriek, followed by a roar.)

Strophe: ELEVATOR!

Antistrophe: SHAFT!!!!

Announcer: . . . Honor Bright's coach seems terribly perturbed. He's walking back and forth in a shallow gully he has worn on the sidelines. Oh, oh —he suddenly turns on his heels and runs toward the locker room. We don't know why.

(A whistle blows.)

Time in again, and the play is about to commence.

(The coach, a tiny unnoticed figure in the distance across the field enters the locker room. He emerges after a moment followed by Lester and Potts.)

Announcer: . . . and that was the longest pass of the day, completed by Foaming, putting Honor Bright behind the eight-ball once again. And there goes a substitute for Honor Bright—number eighteen —(aside) who is that, Hone?

Hone: I don't believe it, but that's Potts.

Announcer: The new substitute is a surprise player, a new boy we haven't seen before, a boy named Potts. And there goes another player. . . . NO! NO! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT GUY!!!! IT CAN'T BE!! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! HONE, WHO IS THAT MONSTROSITY? HONE?

(Hone is incoherent. There is an earth-shaking roar from the stands. On the opposite side of the field, Coach Strychnine's knees have buckled under him and he is supported by two of his players, while the other Foaming players grab each other. There are flash-bulb explosions all over the field as fifteen press photographers try to get shots of the havoc that is in progress. The Honor Bright section goes berserk. Confetti from hundreds of shredded programs mingles with the snow. On the field, the players nearest the new Honor Bright substitutes break and attempt to flee to the sidelines, but are finally rounded up by the coach, and sent back onto the field. After some minutes the chaos subsides, if not entirely, at least to the point at which play can commence. Lester, like many of the other players, is being partly covered by the snow, and Potts is seen mixing with the Honor Bright squad and explaining the situation. The two new players take their positions in the backfield and Potts indicates to Lester where he should stand. Lester is having the time of his life, and jumps gleefully up and down to indicate his comprehension of the directions.)

Announcer (regaining a bit of his former composure, despite having put a cigarette in his mouth backwards): With play getting under way once more, it's first and goal to go for Foaming on the Honor Bright seven-yard line. . . .

Announcer No. 2: . . . and the man below us who caused so much confusion in the stands when Honor Bright substituted the big guy has finally been quieted down. (Aside) Who did you say that was? (Back to mike) That man, we have found out, is Mr. J. Fatback Potts. He . . . oh, oh, it looks like something else is happening down there. The woman with him, his wife, we suppose, has fainted . . . but we don't have time to tell you more about that right now. Play is about to resume.

Announcer No. 1: . . . the team has come out of the huddle . . . the ball is snapped, and . . . oh, oh . . . it looks like a fumble. And who can blame him?

Announcer No. 2: . . . and as the ball was fumbled, the tailback seems to have shouted something to the fullback, who immediately pounced on the ball, knocking out of his way six Foaming players. One man is missing from the field . . . oh, yes, there he is, he's just come down after being tossed about twenty feet in the air.

Announcer No 1: . . . which, of course, gives Honor Bright possession of the ball for one of the few times in the game. There are only three minutes left in this ball game. . . .

Announcer No. 2: . . . it's hard to hear yourself think above the roar of this crowd. There must be thirty thousand people at this game, and this is the most spectacular game of the season. Or any other season. Score is now nineteen to nothing, Foaming leading by nineteen points.

Announcer No. 1: So now, while the teams are lining up for the kick-off, we pause for station identification.

(Following station identification the announcers return to the air. Hone is lying prostrate behind his bench.)

Announcer No. 1: It's a very weak kick, flopping in the air, and it's caught by . . .

(Down on the field, the ball falls into Lester's arms, and Potts yells: "Run, run Lester, to the other side of the field!)

Announcer No. 2: . . . and the Foaming players are bouncing off him left and right! I never saw anything like it!!!

Announcer No. 1: HE'S OVER! HE'S OVER! IT'S A TOUCHDOWN FOR HONOR BRI——

(There is a deafening roar from the stands. The field is strewn with Foaming players, still and motionless. The crowds in the stands verge on hysteria, and the band plays "Black Hawk March." The fallen players twitch slightly and begin to rise, unsteadily, to their feet and limp into formation for the field goal. At the other end of the field, Potts has Lester by the hand and is leading him down to the other end zone and trying desperately to keep him

from getting too close to the football officials.)

(In Hollywood, California, Lila LaTouche is sipping coffee at the Derby with her producer. In Waterbury, Connecticut, two children are throwing rocks at a greenhouse. In the south end of a railroad yard in Atlanta, two Honor Bright alumni are gleefully leaping in the air and clapping each other on the back.)

(Back at Honor Bright Stadium, Announcer No. 1 is grasping his microphone again. He is hoarse and disheveled by now.)

Announcer No. 1: . . . has scored three touchdowns in less than two minutes. On each succeeding kick-off the Foaming team fumbled the ball and lost it to Honor Bright. As the ball fell, it was caught up by this mystery player and run across the goal lines. THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A GAME LIKE THIS IN THE ANNALS OF FOOTBALL!

Announcer No. 2: If I can make myself heard above this roar. Schmo, the Honor Bright placekicker has made all three conversions, and the score is, of course, nineteen to twenty-one! WHAT A BALL GAME!!

(From the stands the Honor Bright fans go delirious and berserk. The band plays "Black Hawk March" in four keys. On the other side of the field, Blue Strychnine is pleading with a crowd of women, evidently mothers, who are attempting to persuade players to desert the game. Officials are waving rule books at everyone within reach of themselves. The players themselves, it might be said, do not seem reluctant to leave the field. Amid this confusion, ambulances come and go with increasing frequency.)

Announcer No. 1: Everything seems to be straightened out finally. With only thirty seconds left in the ball game, Foaming is prepared to receive the kick-off. Both teams are lined up. There goes the kick-off by Schmo, of Honor Bright. It's a beautiful . . . oh, oh, Honor Bright's wing man, Potts, has stumbled and the mystery player stops in his tracks and runs back to him.

Announcer No. 2: . . . confusion in the backfield. The ball has been caught by Gooch of Foaming.

Announcer No. 1: Gooch has picked up his interference, and with the mystery man at the other end of the field attending the wingback, Gooch is making his way up the field. He side-arms tackle after tackle in a brilliant piece of broken-field running. He's up to the 25, the 30, the 40; he's up to the midfield . . .

Announcer No. 2: . . . the injured wingback is pointing and gesturing frantically toward Gooch, and Honor Bright's mystery player races madly after him . . .

Announcer No. 1: . . . AND GOOCH HAS BEEN BROUGHT DOWN! HE'S BEEN TACKLED ON THE HONOR BRIGHT 35-YARD LINE!

(Six minutes of bedlam.)

Announcer No. 2: Gooch was not hurt on that play. And now we are ready to resume play. There are only seconds, seconds left in the game. WHAT WILL FOAMING DO?

Announcer No. 1: Nothing but a field goal. It'll take those three points to win the game. CAN THEY DO IT?

Announcer No. 2: . . . as Foaming comes out of the huddle. The ball is snapped back, and in the Honor Bright backfield, Potts is yelling something to the mystery man. Tompkins takes the ball, places it on the ground for the kick, AND GOOCH KICKS!

Announcer No. 1: As the ball flies through the air, the mystery man races backwards, he's . . . OH, NO!!!!

(In the ensuing roar of the crowd, the loudest of the evening, both announcers are completely drowned out. Lester leaps to the top of the goal posts as the Foaming kick traces a delicate arc through the falling snow. He reaches forth with a mighty paw and and grasps the ball in flight, just as the referees signal the end of the game.

People stream into the field, a veritable tidal wave of humanity. People embrace each other promiscuously on every side. Hats are thrown into the air, as well as confetti, pieces of the goal posts, and remnants of torn clothing. In short, all hell breaks loose. Members of the band are playing "Black Hawk March" as loudly as they can, but are swept along in the tide, and drowned out. In the confusion, Lester and Hackensack have made their way to the other side of the field unobtrusively. Hackensack leads Lester out of the stadium, and they make their way to a group of cars, one of which is a huge black limousine bearing the Potts coat of arms. They both climb into the back seat of this automobile.

A few minutes later, Mr. and Mrs. Potts find their way to the limousine. Their clothes are in tatters, and both have wild expressions on their faces. Mrs. Potts is in tears. They enter the automobile. Some minutes later, Hackensack leaves the limousine, which drives away, and makes his way toward Clinchfield Hall. He turns and waves at the retreating black car.

From the window of the auto, a huge, hairy paw waves back. As it disappears, Hackensack smiles, throws his shoulders into their customary droop, thrusts his head forward in its usual position, and with firm steps and wearing a secret smile of satisfaction, wends his way to his college home.)

J. C. E. and P. K.

# The Symphony of Night

*A moonlit night, when all is calm,*
*And breezes softly sigh,*
*A rippling stream, a swaying palm*
*With moonbeams from the sky,*

*The twinkling stars like diamonds shine*
*Upon the sleeping earth,*
*With casting rays of light divine,*
*Destroying all that's dearth.*

*The heavens in their midnight blue,*
*Change all that's sorrow bright,*
*And everything is gladdened through*
*This Phantasy of Night.*

*The trees that rustle with the flaw,*
*So soft, so sweet serene,*
*Give rhythm with the folding jaw*
*Of waters' slow careen.*

*This rhythm adds a setting to*
*The song of Philomel;*
*His song bestows on hate Taboo,*
*And aids to Cupids quell.*

*The hooting of an owl is heard,*
*His tone is somewhat tenor,*
*He adds strength to the frailer word*
*Of Philomel—for splendor.*

*Imagination brings the bells*
*From drops of dew befalling,*
*And chirps of crickets, hundred-fold,*
*Have sounds of pic'los calling.*

*And all the while a bass resounds*
*With steady monologues,*
*Ah, such a manly voice rebounds*
*From tiny leopard frogs!*

*But now we need for body-brass,*
*With volume deep within,*
*And nothing lends a greater mass*
*Than howls from blowing wind.*

*For choruses and melodies,*
*We have the blending reeds*
*That utter forth from stirrings of*
*The gently swaying breeze.*

*For sweetness and for harmony,*
*The strings we must provide.*
*They're furnished by the rubbing free*
*Of thistles side by side.*

*And now to lead our classic band*
*Requires a sure conductor.*
*For this we need a brilliant man,*
*A highly trained instructor.*

*With close inspection everywhere,*
*Our search is ended soon,*
*For we have found a worthy heir,*
*The man that's in the moon.*

*Our symphony's complete at last,*
*Led by our leader's light.*
*No mortal band could e'er surpass*
*This Symphony of Night.*

—JACK SEILER

## *Editorial*

(From Page 1)

The heart of the South has long been pregnant with justice. She is crying for legal physicians to deliver her. Like Amos of the Judean hills who came forth in the midst of protest with a plea for social justice, so Judge Waring, from the marsh lands of Charleston, came forth with a plea for political justice. He has offered himself as a legal physician.

Greatness of men is not always decreed by their contemporaries. Like a flower, Truth must grow and bloom before man can enjoy its fragrance. Someone of a future generation may decide to place a monument to Justice. One then may go to South Battery in Charleston and gaze across the misty seas at old Fort Sumter, the symbol of a people's fighting spirit scarred with prejudice; then he may turn and stand in awe with Negro and White, Rebel and Yankee, Christian and Jew, and read the inscription on this monument to Justice:

J. Waites Waring
Who came to minister and not to be ministered unto

## *How Come?*

(From Page 4)

and one craved the feel of a Caucasian female. CIC had once broken up a similar racket in the Philippines; similar but more lucrative in that it involved Filipinos, bloated with the bloody money of war profiteering, who craved the caresses of a Caucasian female.

Then Korea, noted for and explained by the one word, SUFFER, as probably no other country ever has or ever will be. Here all that was wrong seemed to reach the Ultissimo, the Highest, the most Ultimate that it would prove capable of attaining. An incident or two from home that did not rub right; conditions in the country which were beyond all adequate description; these combined with a superior officer unconsciously, unknowingly, constantly irritating him. Yes, plenty of material could be drawn from experiences in That Country.

It was there that he had decided to continue the art of so using words, phrases and clauses in order to gain the staples of life and some if its spices. The end came and was as if it had never been. That is except when he saw a uniform; lay awake at night trying to assemble thoughts of what had happened to him and where; walked on paved streets instead of wading in mud; drove the Merc instead of squeezing his six-four frame under the steering col-

umn of the standard equipment of the Army, the redoubtable JEEP. And when he awoke at night, finding Susan at his side and knowing there was room to turn over without disturbing her, realizing that the narrow, sagging uncomfortableness of the bunk was gone forever. Parallelism after parallelism came to him as he sat there but he was unable to set down the flashes as one in unable to fan ashes into flames.

"Well, son, it looks as if you are having troubles." There, he was talking to himself again, the same as that time in Korea when brooding over home and a zillion other worries had almost snowed him under.

"Yeah, when you start talking to yourself you're gone."

"Johnnieeee! Come to dinner." That would be Susan. Maybe she had baked another banana cream pie so he could forget some of these worriments for awhile.

He tried again when he got his weekly trim. But the barber had had a boy "in service" and left no opening for him. He left feeling more frustrated than ever before.

It was an interminable journey home. Almost in front of his house he met a child, Harry Evans' kid, who was skipping along with all the joy of a child unconcerned. Under his arm he carried some battered, worn schoolbooks and a tablet.

"Hi," the boy called out.

"Hi, whatcha doing?"

"Oh, going home from school."

"Well, the last time I saw you, you were a little boy. You've grown up to be quite a big boy now. What did you learn in school today?"

"Learning to multiply. What's 2x4?"

"Let me see. Eight, right?"

"Yeah. What's 2x5?"

"Well, I believe that's ten, right?"

"Uh huh. We learned about George Washington and the cherry tree and teacher read us a story and we put a prefab together in the sand."

"Say, I bet that was swell. Did you learn anything else?"

"Yep, but can't tell it all at once. Might tell all I know or you might get tired of listening."

I can't tell it all at once. The child skipped away, leaving him staring. What a stupid fool I've been. Of course you can't tell it all at once. People would become bored, tired of listening. Look at Uncle Abner. Yeah, I've got a lifetime to talk about all the things that have happened to me.

He lighted a cigarette and sat down at his typewriter and commenced the preface of "Two from Carolina."

"Some of these experiences are whole cloth, just as the cotton I have woven in Rifton Mills. Others are so inextricably interwoven with different ones as to forever render them inseparable. Many I have drawn from whatever process that powers of thought gives us to manufacture incidents and characters and enables us to fashion them into tales, untrue or fiction.

"I wish to relate to you a tale beginning in the period immediately preceding the depression; impressions of an early childhood in Carolina Up-Country during that time. The joy and tears of growing up during the period, post-depression and prewar; what happened to the lives of two who lived through, matured during and because of the conflict of Nations."

He crushed out his cigarette and, with a smile of satisfaction, turned again to the keys of his typewriter.

—WILLIAM NEAL

---

## *"They Sure Are Dumb"*

(From Page 7)

shops on Tiger Hill were doing a good business. The four soldiers were walking down the pathway after having seen the pagoda at the top of the hill.

"I'm glad we don't have to eat that stuff," said Dixon, looking into some greasy spring rolls that were attracting numerous flies.

Dominic was looking back at the pagoda. "Say, I believe there's a leaning tower something like that in Italy, isn't there?"

"I dunno," replied Red; "never been to Italy."

Bradley cleared his throat and started, "There is a ——"

Dixon interrupted him with, "Hey, let's get some souvenirs here."

They stopped at the stand where Wu Ling had set up his trinkets. He beamed at the soldiers and stammered in his best pidgin English, "You wanchee buy good souvenir, Joe?"

"Whatcha got?" asked Red. They all stood around the stand examining various articles.

"I think I'll take this little boat," decided Dominic. "Wonder where this stuff comes from."

Wu Ling saw his chance. "This stuff very good. This Buddha"—he picked up the stone image carved by his son—"this very special. This six hundred years old. From Yuan Dynasty, very old, very good—find in old temple. This Buddha bring good luck to good person; bad person have, he die. This kill many bad men. You good, this make you very happy."

Bradley looked at the Buddha. "How much?"

Wu closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them. "I make you very cheap price. Only three dollars."

"Three dollars!" exclaimed Bradlay.

"Three dollars very cheap," continued Wu. "This very good, very old, make you much good luck."

Bradley thought for a moment. He asked, "What dynasty did you say this was from?"

"Yuan Dynasty. Very old, very good. Only three dollars."

Bradley got out his money and handed Wu three one-dollar bills. The other men made their purchases and the group started once more down the path.

"Say, Brad," remarked Dixon, "three dollars is pretty much for that thing, ain't it?"

"Three dollars is cheap; that little guy didn't know how cheap it really was. This Buddha is a priceless antique—six hundred years old—and think of the superstition and tradition connected with it. I can get ten times three dollars for this from some sucker in the States."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," affirmed Dixon. "You sure fooled that little Chink."

"Like I said," put in Red, "they sure are dumb."

—EDWARD BERCKMAN

## *A Tied Note*

(From Page 6)

yourself and show her the usual OFFICE routine—not your routine."

"Fine, wonderful!" he exclaimed.

"Remember what I told you," I warned, and he went out the door.

A few weeks went by and D. K. proved to be as efficient as I thought she would be. Bob, as usual, was trying to create a very close acquaintance with her, but was making absolutely no headway. She often told me she was too interested in her work to have time for dates, and I was beginning to believe it.

However, as the weeks grew into months, Bob managed by hook or by crook to get a few dates with Diane, but they certainly had no effect on her work. This trait showed a lot of difference between Diane and my other stenogs.

One day Bob was in my office talking over some business, and I brought up the subject of hiring another secretary to help Miss Kensington.

"What do you think?" I quizzed.

"I think she's wonderful."

"Huh?"

"I said I think she is wonderful—D.K. You know, Bill, I've finally been hit and hit hard. I'm actually in love with her. That is something I swore would never happen to me. Bill, I'm going to ask her to marry—tonight."

"You're going to get hurt, Bob. She's not the type. She certainly shows no interest in you, and you know how many times she has emphatically stated that she has come as close to being a wife as she ever wishes to come."

"Just the same, I'm going to ask her."

"O.K.," I said, "but that's going to hurt you a lot."

I kind of chuckled to myself the next day though, when I looked at the classified section of the newspaper. It read:

> "Wanted. — Efficient stenographers (2). Apply in person.—Andrews Music Publishing Co."

—JACK SEILER

## *The Downfall of Sam*

(From Page 8)

coat was cut high, the lapels almost meeting at the knot tied in my tie. I kept all three buttons buttoned down the front of the coat. The spike in the back gave me room enough to get my hands in the trousers pockets. The trousers were high-water rifle-barrelled, hitting a little below the tops of my high-buttoned shoes. My celluloid collar stuck out from my coat, displaying the big fancy knot I had tied in my tie. How I tied those things I don't know.

When the time came I drove off in the buggy and went by and picked up Goldie Belle. She had on a beautiful blue dress and she looked like a figure eight. Her pretended laugh and restrained movements gave me a good idea as to why her waistline was so small. As we rode along we were both sitting up straight in the buggy. My black horse was stepping extra lively that morning in June. Some of the shaded spots in the woods had not yet lost the early morning dew. The birds were singing their lullaby to the morning as the trees laid a blanket of shade across the road. Now and then the trees gave way to a shower of June sunshine. The world was in tune. Every now and then we would steal a glance of admiration at each other. Everything was perfect.

Suddenly a dog that had been hiding in the bushes came charging out at us! My horse was so frightened that he sprang like a streak of black fire. When the horse made such a sudden jerk, Goldie Belle and I, who were sitting up so straight in the buggy, naturally went back. The back of the buggy was strong but not strong enough to hold two heavy people who had been suddenly catapulted upon it. It broke! I fell in the road, and Goldie Belle fell on top of me! I believe that the imprint of my body must still be in the road, although my fall occurred a long time ago and we have had a lot of rains since then. To cap it all off, I made a terrible mistake. I was very much excited but I wanted to find out if Goldie Belle was hurt. In my excitement I got my tongue twisted, and instead of saying, "Goldie Belle, are you hurt?" I got her name all mixed up and what I said sounded more like "Go to hell." She was married the next month to a man I had never seen.

I don't believe this buggy ride influenced me much about not marrying. However, little falls make big impressions.

—ROBERT W. PARKER

## *Conversation*

(From Page 10)

had been working on her until she just couldn't stand it any more.

It seems that Millie had just found out a few months previously that she was illegitimate. She had grown up in a rather sheltered atmosphere, had been provided for very well by someone she thought to be her father, and had been permitted to believe that he was one of her real parents.

She had drawn me over to a bench on the sidewalk, one of those places where you wait for a bus, and told me the whole story. We sat there for a long time. I tried to console her. What if she was on the wrong side of the fence? I said that she could always make a fence of her own by getting married. She was just a victim of circumstances.

I don't suppose I helped her very much, but I tried. We walked on to her apartment, where I told her good night. I promised to fix it up with Jim and Alice and the rest so they wouldn't know, but somehow this rather depressed me because I now felt that I was more or less partly responsible for her happiness, now that I knew.

I stood in front of the building waiting for her lights to come on, then wandered back down the street. Cars swished by noisily on the wet pavement and the trees above shed a last few drops of rain on me, but I didn't notice. I was wondering what would become of Millie. My heels made a hollow sound on the sidewalk.

—JOHN WILSON

---

## *Heirs Wanted*

(From Page 5)

"George J. Jackson
3490 Empire State Building
45 Broadway
New York City 7, N. Y.
3 October 19—"

His eyes now opened a little wider, his hands trembled as he continued:

"Dear Mr. Wilson: Through the recent death of your consin in London, England, we are pleased to inform you of a bequest in his will in which he leaves to you, his nearest heir, the sum of $50,000."

Abner became so excited that he swallowed his wad of tobacco. He gagged for a moment, spat, and cried in a shrill voice, "Hooray! I'm rich! I'm rich!"

Several men in the store, who had been listening to Abner's reading of his mail, were aghast at this outburst from the usually quiet Abner. They crowded around him as he continued reading in a louder tone, his frame quivering with excitement, "We know that you will want to come to New York and, after establishing your identity to our satisfaction, we, as executors of the estate, will be glad to turn over to you our check for this amount.

"Wouldn't you ——"

Here the letter ended, all too abruptly. What information was contained in the other half of the letter could only be imagined.

"We gotta find the rest of that letter!" shouted Abner. "I'll give five dollars to the man what gits it."

He was already feeling the power that wealth can offer. This brought sudden activity to the little crowd gathered as they all ran to the depot.

"I'll make it ten dollar," yelled Abner, "git it, git it!"

Prodded by the extreme generosity of Abner's offer, the men spread out and covered more territory. Up and down the tracks they searched for the missing portion of the letter, but to no avail.

Abner was panic-stricken. He jumped up and down like a wild man. "We gotta find it," he shrieked, "an', an' I'll give fifty dollar for the rest of my letter."

Beating about the underbrush along the railroad right-of-way, a small boy who had joined the searchers saw a flutter of white. It was in a crevice formed by some stacked ties. "I've found it," he cried joyfully.

For once in his life Abner sprinted. Running over to the boy, he grabbed the precious paper from his hands.

As the men hurriedly congregated around him, he read aloud,

"—like to get a letter with the above good news in it? Wouldn't you be happy to learn that some relative had amply provided for you at his death? We are offering our services to you as a bureau for the investigation of family estates on a flat fee of $25.

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"Yours very truly,

"(Signed) George J. Jackson."

A deep silence had fallen upon his listeners as he read this last paragraph. Abner's voice dwindled to almost a whisper at the closing sentence. With the end of the letter, his audience looked at one another, shook their heads, and walked slowly back to the store.

Abner was deflated. Here a fortune had come and gone, all within the short space of half an hour. "Well, I felt good while it lasted," he sadly philosophized.

He yanked his pouch of tobacco from his pocket, fingered a generous wad, and viciously thrust it into his mouth. Then he retraced his steps to the store porch, sank into his chair, crossed his feet on the keg, and closed his eyes.

—PHILIP G. CLARKE

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## *How Britain May Vote*

(From Page 8)

attitude towards maintaining military conscription for all boys of eighteen. Over two-thirds of the people approached supported the proposal, but under 50 percent were in favor of the extension of the period of conscription from seventeen months to two years.

Probably the nationalizing of the iron and steel industry has raised more controversy than any other issue enacted by Labour. This industry is the only one in which production figures have improved upon the 1939 level. In November only 30 percent of the voting public were in favour of the Iron and Steel Bill and only 60 percent of the people who said they would vote Labour in the forthcoming election supported their party's action. On November 17, 1948, after a lengthy and heated debate, the Iron and Steel Bill was passed, although the record of 211 "Noes" exceeded by 6 the opposition given to the second reading of the Bill to nationalize transport. The chief reason advanced in support of the Iron and Steel Bill was that the men employed in the industry desire it. Doubtless they feel that it will make their jobs safer, for memories of the unemployment and short-time working during the depression still exist.

It now remains to be seen whether a nationally controlled industry holds any advantage over private enterprise and upon the success or failure of this program may easily rest the result of the 1950 election.

—DOUGLAS HOOKER

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## *By Exchange*

(From Page 10)

"American Men of Letters" series. In its November 1948 issue, the subject was "A Critical Survey of F. Scott Fitzgerald." The next issue was scheduled to feature Eugene O'Neill, but it has not arrived yet. The Editor-in-Chief of The Journal, a rabid "Fitzgeraldophile," was upset because the author devoted only three and a half pages to the essay.

"Well, Boys, That's That" is a fast-moving short story of fear, and "Three Dead Flies in a Goblet of Wine" is a deliberately slow-moving story of puzzlement exposed in lazy conversation. Both are quite excellent, and set a high standard for Duke. The features are entertaining.

It should be remembered that the Yellow Jacket is strictly a big university-type humor magazine. With plenty of jokes. Just pick up the magazine and start reading anywhere. All the stories are very short and humorous.

The Fordham Monthly has sent us two issues. The November number has an abundance of good material crowded into its pages. "The Benevolent Life" is beautifully funny. Also "The Last Ride Together" and "Four Downs." "Pour Le Sport" is also humorous, but in a slightly more subtle fashion than the last two mentioned (no wisecracks). All Monthly contributors seem to write fluently and well.

And the December publication from Fordham substantiates this opinion. "Two Votes for Bed" is extremely brief and clever. "Sentimental" is simple uncomplicated private-eye stuff. "A Merry X" has verisimilitude and the right amount of irony. The music critic, Joseph Reid, knows his business.

The Harvard Advocate has also confronted us with two numbers. In the September issue (and this is not unusual) everything was top drawer. Of course, one writing effort

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might be relatively superior, etc., but the minimum standard must be quite high. "Magnolias" is long, but it is an indication of the author's craftsmanship that the story did not drag. Exceptionally good. Denis Fodor has written another story whose action takes place in Europe: "The Town is Dark."

The Advocate triumphantly leads off in its November number with eight poems written by T. S. Eliot for that magazine as a member of the staff 1907-1912.

Mr. Fodor has returned from Europe. His American debut is the exasperatingly clever, cunningly written "One Less Vote for Wallace." "The Bastard King" is short and entertaining.

The October number of The Virginia Spectator has a sentence on the editorial page that is important:

Because of the University's growing and varied enrollment Spectator can no longer be a strictly literary magazine . . .; nor can it be the Joe-College type of humor magazine found at less sophisticated colleges.

And that exactly describes the Spectator. In fulfilling its position of compromise between the very literary and the college humor magazines, the Virginia publication cannot be pretentious over its old age of one hundred ten years.

In the October Spectator, most Wofford students will enjoy "Oh, Dawn, Oh, Loveliness" and "Exchange Humor." (The latter is on page 45.)

The November issue of Virginia's magazine contains a delightful burlesque of a movie column, "Spectator's Cinema Selections, by Wolcott Gibbs." If you read either "The Man Before Columbus" or "The Night in the Barn," prepare to be shocked by —perhaps the endings should not be revealed.

All the magazines reviewed above will be placed on an accessible table in the library for one week, starting February 10.

—L. POINDEXTER WATTS

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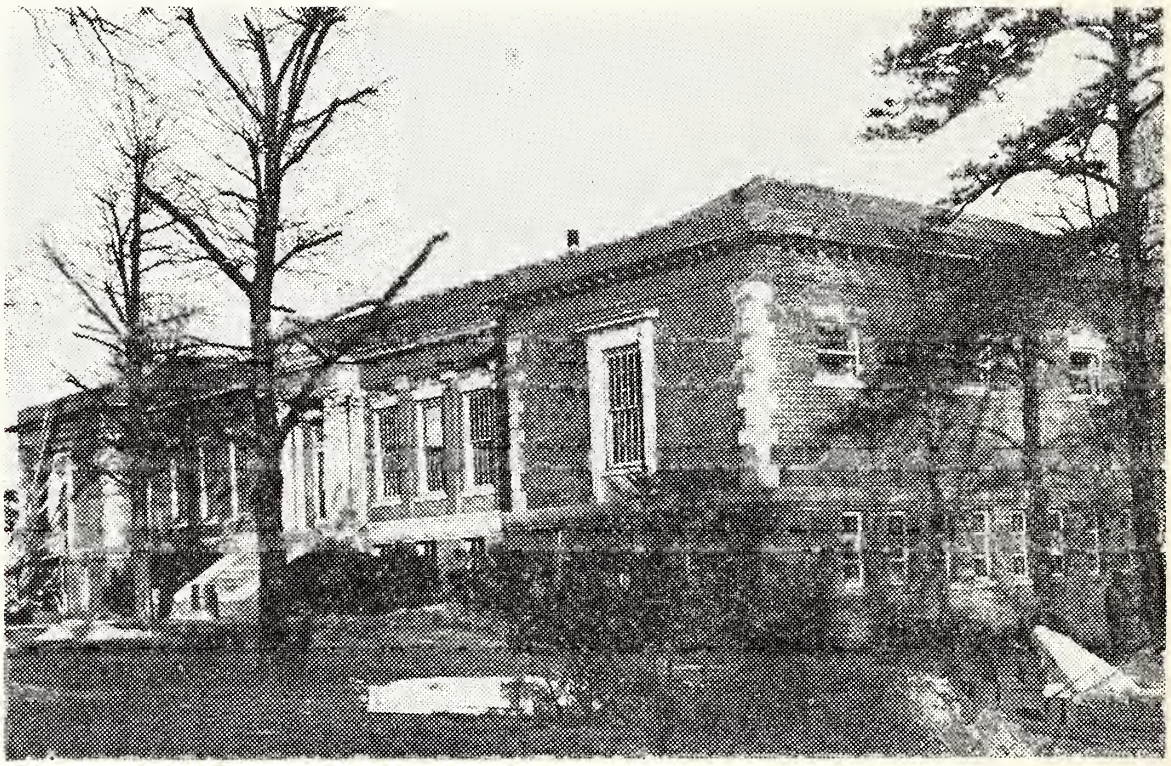

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**the journal**

march '49

(volume 70, number 4)

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# Editorial

It should be obvious to everyone by now that we will soon be in the midst of another world war.

This is a point which does not have to be established as a point of truth—those who deny it are merely enveloping themselves in the cloak which hides them from the fear evolving whenever war is implied.

War has ever been repugnant to those who are opposed to it, but, unfortunately, their repugnance is harmless unless manifested in action which, ironically, would itself be war . . . against war.

Russia and her satellites have begun the latest—and in a way, final—campaign against the one element which stands between them and their "world revolution." That element is Christianity . . . whose destruction in the East will erase the final barrier to world conquest.

Ferenc Nagy, exiled former Premier of Hungary, has written in a recent LIFE magazine article that, "I am convinced that Cardinal Mindszenty was . . . prepared. . . . After breaking the Cardinal's will power, the Communists attacked his soul. One could very well say that his soul was bisected, then left in suspense for a while, then put together again according to a perfect arithmetical formula to fit a precise political pattern."

Now this conception of an "attack on the soul" can be taken literally or in effect.

Biologically, the soul is non-existent. Spiritually, the presence of the soul cannot be denied. If, therefore, a soul is spiritually material . . . there is no reason why its spiritual existence cannot erase its scientific invalidity.

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# the incident *of the* attar mesopotamique

## *a satire*

ARTHUR FONTAN languidly settled back into his chair, a little annoyed; he had just been appraising a Ming dynasty vase sent over by the Marcel Galleries to see whether it was worthy of being added to his ceramic collection.

"Show him in, Timon," he said in a careless, drawling, slightly English accent.

Immediately, Timon ushered the guest into the deeply carpeted, exquisitely appointed study. The guest looked somewhat ill at ease in these surroundings; he was tall and getting rather large around the middle. But by no stretch of the imagination could you call him portly. He had a huge open face which tended to redden quite often and a shock of unmanageable red hair. He was McDuffy, Captain of the Homicide Division.

Now, many would think it strange that Arthur Fontan, dilettante art collector, habitue of the Met and the Stork, one often seen in the smaller, more exclusive galleries, would be at home to such a man as Captain McDuffy. But in truth Fontan was passionately interested in criminology and abnormal psychology, and had in the past rendered no small services to the Police Department—but always with the agreement that he be sheltered from the baneful publicity that might be expected to attach itself to him. The Police Department was delighted to oblige him.

"Sit down, Captain," said Arthur, languidly pointing in the direction of an Empire chair. The Captain looked somewhat distrustfully at the fragile piece, and gingerly set himself in it. "Those chairs are stronger than you might suspect," commented Arthur with a wisp of a smile. "What do you want?"

"Well," said the Captain, "we've hit one hell of a case down at Homicide."

"Dear, dear, such language!"

Captain McDuffy studied Arthur's face in order to see if he were being ribbed, but he could not tell.

"It's the Rena Angela case."

"Oh, yes. I heard about it over the radio and had my man Timon go and buy a Daily News. I am afraid I shocked him quite."

"Then you know some of the details?"

"Only that her maid discovered her in bed yesterday morning, naked with a strange insigne branded in the cleft of her bosom. The paper said the cause of her death had not been determined."

"Lab's working on what killed her now. Nobody can figure out what the brand means."

"Have you a replica of it? Your department was disgustingly modest enough to cover her before you let the newsmen take their photographs."

"No, but I can draw one for you. We've all memorized it, but I don't know that it'll do us any good."

McDuffy laboriously began to trace the brand, sitting at Fontan's priceless inlaid-ivory desk and draw-

ing on a sheet of his exquisitely monogrammed stationery. Arthur Fontan looked at the symbol, contracted his brow, and walked over to one of his bookshelves. He took down one of the volumes and began to leaf through it, seeming however to know which section of the book would contain what he was seeking. Then he spoke:

"I thought I was right, but wanted to check first. Your killer seems to be quite an egotistical person; it ought to be easy to find him, for he is also very well educated."

"What does the damn thing mean?" asked McDuffy impatiently.

"My dear Captain," said Arthur in a mildly reproving voice, "my grandfather who built this house would never have approved of your language. A Puritan, you know. He made his fortune in the shipping business. Oriental trade. Slaves and opium, I think."

Completely nonplussed, the Captain repeated, "What does the thing mean?"

"It is the Assyrian cuneiform inscription for 'Death.' The language has been extinct well over two thousand years. I saw it once on an Assyrian crematory vase. Only two perfect ones in the world. I tried to buy one of them once, and went all the way to Cairo. But the Metropolitan Museum outbid me."

"Well," said the Captain, "I don't see that we're any farther along now that we know this."

"This might not help the Department, but it tells me a great deal. Any other clues?"

"Not a one."

"Would it be possible for me to see Miss Angela's apartment?"

"Sure thing. Is now okay?"

"Perfectly. I shall be with you as soon as I put on my street clothes," said Arthur as he left the room.

It was only minutes later that the two were settled comfortably in the rear seat of the official car on their way to the flat of the late Miss Rena Angela. It was—as Fontan had surmised—in a tall, fashionable Park Avenue apartment building. And, as he soon discovered, it was the penthouse of the apartment.

As they entered the penthouse from the elevator door, McDuffy was pleased to notice a look of amazement on Fontan's face.

"Swanky joint, isn't it?" ventured the Captain.

"You might call it 'swanky,' but I have never before seen anything furnished in such expensively bad taste. I have seen some pretty hideous Baroque before, but I did not think that this was possible."

Then Arthur's eye caught a picture on the wall, the only picture in the entire room. It was a Gauguin. Arthur mused to himself: "She would not have bought this herself, and anyone with good taste would not have suggested one or given her one—not after having seen these surroundings."

During this time the Captain had been telephoning Headquarters to let them know where he was. He came back with news:

"Lab turned in a report. She was poisoned, but they never heard of the stuff before. Can't analyze it."

They moved into the bedroom. Arthur thought unkindly that Rena must have called it her "boodwah." It was appointed in even more of a flamboyant fashion than the drawing room. Arthur shuddered. Suddenly he detected a faint odor. He stopped and wrinkled his brow in concentration. Then he languidly approached the tremendously dimensioned bed. The thought occurred to him that she could hide one lover under the covers while she received another. He leaned over and pulled back the covers. The perfume odor was emanating from the sheets.

Arthur directed the Captain to call the maid. The maid entered, and Fontan asked her to smell the sheets:

"Did Miss Angela have any perfume that smells as this does?" The maid replied that she did not. Arthur then made a thorough search of the dressing table, uncapping and sniffing certain of the bottles in the process. He directed another question to the maid:

"How long ago was it that Mr. Hendrickson gave Miss Angela the picture hanging in the drawing room?"

"No Mr. Hendrickson gave her the picture."

"Who was it, then?"

"I don't know. I just came in one morning about two weeks ago and the picture was just sitting on the divan. She told me to hang it. Said a friend gave it to her."

"You must not be coy about her lovers now; we want to find her murderer. Who gave it to her?"

"I'm telling the truth. She had just broken up with one man, and she doesn't tell me their names for a little while, or at least I don't get to find out."

"Did you ever see this new lover?"

"No, I get off at eight, and he never came before that. But she once said that he was good-looking for his age."

"Thank you; you have been of inestimable service."

Thus dismissed, the maid left. The Captain, bursting with curiosity, asked, "What made you ask her about a man named Hendrickson? And this stuff about the smell?"

"If I told you, you would not believe me. Also, I might be suspecting an innocent person. As soon as I obtain definite evidence, I shall give you a ring. Could your man take me to the Marcel Galleries? I have two matters of business to discuss there."

Late in the afternoon, Captain McDuffy received a telephone call from Arthur Fontan:

"My dear Captain, if you will be at my house by seven, I shall have

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# Shadrack

I

I WAS WALKING along a stretch of sand. The tide was still out and the surf broke against the beach calmly and evenly. It was the best time of day with the sun gone and the sky red and everything hushed.

I was a long way from any place I knew. I felt complete in myself, without the attachments of something remembered. The tall trees behind me stood quiet and lost in the drifting down of nighttime. I lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply, thinking about books I had read when I was young and of old galleons sailing into the sunset.

II

I HEARD a child's voice. Looking around, I could not see where it came from and met only the quietness. I listened hard.

"Hello!" the voice said.

I began walking fast in the direction of the voice and after a hundred yards, I saw the child. A little boy about six. He was sitting on a rock in the sand, looking at me.

"Well, hello," I said. "What are you doing out here?"

The boy smiled at me. "Watching for Shadrack to come in," he said.

"Who's Shadrack?" I asked.

"My dog," he said. "He's a big, beautiful, red spaniel."

I looked out into the redness of the horizon. "You mean Shadrack's out there?"

"Uh huh. Out there some place."

I looked out into the water again. I felt something too big to comprehend. It was the feeling you get inside a church when you have been going there continuously without bothering to think why and—suddenly realizing the purpose of being there—you feel the big power that it represents.

"Well, now," I said. "It's getting pretty late. Why don't we let Shadrack come in by himself when he feels like it. You and I can go home."

The boy looked at me. "All right," he said. "You think Shadrack will make it all right?"

"Sure," I said. "What's your name?"

"Leviticus," he said.

"Okay," I said. "Leviticus, my name's Jeff."

"Hello, Jeff," he said. "You look like Moses."

"Moses!" I said. "Why, Moses had a beard!"

"Uh huh. Only you look like him without a beard."

I laughed. "Say, you're very smart for such a little guy."

"Oh, I ain't so little. I got some other people besides myself. You never seen Nicodaemus."

"No," I said. I've never seen Nick. Where is he?"

"He only comes out when I want him too. Not much in the daytime."

"Say, that must be pretty nice."

"Sometimes," Leviticus said. "Not always."

III

WE CAME through the trees out onto the highway. The low, heavy cars of the rich hummed past us in both directions.

"Well, Leviticus," I said, "where do you live?"

"Up through there some place," he said, pointing.

"That could be any place," I said. "In Daytona?"

He thought about it. "I guess that's it. Is it far?"

"Too far to walk. Maybe we can flag down a bus."

We stood near a small bridge. Leviticus sat down and looked up at me. "Tell me about the trip out of Egypt," he said.

"Trip out of Egypt?" I said.

"Sure . . . when you led the people out."

I mopped my brow. "That was a long time ago," I said. "I don't remember."

Leviticus slumped his shoulders. "I sure hope Shadrack makes it."

"Don't worry," I said, "he will."

"You know, Moses," he said, "whenever I tell anybody about Shadrack, they don't believe it."

"Is that so?" I said. "People are funny sometimes, Leviticus."

"Sure are," he said.

I saw the many red lights of something heavy coming toward us and stepped out in case it was a bus. It was only a trailer-truck but it stopped.

"Hi," said the driver, "want a lift?"

"Sure," I said, "as far as Daytona."

Leviticus and I got in beside the driver. "Hello, little man," the driver said, "been swimming?"

"No," Leviticus said, "I've been waiting for Shadrack."

"Is that so?" the driver said. "Who's he?"

"My dog. He's about six feet tall."

"Some dog," the driver said, winking at me.

IV

IN DAYTONA, Leviticus couldn't remember where he lived. I took him inside a small restaurant and we ate. Then we went to a police station.

"What'd ya say the kid's name is?" a policeman asked.

"Leviticus," I said.

"Leviticus, hey? Where'd ya find 'im?"

"Down on the beach," I said, "about two miles down."

The policeman looked at me. He looked down at my shoes and his eyes went slowly up to my head.

"Where yo' from?"

"Carolina," I said.

"Working here?"

"No," I said, "just traveling."

"Vacation?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Okay," he said.

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# Aunt Henny's Children

MY FAMILY is a very informal one. It is a large family, and it has never held to strict convention. We like to enjoy life at its fullest. Once every year we have the annual family picnic, in which the entire clan of Gilderworst gathers at one spot and spends the day in good fellowship. This year Aunt Henny's family came to the picnic.

Aunt Henny has six members in her family, Big Joe, daddy to all the kids, Little Joe, who seems to find a meaning for life that no one else could possibly find, Gracie, a little girl, who was the apple of her mother's eye and the sour grape of mine, and the twins, who did everything alike, even to sitting.

The entire family of Gilderworst met at our house one Sunday morning fairly early, in order to get a good start. Aunt Henny was there, with her family; Uncle Zack, whom I hadn't seen in ages, was there; Uncle John and his family; and, of course, our family.

We were going to Mount Holly, the same place we had been going to for years. We loaded all the food into the cars, loaded all the kids into the cars, and we even loaded Uncle John's accordion into the only car left with room in it.

The trip up was uneventful, except for the time when Aunt Henny caught Little Joe holding Rags, the dog, out the window by his tail just to see, as Little Joe put it, "if his nose would touch the highway without rubbing it off." I could see right then that the day was going to be one to go down in Gilderworst history.

We reached Mount Holly around eleven o'clock, just in time for the kids to play awhile before we ate. They started out better than I thought they would. They all left quietly, going off in different directions. Little Joe and Gracie went down toward the creek, while the twins went off in the direction of the hanging rock that protruded over the side of the mountain.

The women had begun preparing dinner when Aunt Henny noticed that the tables were dirty and went down to the creek to get some water. I had previously seen Little Joe and Gracie going in that direction, but had not thought much about it until I heard Aunt Henny scream. I took off like a dirty shirt in the direction of the creek. There, Little Joe was busily engaged in drowning Gracie. He had her firmly clasped between two chubby hands, and was periodically ducking her in and out of the water.

"Little Joe, what on earth are you doing to that child?" shouted Aunt Henny. Big Joe came running up. "Don't stand there, you moron! Do something!" she yelled at her husband.

"I'm waiting to see if he succeeds," said Big Joe. He was a calm man who never got excited about anything.

Aunt Henny jerked Little Joe up and proceeded to administer a stimulus to the seat of moral stability. In short, she beat the dickens out of him. Big Joe had grabbed Gracie, who was starting to float away, and was wringing her out.

"Don't you ever do anything like that again," Aunt Henny said, with one last lick.

"I was just trying to see if she would turn blue, Mamma; I wasn't going to hurt her," Little Joe whimpered.

Aunt Henny and Big Joe went back up to the tables taking Gracie with them. Nothing happened for several minutes, which was an unbelievable amount of time for tranquility to prevail. I was beginning to think that maybe the day would be one of enjoyment after all, but reflecting on the nature of those kids I should have known better than to have entertained any such frivolous notion. For no sooner had the day settled down to a pleasant normality than all bedlam broke loose, causing Aunt Henny to reflect on the "for better or for worse" part of the marriage ceremony.

An unearthly sound had come from the general direction of the hanging rock, to which, after sorrowful remembrance, I admitted the twins had gone. I again dropped what I was doing, and lit out for the rock. Aunt Henny, who is a rather large woman (about two hundred and forty pounds), moved with the speed of a politician during an election campaign.

The twins, it seems, were peacefully playing hide and seek, until one of them conceived the idea of hanging over the rock with his feet on a wildly growing tree limb below. The other one, who wanted his brother's air rifle, was having a great time throwing rocks at him in an effort to dislodge him.

I distinctly saw one huge rock bounce off his head and careen off the side of the mountain. This apparently did not hurt him, because the customarily blank look on his face was a little more alert than usual—proving he was conscious.

Aunt Henny put aside her femininity for the moment and went to work. She grabbed the would-be Dizzy Dean and commenced to shake him as if he were a tea bag. His lower lip continuously got in the way of his upper, and consequently many collisions resulted. His head looked like that of the proverbial bouncing baby.

"I hate to punish those kids," she confided to me, "but they are always into something or other."

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# The Unfinished Revolution

IN THE present struggle between the capitalism of the United States and the communism of Soviet Russia, the country of China—and the territory of the Far East as a whole—is playing a major part. It is such an important role that every American who is interested in the future of his country and his world should have some understanding of the China situation: what has happened; what is happening now (if anything); and what may happen in the months to come. I do not pretend to be able to explain all this, but I shall try to give a summary of this as well as I can.

In learning anything about a country one should first try to understand its people. To begin with, remember that the Chinese are just ordinary human beings like you or me with perhaps some differences as to social habits, education, religion, racial characteristics. But they have the same needs for enough food, clothing, and shelter, and the same desires for peace, happiness, and freedom. The chief difference between the Chinese and us is that we, as a whole, have satisfied these needs and desires, while they, as a whole, have not.

At least 80 percent of China's four to five hundred millions have lived in a civilization that was as feudal as it was in the Middle Ages. Living in a tiny mud-hut village, the average Chinese peasant farmer has been subjugated to his landlord and creditor through such obligations as a high percentage of crops harvested and phenomenal interest rates on loans. While there were a good percentage of peasants who owned the land they farmed, their petty earnings were usually gravely reduced by heavy taxes which local officials collected for the government (and themselves). Thus, with such slight incomes, the Chinese peasant could afford only the barest necessities of life and sometimes not even that (for starving is certainly not the least frequent mode of dying in China)[1].

These conditions have been true for a number of years and are still true to a large extent. But I have used a past tense in describing them. For today a change is going on in the life of China. Perhaps it should be called a revolution. The need for agrarian reform was undoubtedly the fundamental cause of this revolution's beginning. Also at its root there were the needs for nationalism and a democratic government. Considering the predicament in which China has found herself, I believe that this revolutionary movement was inevitable and that it must in the end succeed.

The father of this movement—and sometimes called the father of his country—was Dr. Sun Yat-sen, an ambitious thinker who devised a three-point program which he wished to accomplish through the revolution. He publicized this program in a book titled Three Principles of the People, these being: 1) Nationalism, a regaining of national independence and unity; 2) People's Democracy, the establishing of a democratic republic; and 3) People's Livelihood, the foundation of a modern economic system which would lead to industrial progress, national prosperity, and a freeing of the peasant from his feudal obligations. These principles were the guide of the movement which had for its instrument of execution the Kuomintang party and army. The Kuomintang, led by General Chiang Kai-shek after Dr. Sun's death in 1925, had the power and force to carry out the revolution. But the power ran away from the ideals. In 1937 the revolution had a miscarriage. After Chiang's successful armies had overpowered southern and central China, a sudden breach occurred. The Chinese Communists, who had formerly been allied with Chiang, now found themselves his enemies. Therefore they fled from him and remained a weak minority group until the Japanese war in 1937 gave them a chance to grow again. Meanwhile, Chiang had set up a Kuomintang government which was recognized by the major foreign countries.

In the twenty years or so following, his administration succeeded in accomplishing the first People's Principle, the regaining of national independence. With the help of the United States, China had kept the Japanese from becoming their conquerors. But the second Principle, a democratic government, was never actually realized. The Kuomintang was a party controlled by its leader, Chiang Kai-shek, and the government controlled by the same leader, Chiang, Generalissimo, President, or what have you, but still in effect a dictator. This statement may be denied by many, but there are many more who support it, men who have studied the situation at first hand, and I tend to believe the latter group. As to the third Principle of People's Livelihood, it was partly achieved in that some industries on the east coast were started, but the freeing of the peasants was seemingly never even contemplated. And it was this weakness in the Kuomintang administration that the Communists made their strength in their bid for control of China.

During the eight years when China was fighting a life or death struggle with Japan, the Chinese Communists were constantly expanding. With the weakening of the Kuomintang in the early war

[1]Theodore H. White and Annalee Jacoby, Thunder Out of China (New York, 1946), pp. 20-32.

years and the withdrawal of the Japanese in the later years, the Communists gained territory where they could and held it. By the end of the war they had increased their holdings to territory inhabited by 90,000,000 people. With the war's end in 1945 the Kuomintang and the Communists immediately went all out to capture what had been Japanese-held territory. With the aid of United States ships and planes the Nationalists won the race and took most of the territory. But ever since that time the Communists have steadily been taking back that land, until now they control about half of China's entire population.

How have they done this? It is that third Principle, People's Livelihood, with which they have won the people and the land. The Communist method is summed up well in the following quotation:

> If you take a peasant who has been swindled, beaten, and kicked about for all his waking days and whose father has transmitted to him an emotion of bitterness reaching back for generations—if you take such a peasant, treat him like a man, ask his opinion, let him vote for a local government, let him organize his own police and gendarmes, decide on his own taxes, and vote himself a reduction in rent and interest—if you do all that, the peasant becomes a man who has something to fight for, and he will fight to preserve it against any enemy, Japanese or Chinese. If in addition you present the peasant with an army and a government that help him harvest, teach him to read and write, . . . he develops a loyalty to the army and the government and to the party that controls them. He votes for that party, thinks the way that party wants him to think, and in many cases becomes an active paticipant.[2]

[2]Ibid., pp. 201, 202.

And thus the Communist party, very probably with Russian backing, has become a power in China, while at the same time the influence and stability of the Kuomintang have been receding. As the Communist armies gained, peace factions developed in the Kuomintang. Ultimately Chiang Kai-shek went into "retirement" and General Li Tsung-jen assumed duties as acting President. Then sometime in the past year the tide has turned, and the Communists have become the dominating party in China. And so we have come to the present.

The New York Times has given a clear picture of the present situation:

> For more than a month Chinese Communist armies have been standing with idle weapons at the Yangtze River north of Nanking. There has been little to stop them from taking the city. Nationalist armies are much weaker than the Communists.
>
> The reason for the lull in fighting is this: peace negotiations, though veiled in secrecy and undertaken on a semi-official basis, have been going on. . . .
>
> "There seems little doubt that Nationalist China is splitting up like an amoeba. The 'war faction' is led by former President Chiang Kai-shek . . . and includes . . . a number of army generals whom the Communists have named as 'war criminals.' They are convinced that their power can be preserved only through the continuation of the war against the Communists.
>
> "The 'peace faction,' led by acting President Li Tsung-jen, includes a large portion of the legislative Yuan, China's parliament, and those business men whose investments are rooted in Shanghai. For this group continuation of the war appears futile, and they are willing to make peace pretty much on Communist terms—which amount to unconditional surrender.
>
> "President Li is feverishly trying to entice various generals into camp. He has not met with much success as yet. But the Communists apparently think that Li is sincerely working for peace and therefore are giving him a chance."[3]

Thus we wait to see what will happen in China. There are two main possibilities. One is that the "war faction" in the Kuomintang will keep the struggle going and a split China will result — a Communist-controlled North China and a South China under the influence of the Kuomintang. The other possibility is that the "peace faction" under Li will secure a peace, even if it is a Communist-dictated peace.

If the former comes true, China will remain a disorganized, unstable country with economic disaster becoming more certain and progress becoming impossible. In case of the second possibility resulting, no one knows exactly what will happen. Perhaps a Russian-controlled China would follow. However, many observers believe that such a state would not be tolerated by the nationalistic Chinese. The most likely

[3]The New York **Times**, February 20, 1949.

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## RAT RACE

*It's not the night*
*That brings this on;*
*For darkness is only the point of focus.*
*All this mad pattern is present,*
*Day and night.*
*It's merely the numbing of communication,*
*By night's mesmerizing breath.*
*But fog will serve as well,*
*And so will exile.*

—Peter Karegeannes

# Breeding and the Bread

"NOW, children, be very still and act like little ladies and gentlemen, and I shall tell you a story." The children had been unusually loud and annoying.

"Tell us a story; tell us a story; tell us a story. Oh, goody! A story, a story, a story, a story, a story!"

"Please, please, dears. You must be quiet in order to hear the story. Now, that's better. No, no. Children: you want to hear the story, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, yes. Tell us a story! Tell us a story! We want a story! Tell us a story!" all in a sing-song.

"All right, here's how the story begins ——"

"Once upon a time."

"Yes, Judy, that's right; but don't interrupt any more, because if you don't it will make the story much better."

"Why?"

"Once upon a time," in a very firm voice, "there was a little boy. He was a very nice little boy, and his mother and his father and his aunt and his uncle and his grandmother and his grandfather all loved him."

"Did all the little boys and girls like him?"

"Well, uhh, some of them didn't like him so well — but that, of course, was because they were jealous of him because he was such a good little boy."

"Oh!"—with something of disbelief.

"This good little boy was always polite. He always said 'Yes, ma'am' and 'No, ma'am' to grown people. When he ate, he always kept one hand in his lap when not using it—and of course he never came to the table with dirty hands.

"All the other children got an allowance of 50 cents a week, but his mother and father trusted him so that they gave him money whenever he asked for it. And of course he never spent his money foolishly for too much ice cream or candy.

"One day something strange happened in the little town where the good boy lived. The most curious little man riding in the most peculiar kind of wagon anyone had ever seen came to the town. He had a long grey beard, a long pointed nose, and eyes that seemed to change color when you looked at them. But that wasn't what was so strange about him. It was his smile, no one can exactly describe the smile, for it wasn't a jolly smile and it wasn't a sad smile. And some people thought that it wasn't a smile at all.

"The children, though, didn't pay much attention to his smile. His wagon got all their interest. Not that it was such a big wagon or such a little wagon, but rather the color it was painted. What I should have said is the colors. On that wagon there was every color that you could think of. And the colors weren't just painted on in stripes like a barber's pole, but there were just little and big patches of different colors which seemed to fade into each other. If you would look at one patch of color on the wagon and then look away for a minute, when you looked back you couldn't find the same patch of color. Some said it was magic.

"By time the strange little man had reached the town square most of the children of the town had gathered around behind his little wagon laughing and shouting. But not the good little boy. He had seen the little wagon coming towards the town from the garden of his home where he had been playing alone very quietly in order not to disturb his mother. He could see the wagon from his garden because his home was on the top of the highest hill in the town. The good little boy was naturally curious to go see what was in the strangely colored wagon, but first he went in the house to tell his mother that he was going into the town to the market place so that she would not worry about him.

"By time the good little boy reached town (his house was some distance from the market square) every child in the town had gathered about the strange little wagon. They were all pushing and struggling to get closer, but the good little boy, of course, knew better. Although the good little boy was very anxious to know what was in the wagon, he stood at the side of the crowd—for it is vulgar to behave in a rowdy fashion.

"Then the odor from the wagon drifted over in his direction; it was a delicious smell. The strange old man with the grey beard was selling bread. And the old man was saying something, but the good little boy couldn't hear it over the chatter of all the children.

"Then one of the children came over to where the good little boy was standing. He was a nasty little boy, but was very popular with many of the children because they thought he was brave when he did many horrid and bad things. He would steal apples right out from under Mr. McDougall's nose; and he also would go around breaking windows and street lamps. But the worst thing that he did was tearing up beautiful flower beds planted by sweet old ladies. The good little boy didn't like him; he thought he was a bully.

"The bully asked the good little boy for a nickel. Now, the good little boy could have said that he didn't have but one nickel, but that would have been a lie. And the good little boy had been taught never to tell lies. So the good little

boy gave the other a nickel, and asked him what kind of bread the old man was selling.

"'Why, bread's bread,' he said.

"'Oh, no. Why, there's French bread, sweet bread, Vienna bread, oh, all sorts of ——'

"But at this point the other boy had run back to the wagon and started pushing and shoving to buy the bread. The good little boy didn't think the other very polite.

"The good little boy shifted his position somewhat in order to get a better view of what was going on. The first thing that he noticed was that not all the bread was the same size. It looked like some came out big and puffy, while most were the same size. There was one loaf which was smaller than the rest. The good little boy wondered if he should try to get his bread before all the big loaves were gone, but the words of his mother sounded as a warning: the good little boy knew his mother would disapprove of his being vulgar and pushing.

"But all thoughts of this were swept out of the good little boy's mind by something very interesting that was happening. The big boys who had pushed in first to get the biggest loaves, and had immediately and piggishly crammed big hunks in their mouths, did not seem to be enjoying their bread. One of the boys walking past the good little boy said to a friend: 'Gosh darn, this bread is sour!' The good little boy was shocked, for his mother had warned him of using bad language.

"Yet on the other hand, some of the nicer children of the noisy group did not find the bread sour, though some of them said it was not the best bread they had ever eaten. The good little boy was puzzled. Was this magic bread?

"About this time the crowd in front of the wagon had thinned to about two or three, so the good little boy approached the strangely colored wagon. By the time he reached the wagon there was only one other child there; and there were only two loaves left: a regular sized one and the small one. And the boy in front of the good little boy picked the larger one and paid his nickel.

"All during this time the strange old man had been smiling in his very peculiar way. When the boy had picked he bigger loaf, though, his smile seemed to grow larger and more mysterious. It was the strangest smile the good little boy had ever seen. It was a smile that gave you goose-bumps down your back when you looked at it.

"The good little boy turned to look at the boy in front of him as he walked away. He did not find the bread so delicious from the expression on his face. Then the good little boy turned back to the strange old man, who—can you believe it—seemed to be smiling even more. It was such a funny smile; some people wouldn't call it a smile at all.

"Then the good little boy asked: 'How much are your loaves, please, sir?' The good little boy was surprised when the strange old man answered that they were a dime. The man was charging twice as much for the smallest of the loaves of bread. But the good little boy had been taught that it was the most vulgar thing in the world to haggle over money, so he reached into his pocket and took out another nickel. When he did this a glow that you could just hardly see lit up the face of the strange old man. As the good little boy gave the strange old man the money and waited politely for the old man to hand him the loaf, the man said: 'God bless you, my dear child; you are a good little boy.' He had a deep and gentle voice.

"The good little boy said thank you, wrapped the bread up in the paper napkin the old man had given him, and carried it with him on his way home. The little boy of course did not eat on the street, because it was very ill-mannered.

"On the way home the good little boy thought to himself: 'I wonder if this bread will be sour like the other loaves?"

"When in the garden again, the little boy sat down on the stone bench putting the bread down on the napkin so it wouldn't get dirty. He broke the loaf and put a small polite piece of it into his mouth. And what do you think? . . ."

At this point, Mr. Henry, who had been listening to the entire tale, interrupted his wife: "The good little boy's bread was the sourest and stalest bread of all!"

—L. P. W.

## ALL I KNOW

(Lines written by a young man shortly after having read "The Flag—Act First" and "The Flag—Act Second" from the Plumet-St. Denis volume of Les Miserables.)

*Unnameable longing of the Romantics*
*Can you be but a dream,*
*The best made ware from*
*Man's exhaustless ego factory?*
*Some say you live with God and Love;*
*Some, with Truth or Freedom:*
*Called "Inherent Rights of Man."*
*Others will say beauty;*
*The drama, Awful Providence.*

*Be you of me, or to me—*
*I know not.*
*And yet I know you are,*
*For I have felt your throbbing*
*On chill sad nights of Winter,*
*And also in the futile lust of Spring.*

*That you are, I know;*
*But that is all I know.*

—L. Poindexter Watts

# Martin and the Gorgon

IT WAS Martin who first called her the Gorgon. They had read the story of Perseus in their reading class, and their books were illustrated with a vivid portrait of the Medusa. Martin had seen or fancied some resemblance to the teacher, and soon everyone in the class was calling her the Gorgon when she was not within earshot.

Her real name was Miss Hoyle, and she was terribly old—at least thirty-eight, and quite likely older than that. She was a great, husky woman, built on squarish lines, with large, slightly protuberant eyes, and stringy, greying hair, and in all honesty it must be admitted that she did somewhat resemble the Gorgon illustration. She was an iron disciplinarian of the old school, whose word was law, and before whose cold and sarcastic wrath many a student was indeed petrified. She taught the seventh grade.

One morning late in the year, Martin was reading aloud during geography class. He was on his feet beside his desk, and the class —and Miss Hoyle—were struggling to resist the luxury of nodding as Martin droned on about Portuguese colonies.

". . . in addition to the Azores, other African colonies include Mozambique, Angola . . .!!

"Mo-ZAM-bi-kway," corrected Miss Hoyle idly.

Martin hesitated for a moment, and began the sentence again.

"Mo-ZAM-bi-kway, Angola, and Portuguese Guinea," he resumed, and the class settled back into its reverie. A paragraph or so further on Martin said, "Mo-zam-BEEK." He could have bitten his tongue as soon as he said it. He heard the gentle but firm tap of Miss Hoyle's pencil on her desk as she interrupted him again.

"No, Martin," she said. "I told you once, now. What is the correct pronunciation?"

Martin did not raise his eyes from the page, nor did he answer her.

"What is the correct pronunciation, Martin?" repeated the Gorgon.

Martin looked at her very earnestly. "Mo-zam-BEEK," he said simply.

Miss Hoyle became mildly annoyed. The class, with the peculiar anticipation of schoolchildren, sat nervously rigid in their seats, sensing the approach of a "situation."

"No, Martin."

"But it is, though, Miss Hoyle," he protested.

Miss Hoyle narrowed her eyes and turned slightly pale, and a deathly quiet fell over the class at these two danger signals. Martin dropped his gaze before her, and studied the planking in the floor. Miss Hoyle reflected momentarily.

Martin, she realized, was what has been called a sensitive child by "progressive" educators. (Even in conversation Miss Hoyle always managed to put quotation marks around the word "progressive.") She decided the boy was not trying to be arrogant, but was just convinced that he was right. Martin was not an impertinent student, but she had decided early in the school year that while he could not be pushed, he could be led. She relaxed and said quietly, "No, Martin. You see, it's French — and that makes it Mo-ZAM-bi-kway."

Martin said nothing and his very silence was a more irritating refutation than if he had contradicted her. Miss Hoyle began to grow annoyed again.

"Well, Martin?" she said sharply.

Still not looking up at her, Martin spoke in a dry, rasping voice. "It's Portuguese, Miss Hoyle."

The Gorgon paled again — don't lose your temper, she thought. Don't scold—

Martin was writhing in spirit. His tongue had grown thick and his mouth dry. His stomach felt like a vast, desolate abyss, and he wanted nothing in the world so much as to sit down and have the class resume.

"Martin, come up to my desk," said Miss Hoyle imperiously.

He put his geography on his desk and shuffled up through the gantlet of thirty pairs of intently watchful eyes to stand facing the Gorgon's lair. He expected a straight-edge across his palm, or worse yet, a tongue threshing. Worst of all, of course, was the grim, silent stare of his classmates.

However, the Gorgon smiled loftily and handed him her dictionary. Reason with him, she was thinking. Let him find out for himself, and make a fool of him before his classmates—particularly the little Raines girl—and he'll be all right.

Resigned to his fate and knowing perfectly well what Gorgon was thinking, Martin opened the dictionary, flipped several pages, located the word, and then without a sound he closed the book, replaced it on the Gorgon's desk, and returned to his seat.

When he was seated again and regarding his folded hands, Miss Hoyle said majestically, "Are you satisfied now?"

"Yes Ma'am," he replied.

"Will you tell us now the correct pronunciation, Martin?"

He shifted nervously in his seat.

"Couldn't we just let it pass?" he asked anxiously.

—Not as easily as all that, my fine young man.

"Will you tell us, please, the correct pronunciation?"

Martin drew a deep breath. All

was lost now.

"Mo-zam-BEEK," he said.

Instantly he was crucified by thirty pairs of horrified eyes. The Gorgon opened her mouth like an enraged goldfish. She was shocked at the effrontery and too startled to develop a new line of attack.

"Young man, what do you mean? What do you mean?" she asked, enraged.

Martin squirmed but made no reply.

"You'll regret your impertinence, young man," fumed the Gorgon.

Martin was on the verge of tears. Choking them back, he said, "But it's right there in the dictionary, Miss Hoyle. I looked it up just like you said to."

Miss Hoyle suddenly went very cold inside, and an awful dread rose up in her. Uncertainly, she seized the dictionary and frantically turned to the "M" section—and discovered, of course, to her unutterable horror that Martin was right.

A brief sensation of nausea passed over her and she was non-plussed. It would be foolish now not to admit her error, for every student in the class would, upon being dismissed that afternoon, make a dash for the nearest dictionary. She could feel respect draining away from the class like an ebbing tide. If this passed without her regaining superiority of the situation, she would never again be able to maintain discipline. She allowed herself a few moments to regain some of the composure she had so obviously lost.

"Well, class," she observed in vitriolic tones, "it seems that our scholarly friend was right on this petty issue. In my ignorance, I bow before his profound knowledge. We are indeed fortunate to have so distinguished a sage among us."

Martin was in agony.

"In fact, class, I see that I am only an obstruction to your progress. I'm sure we'd all benefit greatly if Martin took the class over entirely. Don't you agree, Martin?"

Martin dared not agree; he merely wished he were dead and tucked away in some remote and forgotten cemetery.

"So I suggest," Miss Hoyle continued, warming up to her subject, "that you teach the rest of the period, Martin. We all have so much to learn from you."

Miss Hoyle's spirits were returning to her as she felt herself once more mistress of the occasion. She was almost gay.

"Do come up and teach us, Martin."

Martin wrung his hands under his desk top and strangled on hot, unshed tears. None of this was lost upon the Gorgon, who viewed with satisfaction his discomfiture. Only a little more now, she thought, and then he'll have had enough.

"We're waiting for you, Martin. Don't deprive us of your knowledge."

Miss Hoyle had misjudged the saturation point.

"Martin, will you ——"

The string snapped and Martin shouted with white-hot fury, "No, I won't!"

"Martin!" This was an unexpected turn.

"You're being downright childish. You're making a mole-hill out of a mountain." Martin was too distraught to notice his mixed metaphor, and a timid titter rippled over the class.

The Gorgon silenced that with a mighty whack on her desk top with a pencil, but Martin would not be silenced. Having embarked, he resolved to die valiantly in his martyrdom.

"It's just silly for a full-grown woman to act like you were. Why couldn't you just let it pass like I asked? You're so sure somebody is trying to be smart all the time."

The Gorgon sat and listened, stunned, very pale, and deadly. When Martin stopped for breath, she rose like the angel of death and bore down on him. She resisted, with an effort, the temptation to box his ears, and satisfied herself with seizing him by the shoulder and yanking him to his feet.

"Young man," she said in a strained voice, "We're going to Mr. Hill's office." And she began dragging him toward the door. Martin shrugged himself free of her considerable grip, announced steadily that he knew the way to the office without being guided, and departed, impaled by the intense stares of the numbed students and followed hotly by the Gorgon.

Mr. Hill, the school principal, looked up to observe Miss Hoyle and Martin enter his office. Martin was very pale and rigid, and Miss Hoyle was very florid and all but singeing his scalplock with the fire from her nostrils.

"What on earth ——?" muttered the principal to himself.

"Mr. Hill," began the voice of doom, "I have a 'situation' here."

Mr. Hill reflected that Miss Hoyle had more "situations" than any teacher on the faculty.

"Well, for goodness sake ——"

"Martin has been rude and impudent and very insulting, and I will not have him disrupting the whole class as he has done."

"Why, Miss Hoyle, I can't believe it! Martin has never been a bad student ——"

"Well, he was today. He all but called me a liar and said some very insulting things."

"Is that so, Martin?"

"Not exactly—no," replied the boy.

Miss Hoyle said, "You see? You see? Calling me a liar!"

"Miss Hoyle," said Mr. Hill, fearing she was about to become hysterical, and realizing his inability to cope with her if she did, "he didn't exactly call you a liar. That's not what he meant, is it, Martin?"

"Of course not. She jumps to conclusions too easy."

"Now, Martin," said Mr. Hill sternly, "that won't help things. Miss Hoyle, suppose you leave the boy here with me. I'll take whatever disciplinary measures are necessary. In the meantime, perhaps you'd better not leave the class to themselves too long ——."

"Well," snorted the Gorgon, "of course, if you're going to listen to his tale ——" and she left, somewhat huffily.

"Sit down, son," said Mr. Hill when she had gone. "Now suppose you tell me all about this business."

Martin was shrewd enough not to lie to the principal. The version he told was, on the whole, pretty straightforward with almost no embellishments and only a small amount of personal bias. Mr. Hill realized this, and Martin's record spoke well for him; he had never before been in trouble with his teachers, and after all, Miss Hoyle was known to be a bit severe in the classroom. . . .

Mr. Hill drummed his fingers on his desk top and mused.

"What do you think I ought to do to you, Martin?" he asked.

Martin fidgeted and said, "I really don't see that there's anything to be done. I don't think either of us is particularly to blame. You can't punish Miss Hoyle and punishing me isn't going to help anything."

Mr. Hill hid a smile behind his hand. Evidently Martin had regained his composure.

"If we just overlook it as an unfortunate incident this time, do you think anything like this might be apt to occur again?"

"Golly, no," said Martin fervently.

"Well, son, do try to get along with your teachers. Good teachers are difficult to find these days."

"Evidently," commented Martin; Miss Hoyle couldn't have said it more dryly herself.

"Now, now, son. Do be careful of your attitude. Miss Hoyle is broadminded. I'm sure she'd appreciate and thank you for showing her when she's mistaken if you do it properly. Do it in private, not before the class. It does look a bit like showing off."

"I know, sir; I'll be careful."

"All right, then. Run along, and behave yourself."

On the way back to her classroom, the Gorgon had returned to a state approaching normality. The buzz of conversation ended abruptly when she appeared and everyone hid behind his geography text. She stood behind her desk and in a normal tone instructed the class to spend the rest of the period in studying for a quiz to be given the next day. Then she turned and went to stand by the window, gazing out over the sunny fields outside the schoolbuilding.

A truant thought rose up in her mind and rather startled her. She recalled a day some thirty years ago when someone had dipped her pigtails in an inkwell. By the time she had discovered it, her dress was ruined and the ink was dried in her hair. The boy who sat behind her was grinning widely, and she instantly tried and convicted him, and administered justice in the form of a slap that resounded throughout the little classroom. The teacher had then seized the wretch and threshed him with a birch rod. Only later had she learned that by jumping to conclusions, she had condemned the wrong boy, and now she recalled the bitter humiliation she had experienced. She was possessed of an almost pathological horror of being wrong.

Miss Hoyle was brought out of her mood abruptly by the sound of the door closing. She returned to her desk and intercepted Martin on the way to his seat.

"Martin, wait a moment," she whispered.

He stopped in his tracks, suspiciously sniffing to see which way the wind blew. Miss Hoyle swallowed and took a deep breath. For a moment she almost weakened, but screwed up her courage and plunged on.

"I want to apologize, Martin," she said. Martin was startled. Indeed, the Gorgon herself was somewhat surprised.

"I made a mistake, Martin, and I want to beg your pardon."

Martin smiled and looked at her, friendly, perhaps, for the first time since he'd been in her class.

"So did I," he said. "I'm sorry, too."

"Then we're friends again?" she asked, finding herself warming to the boy.

"Of course. Sure."

"Fine." Then with a mock severity that was strange to her, she added, "Now scoot to your desk and study for that quiz tomorrow."

"Yes, Ma'am." He turned, hesitated, then faced her again.

"Well?" she inquired.

"I was just going to say, since we're friends, I won't call you Gorgon any more."

Miss Hoyle hadn't the faintest notion what he meant, but she sensed that this was some concession on his part, some sort of peace offering.

"Thank you, Martin," she said. "Thank you!"

—LEE McRAE

## MISANTHROPY

*I heard him cry in loud and*
*terrible voice,*
*"I hate such swine as these."*
*But on the right—did I perceive*
*A tremble? a sight of Dis?*

*I heard him cry in angry voice,*
*"I hate such swine as these!"*
*"Fool," I said,*
*"You shall not live in peace."*

—CHARLES WEAVER

# The Decline of British Sport

THE poor showing of Britain in the Olympic Games and other recent international events has raised a considerable amount of anxiety among the sport-loving British public. Undoubtedly many of the failures may be attributed to the food rationing that has been in existence since 1939, but nevertheless there are other factors besides inadequate food which must be considered when examining the loss of British prestige in the sporting world.

Soccer, probably the most popular of British games, is attracting greater crowds than ever before. A record aggregate attendance of over 40,000,000 watched last season's first class games, but the standard of play was at its lowest ebb and the games as a spectacle reached rock-bottom. Skill in ball control, the art of "drawing" an opponent and then passing to the unmarked team-mate, together with the deft touches which were the features of the constructive playing of English and Scottish teams, have all been sacrificed for the modern desire for thrills and spills in a game which relies mainly on defensive tactics combined with a quick break-away, in the hope of scoring a sudden and unexpected game-winning goal. This is especially noticeable in the play of teams which are leading by a single goal in the latter stages of a game. The value of a player on the transfer market has reached an amazing level and fabulous prices are being asked, and paid, for ordinary players who could not have maintained a regular place in a pre-war first-division team. Before 1939 it was customary for English teams to provide exhibitions of soccer at its best when facing international opponents, but today there is always considerable doubt over the outcome of the result. No longer does England enjoy the unchallenged supremacy of the master. Every season she is faced with the nightmare of losing the last British invincibility — an English soccer team has never been beaten by a foreign power while playing on its own soil. Fortunately, the English team dispensed with the Swiss challenge earlier this season, and so this record remains safe for another year. At the present time much attention is being focused on the England versus Scotland annual classic, to be played in April at Wembley Stadium, home of the 1948 Olympic Games. Today it is generally recognized that European teams, coached by ex-English and Scottish professionals, have been playing the type of football presented in Britain ten or fifteen years ago. Possibly it is here that the answer to the whole problem of the decline of British sport may be found. At an early age the school-boy learns to kick a football and the game becomes second nature to him. This natural ability often develops into professional skill during the course of time, but it is probable that much talent remains undiscovered or is never fully developed through the absence of competent coaches. In contrast the value of a first-class coaching staff has been recognized in Europe and this is borne out by the threat to British soccer supremacy.

Now let us examine the position in athletics. The fact that Britain won not a single Olympic title is significant. Possibly the position may be explained in the words of Olympic sprinter MacDonald Bailey: "I often see youngsters running, and perhaps one of them shows the making of an athlete, but has a slight fault. There is nobody to tell him." Again the poor results may be partially attributed to the absence of suitable and adequate coaches.

However, there are indications that in other sports this deficiency has been realized and steps are being taken to remedy it. An Olympic Nursery has been established in Murren, Switzerland, to teach British school-boys to ski in the right way and at the right age.

The overwhelming defeats by America in the Ryder and Wightman cups have caused the British officials to become increasingly aware that steps must be taken to strengthen both the golf and tennis teams and a campaign for the encouragement of young players has been put into force.

However, there have been some indications that all is not lost with British sport. On February 10, 1949, Johnny Leach won the men's singles title in the world table-tennis championships by defeating Hohumil Vana of Czecho-Slovakia. Last year Rinty Monaghan took the world fly-weight title to Ulster, thus keeping in British possession its sole boxing crown.

Probably the most satisfying feature of this rehabilitation of British sport is the great improvement of the England cricket team. Last summer the English side was completely routed by the visiting Australians and in the last game between the two teams, gave the most lamentable display ever known by any English team against the traditional enemy. The team set off for South Africa during the past fall, like many another emigrant to the empire, to make good. Now that the season is drawing to a conclusion it must be acknowledged that the visitors have shown a marked moral superiority throughout the series of games. Highlights of the tour have been the victory in the first test off the last ball of the game, almost unknown in the his-

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# East Wind

THOSE last days in Karachi were slow-moving but they served a purpose. Spending them in the sun and in the sandy flatness of the country was a good thing in that it helped you get India —the India that had happened to you up to this point—out of your system.

Lying in a cot, outside the concrete barracks, the heat of the sun full on your body — except where you covered the important parts with with a towel—the wind moving in long sighs across your skin, smoothly and drying the wetness of the sweat, you could think; think about how good or bad it was, having your life handed back to you, and view the prospects of your personal, complicated future, sometimes wondering if the long walks to be taken were really worth the trouble.

(It's awfully confused, Larry thought.)

And, if you didn't want to think about it, you could lie there and enjoy the sun, feeling it seep right through you, making the muscles loose, the weariness of eighteen months going out of your body, feeling healthy and knowing the tan was going on naturally and with a purpose, requiring nothing in return.

Lying there, you could watch the hawks flying directly overhead, borne effortlessly, solid and black, catching the wind and using it for a while, spilling it when it carried them too far, back again, in, out, around, somehow admiring them and feeling what a good life they had been fashioned.

Sometimes, the voices of the men inside the barracks carried to where you were lying and, listening to their talk, restrained and happy, of going home, of Ann Arbor and Fresno, was unavoidable and — if you tried hard enough—it often helped.

Larry felt under the pillow for his cigarettes. He lighted one, sat up on the cot and thought, I wonder how much longer before they get us on that boat? But that question had become a question without an answer—just like a lot of others he had been asking himself.

He looked at Stein, lying in the other cot, reading Larry's Copy of The Great Gatsby. Stein . . . good old Stein. Looking very relaxed, his back oily from the lotion, reading the book with impassive features, the only thing Jewish about his face . . . his eyes; expressive eyes.

Larry stretched out on the cot again. He lay with his face to the sun, shutting his eyes tight and thinking about Stein and last night's conversation — returning from the movie—about Scott Fitzgerald.

"You see, Larry," Stein had said, "when I was a kid, I lived near Fitzgerald in Great Neck. He didn't mean anything to me then. I used to wake up and look out my bedroom window and see his house. But it didn't mean anything. Once, I found a couple of pages of a manuscript he had thrown away. Know what I did with them, Larry? Tossed them away.

"Hell, kid. You think about those things later. I used to mow the lawn for one of the Marx brothers and I've chased tennis balls for Bill Tilden. But that was something even then. Growing up and discovering the kind of writer Fitzgerald is—now, that's really something."

"Yes," said Larry, "it sure is. I'll bet you think a lot about that manuscript you threw away."

"I certainly do, Larry. I sure think about that manuscript."

Next day, they got passes to go into town. They showered after chow, dressed in fresh sun-tans and rode out of camp in a weapons-carrier, together with the other men on pass.

Leaving the camp and going out on the long stretch of highway along the desert's edge, they passed silently plodding camels that were pulling carts; carts that stood high on two large wheels, primitive in their construction — having really no construction at all—the wheels made by sawing cross-sectionally the trunks of old trees; all of it Biblical . . . the worn hides of the camels, the carts, and the ancient garb of the drivers.

Later, they saw the mountains, rising out of the waves of heat; brown and undulating with a freeness that possessed all the sound of a piece for French horn, smooth and hollow and never to be mistaken.

Larry said, "It looks like a place near Barcelona. A place near a village I know."

"Yes," said Stein. "It also looks a little like Palestine," thinking about 1937.

Entering Karachi was to Larry like going into Barcelona. The orange groves were not there but he recognized the trees that ran down the middle of the paved streets and the houses that were smooth on the outside with yellow and pinkish coloring and, on some of them, the terraces.

The weapons-carrier stopped in front of the officers' club and the lieutenant who had been driving said, "I guess we'd better meet right here . . . say, around six o'clock."

The enlisted men collected into three groups and Larry and Stein went together. "Make a note of that sign," Larry said. "It'll be easy to spot from the other end of this street."

Falling behind the other men, who had been in town before, they walked until they were on Elphinstone Street. It was crowded and unlike Chowringee Road in Calcutta, it had cleanliness.

The people on the street, the natives, the soldiers of four countries,

moved around easily and unhurriedly with no particular, immediate objective in mind. The heavy sun was offset by the light wind that came up from the ocean. This, the mercantile section of the city, was compact, colorful, smelling of nuts cooked in oil, of sandalwood, of polished silver, ivory . . . all of it too much to see and requiring close scrutiny and, always, archaic and having in common the things of the East, the color of pure and mixed races, the smell of folded cloth against the body, the mustiness of the gharis and the sleekness of the horses that pulled them and the rich smell of camel-leather and much to see, hear and all the fragrance and non-fragrance, not having to stop and look for any of this but finding it everywhere you turned.

"It's an unusually clean town," Larry said, remembering especially the village of Dibrigarah on the right shore of the Brahmaputra and how impossibly filthy it was.

"Yeah. It must be the desert between this and the rest of the country."

"The people seem to have a little more dignity."

"They're proud, I think. The Calcutta people are more friendly."

They walked carefully down the street, seeing the merchandise on sale and Larry noticing the good attempts at imitation of Western culture, looking faultless from a distance but, closer, showing that irregularity of copy that was Western in origin but Eastern in execution.

They passed a cobbler's shop and Larry, glancing inside, stopped.

There was a British officer inside, his back turned to the street. From behind, his height and uneven slant of shoulders reminded Larry of Col. Brooks. The officer turned and Larry saw that it was the colonel.

"Excuse me," Larry said to Stein.

He went into the store, conscious of the leathery scent and internally effected by the incredulity of the situation. He focused his eyes to the rear of the store but found it difficult because of what the sun had done to them. Gradually, he saw the young English woman standing there with her back turned to him, looking up at the shelves.

The colonel had suddenly seen Larry. "Well, hello! I say . . . Vicky, look here."

"Hello, Col. Brooks," Larry said. The girl had looked around.

The colonel said, "Imagine meeting you here, Sergeant. Of all places."

The girl was standing beside her father, smiling at Larry. "Yes," she said. "Imagine meeting you here."

The colonel had extended his hand, smiling sincerely. Larry took it, feeling bad for not having seen it. The two men shook hands solidly and Larry was pleased that the colonel had remembered him from Calcutta. Seeing his smile and feeling the steady grip, he knew that the colonel liked him.

"What in the world are you doing here, Larry?" the girl said, looking at him pleasantly.

"We're waiting to go home," he said.

Finding her was confusing and seeing her stand there was impossible. She wore a simple white dress and her arms were deeply bronzed in the short sleeves of the dress. The style of the neck of the dress gave her oval face an Oriental appearance. The figured silk scarf around her hair did not keep it from falling on her shoulders, very thick and dark, looking soft.

"Father and I are flying to Tel Aviv tomorrow," she said. She studied his face, feeling a little of what was happening to him.

Larry remembered Stein then. He went to the entrance of the shop and called to him. He introduced him to the colonel and Victoria.

"Ah, look, Larry. Mind if I rush off?" He was saying it for Larry's benefit. "I saw something back here I'd like to find out about."

He could not remember if he had mentioned Victoria to Stein. "All right," he said.

"Swell to have met you," Stein said, going out to the street.

They watched him go and the colonel said, "Look here. Vicky, why not take the sergeant around and help him with his shopping? I'll be hours getting these blasted boots."

"If you don't mind, sir," Larry said.

"Of course not. Tell you what. I'll meet the both of you at this ABC place later and we'll have supper together."

"That'll be fine, Father," Victoria said. "Come on, Larry."

They were riding to the ocean in a ghari. The horse went along slowly and evenly and the driver looked at a bad spot behind the horse's left ear. He was studying it very carefully and giving it his complete attention.

"Your dad's swell," Larry said.

"Oh, yes. He likes you a lot, Larry."

"Why?"

She had taken the scarf off her head and she held it in her hands, leaning back against his chest with the top of her head just touching his chin.

"Because of Calcutta. You were very nice, you know.

"No kidding. Was I really?"

"You're joking, Larry. Really, you're the most decent chap I know."

"Uh huh. You too."

She laughed and, lifting her head, she kissed him on the chin.

Now they were down in the basin-like part of the city, the long stretch of empty sandiness with only the road going ahead, black and monotonous like a cable in the desert. The other half of the city was before them, rising up, the buildings like French villas, clearly outlined and

rich-looking against the milkish-blue sky.

"What was that tune they played all that night, darling?" she asked.

"What tune?" He tried to give it a sound of truthfullness.

"Really, darling!"

"Oh, that tune."

"Yes. What was the name?"

"I don't remember."

"I thought you were sentimental about those things," she said.

He told her the name of the song.

"Was that the first time you'd heard it, darling?"

"No, it's always been one of my favorites."

"Then it can't mean too much," she said.

"Ive got an answer for that," he said. "Some things you like without knowing why and then, one day, you know."

"I love you very much," she said.

The ghari stopped and they climbed up the long flight of marble steps. Just before reaching the top, they looked back to the ghari. The horse was drinking at the fountain and the drived was stretched out on the stone bench.

At the top, the land fell away, the steps continuing down in front of them and ahead, the ocean, quiet and large, with the surf breaking in a single, smooth line and the water very blue and empty.

"Nice, isn't it?"

"It's beautiful," she said.

"Shall we go all the way down?"

There was no answer. He turned and she was looking up at him, her small face framed in the darkness of her hair, bronzed and fresh, the lines of her mouth curving perfectly. Her eyes were soft and sad, making him feel the way he had when, long before, an empty plane had burned on the ground, helpless and absolutely without purpose.

"Vicky ——" he kissed her hard but without roughness and her fingers were tight against the back of his neck.

"I can't take this," she said against his cheek. She let herself go limp against him, giving up the support of the weight of her body, her arms locked around him, pulling him down on the steps.

"Quit crying," he said.

"I'm not crying." She tried to look at him but her face was wet and she pushed it against his chest. He found his handkerchief, put his finger under her chin and tipped her head back. She took the handkerchief and dried her eyes.

"Did anybody ever tell you that you look like Merle Oberon?" he asked.

She smiled through her tears. "You think that every girl born in Tasmania looks like Merle Oberon."

"Why don't you go back to Tasmania?"

"Oh, it's very dull back there."

"You find this interesting?"

"Very," she said.

"If you had stayed in Tasmania, I would have never met you."

She put her hand against his mouth. "Don't say that."

He kissed her hand. "It was a lovely war," he said.

"Larry, isn't it funny?"

"Yes. I'm laughing."

"I mean Calcutta, and now this."

"How did it ever happen, Vicky?"

She looked out at the sea, not seeing it, but thinking about the first time she had seen Larry.

"You looked so . . . tired."

"Nothing unusual. Always tired. Tired and lazy."

"Be serious." She was trying hard to remember the way he was at first. "You were yellow from the quinine ——"

"Atabrine."

"And you looked so absolutely worn out."

"What else?"

"It's the only thing I can really remember. When you see footsoldiers on leave after having been to the front, they look worn out but more than that, they look hungry."

"I didn't look hungry."

"No. The ATC chaps come on leave and they're well-fed and only looking for a good time. But you and those other chaps with you . . . you looked only tired."

"Why was I the outstanding one?"

"Your face."

"My face!"

"You've got the saddest eyes in the world," she said.

"That was some farewell scene we had in Calcutta."

"I didn't like it, either," she said.

"It's nice of them to give us another chance at it."

She looked up at him, puzzled. "Who?"

"The party or parties responsible for this whole mess. The gremlins or wobblies or whatever you British call them."

"You mean Cupid, darling."

"No, not him. He only handles those small affairs. He isn't up to this sort of thing."

"Maybe they can arrange for it to end properly."

"Maybe."

She sat up and looked at him. This was serious with her. "Do you really think so, darling? Really?"

He kisssed her and said against her ear, "You can never tell how these things work out, Vicky. Sometimes they do."

"Honestly, do you really think it?"

"Yes, I do. Look, Vicky, it's a small world."

"How do you mean, darling?"

"Tasmania . . . what's Tasmania? What's Palestine? What's any place in the world? It's a few hours ride from Washington, D. C."

"But when, Larry? How long will I have to wait?"

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# The Gilded Cage

SHE drove. She always drove now. An endless buzzing of words broken now and then with a nod of assent or a "Yes, dear," or a "No, dear," invaded and clashed with the burrrrrehhh of the Hudson. Lucy and Lunsford Bluebonnet were transporting their world to the world of an office dinner. All the big wheels would be there and J.B. would see that the dailies carried an adequate spread of the momentous event.

The silent sentinels of the highway were passed swiftly and with no regret for the path was well-known to the occupants of the car. It is only when one is unsure of the directions that there is an appeal to those mute information booths. Artificially colored lights, erected by man in an attempt to impress Nature, were, too, taken for granted, but stood as testimony for man's attempt to dispel the ever-present fear of darkness.

Hotel Callen was as impressive as a redwood in a forest of cedars. As Lucy passed through the front lines of the forces of darkness and light, she saw a space between two white lines occupied only by the atmosphere, and she eased the Hudson into it. Taking Lunsford by the arm she led him through the hotel entrance, through the lobby and steered him into the ballroom of that famous hostelry.

J. B., like his prototype, the feudal lord, overpowered everyone at the entrance to his triumphal celebration. Just to his right a group of photographers were making especial preparations for the transference of this success onto black and white. To his left was the result of many consultations and an obvious effort to please, the table, embellished far beyond the needs of simple peasants.

Lucy and J.B. immediately and volubly launched missiles against each other's defenses, Lunsford having been noted by a short good evening. Lucy was in her glory, for here she could buzz and buzz and buzz. In fact, there seemed to be a surplus of talk just now.

There was no straggling at this dinner. J.B. rose and said, "I wish to welcome you to the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of J. B. Wellbottom, Inc. It is my desire and that of the Corporation that you enjoy yourselves tonight."

Lucy ate and talked. Lunsford ate. There was the usual table repartee. Also the usual long, boring, company-licking speeches. An orchestra had diffused into the hall slowly and, as the last of the said speeches was finished, prepared to play into the wee, large hours of morning in order to justify the stupendous bill they had stuck J. B. with.

The vice-president nearest Lucy came over and asked Lunsford's permission to dance with her, if he himself were not taking advantage of the first waltz.

"Oh, Lunsford doesn't mind, he doesn't dance, he can't," and that settled that.

And so went the four thousand-odd seconds of the whole evening.

J.B. signaled for the theme song of Wellbottom, Inc., "Work for Wellbottom," and a riot was nearly precipitated when everyone, in the next few hundred seconds, seemed consumed with a desire to tell J.B. what a swelelegant time they had had.

As Lucy steered him through exits to freedom, at least from one confinement, she commenced. She had a list of faux pas only slightly less in content than the space the dailies would give J.B. in the morning. The harangue rose and fell in pitch, settling here and there like a bird to feed, then flitting on. But Lunsford had learned in a ten-year period not to answer back and that Morpheus would conquer eventually.

And that old gentleman did not disappoint him. Amidst a collection of paraphernalia of the elixir of beauty the words slowed in tempo and collapsed completely in time, degenerating into a raucous noise emitted from the same overworked vicinity. Then Lunsford slept.

Morning was slept through and afternoon brought a commonplace breaking of fast with tomato juice and little of anything else. Lucy expressed a desire, in reality a command, of visiting her folks, and off the Hudson rambled with Lucy at the reins.

Now Appollo held sway and the artificiality of the night before had faded into pale significance beside that god in all his glory. The god bathed every blade of grass with a comforting warmth and enveloped and conquered the Bluebonnets so that they relented, lowered windows, allowing that sly old boy to ride along with them.

Concrete twisted and turned, seeming to follow no predestined plan but rather an aimless wandering. Soon the Hudson grew tired of following such stupidity and deserted the wanderer for one of its innumerable alternatives. This, too, twisted and turned but its path was strewn with the odor of woodland Spring, invaded with the gurgle and joy of racy streams, the pleasing chirruping of feathered ones and silent shadows which silhouted swiftly across the frame of their conveyance.

Lucy sighted and commented on the beauty of the Jones' manor in such a setting on the side of a slope. It had a sort of a heavy stolidity which did not blend in well with the rest of the picture but graceful, blooming magnolias almost obliterated this effect with their pleasing

contrast of white and green. Bouquets of flowers bloomed in rocked, round inclosures and magnified the best points while drawing attention from the worst.

The graveled drive invited the Hudson to the house, swerving it around in a semi-circle. A squeal of rubber on gravel and Lucy turned the keys, withdrawing them. She took Lunsford by the hand as they traversed the stone steps leading to a porch, screened in and with aluminum "Kool-Vent" awnings attached to it.

Mrs. Jones' "how nice to see you again" and Mr. Jones' booming "how are you?" greeted them as they had been saluted a thousand times before. Lucy commenced, becoming especially voluble when the faults of husbands were discussed. All in all it was an old home week of an afternoon.

Mr. Jones' attempts at conversation with Lunsford were met with yesses and noes, maybes and wells, so that he finally gave up and tried to interest himself in the womanly things being discussed.

There was trouble in the Carlton family. Another woman. Sarah was about to give up and entrain for Reno. The Jacksons had twins a week ago yesterday. Both boys. A pity. The Appletons were going their separate ways, an actress for him, an advertiser for her. Buzz, buzz, buzz until the forces of darkness had once again vanquished Appollo, associate of Helios, for a limited triumph.

Lucy decided to go. They went. Back through the woodland Spring, now filled with the sounds of night, the umbarumph of frog, the chirp of cricket, and occasionally the hoo, hoo of an owl. They joined the wandering concrete once again and scuttled back to their city hut.

There was the same routine of bedly preparation that had persisted through their ten years of toleration.

Annette attended to Lunsford's desire for toast and coffee every morning, Lucy not being disposed to rise as early as seven. So, by the time Lucy bestirred, Lunsford had long since scurried with some two hundred thousand other moles, each to his respective mole-hole of importance. Lucy generally spent the day as any other idle wife would, seeking amusement. Sometimes she joined other bored idlers in bridge and ferocious shredding of character and reputations; other times she piddled miserably about the house, interrupting the servants' work.

This particular day she happened to gravitate to the junk room, there being no horde of vultures she could congregate with for sadistic pleasure. She had long since rifled Lunsford's study and brought to light and ridicule some love letters which he had unhappily forgot to destroy after he and she had said I DO. His life had been more miserable than usual for a week or so after until she grew tired of her game.

There was junk of every size, shape, and description in the room. Old phonograph records piled into boxes, some college texts Lunsford had used, souvenirs from diverse places, and over in a corner personal letters of hers and his. Poring over these she occupied a full half hour and scratched deeper into the pile. In the very bottom were some poems Lunsford had written at various times, some quite recently. This, then, was obviously a part of him she had never penetrated, for he had never mentioned his poetry.

She read one:

Dawn flitted by on silent, hesitant wings,
As if afraid that she might disturb us two
And break the spell that brings
A harmony of souls to me and you.

She devoured another:

(Turn to Page 22)

# Books

OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS (Truman Capote; Random House, 1948; 142 pages) first appeared in January 1948, and now it is available in a 25c Signet Book edition. This latest edition is a recommended purchase, if only to enjoy the air of satisfying eerieness which pervades the novel. The author hails from the same corner of the Southland as William Faulkner, and anyone who has delved into Mr. Faulkner's morbid tales of Southern decadence and depravity will undoubtedly recognize "influences" in Capote's fiction. However, this novel is far from a run-of-the-mill spook story or an imitation of Faulkner.

Like so many of his predecessors, this young writer has chosen to emphasize the pathological elements of society. Over the entire series of events hangs the shadow of perversions and abnormal sex. Nevertheless, the hero of Other Voices is a normal (at least temporarily so) thirteen-year-old boy, and in the depiction if this character Capote is most skillful. Many of the better fiction writers are successful only in creating plausible adult characterizations, but Capote has centered his story around a young boy just entering into the period of adolescence and has captured the feelings of childhood, its wonderment as life begins to unfold, its energy and love of living, its lack of adult prejudices.

A secondary character of Other Voices is Cousin Randolph who, although actually a rather spineless and disgusting aesthete, arouses at times the sympathy of the reader, since the author evidently sympathizes with him too.

Zoo, the hot-blooded daughter of an ancient Negro named Jesus Fever, is one of the most interesting

(Turn to Page 20)

# Seth Hester . . .

## THE MONARCH

*Blest is the man who strives for thoughts sublime*
*And asks of God each day His will to do;*
*For he it is who gets the purest gold*
*By giving up its dross to foolish clans.*
*No bonds need bind the offspring of his mind,*
*For motives do with him combine for good;*
*Nor can the pits of man presume to hold*
*This hero free, this monarch of his will,*
*Who holds the jeweled sceptre to a throne*
*And strides in peace throughout a vast domain.*

## THE EXILE

*Up from Yahweh's hallowed city*
*Trailed the weary Hebrews eastward*
*Through the torrid, blasting wastelands*
*From the shores of gleaming Jordan.*
*Heads were hung, but not from bondage,*
*Nor from fear of life or death;*
*But their griefs were all united:*
*Zion, Yahweh's Mount, a shambles.*
*Still advanced the mournful captives,*
*Till the odious heathen homeland*
*Where the false gods ever flourished,*
*Made their heads droop even lower,*
*And by Babylonian waters*
*All the chosen seed of Israel*
*Hung their harps upon the willows;*
*Cried to God their woeful prayer:*

*"Hear our prayer, O God of Jacob;*
*Hear our hearts in anguish blending;*
*Hear our young ones ever chanting*
*Hymns they learned while yet in Canaan.*
*Should, O Lord, our thoughts forsake Thee;*
*Should our children from Thee sever,*
*Let there be no tongues in Israel,*
*Let our right hands know no cunning*
*In this solemn land of darkness*
*Where the false gods have dominion."*

## *Books*

(From Page 18)

characters of the novel. Her significant role in the action will perhaps not be observed by the casual reader. Through this Negress Capote has subtlely depicted the enslavement of a soul, not only by racial intolerance, but by physical yearnings and deeply embedded dissatisfaction as well.

Probably the most superfluous person in the assortment of weird individuals is Miss Wisteria, a midget who is deprived of a normal existence by her inferior size. It is both pathetic and revolting when she seeks the embrace of a pre-adolescent boy in a darkened room.

Capote was a writer of spine-tingling stories before he set to work on Other Voices, Other Rooms, and we see the influences of this earlier writing in his novel. Incidents such as the chasing of a blue jay through a room with a poker by the half-demented Aunt May, and the paralyzed Mr. Sansom dropping red tennis balls, which seem at first to roll mysteriously from the second floor, are very effective but seem calculated chiefly for chills.

Capote's central theme seems to be loneliness and its effects upon different individuals, and the author has been successful in carrying through this theme, at least as it concerns his characters. His loneliness is a type we associate with the South, perhaps mainly because of a hot climate and Doric columns, but Capote shows that he is well acquainted with the effects of these items on people.

Despite the obvious short-comings of Other Voices, Other Rooms, and the author's immaturity and prepossession with abnormal sex, it is nevertheless a fascinating story and Capote is a man to watch. Like Faulkner, his skill in creating moods is amazing, although he does resort to theatricalism at times. He paints the deep South and its effects upon the inhabitants with a deft and determined hand.

—MARION HOLT

## *Editorial*

(From Page 1)

It is still an open question as to what methods the Communists employed in corrupting the mental and physical properties of Cardinal Mindszenty and of the Protestant ministers from whom Bulgaria elicited confessions for supposed crimes against the state.

If the Communists used drugs manufactured in a laboratory, destroying with them the souls of these men, then they have entered into a realm which makes them guilty of transgressing—not against the world—but against God Himself.

## FADED STAR

*One well-bereaved to all who came to see,*
*And glim'ring hopeless sad like distant star*
*Her smile seemed thin and gathered from afar.*
*So sad his loss to those who chanced to be*
*Just known by them with casuality;*
*Nor would their friends her angel brav'ry mar*
*That came not spoke—but hint of hidden scar.*
*Yet seemed her mourning different to me:*

*A touch of joy for ease from unvoiced care*
*Which grew from proper life confined, not dull—*
*Unhappy? no!—but still, oh still, a strain*
*To be with one sans zest and open air;*
*Though kindly, steadfast, God, he liked to mull*
*On "face," on creed—the whole well-known refrain.*

—L. Poindexter Watts

## *Revolution*

(From Page 7)

result would be a government dominated by the Chinese Communists. Such a government may try to reform China. Yet it would have to be more powerful, more nationally popular. It would need economic backing and advice on governing such a huge nation. Without these, which could come from either Russia or America, it would probably not last long as a national government. What will then happen? Again nobody can say.

As we see it now, the revolution, which was originally entrusted to the Kuomintang to carry out, now seems to be going into the hands of the Communists. Whether they can complete it remains to be seen. But that revolution will be accomplished. The Chinese people have been patient, but their revolution will not wait forever.

—EDWARD BERCKMAN

Lester:

Come home. All is forgiven.

—L.H.P.III

## *East Wind*

(From Page 16)

Suddenly, it hit him. It was like finding out you could fly by spreading your arms and lunging out with your body; it was sitting down at a piano for the first time in your life and wanting to more than anything, more than life, playing music you had ever listened to and liked.

It was the beginning of the complete and final solution. Everything was different now; nothing could be the same. Sure, getting back, these things would go dim and only parts of them remembered and, even they, sometimes doubtfully. Everything was drawn up tight now, detailed and realities facing you on all sides, always there to be seen and felt. But if it was a matter of all the rotten things doing that to you, why not hang on to something good and feel that they were not cheating you entirely?

"Vicky," he said, "will you marry me?"

She pulled away from him, blinking her eyes, then opening them wide and keeping them that way while the color went out of her face and throat.

"Wh-wh-what?"

"Please, Vicky, will you marry me?"

"Don't joke with me, Larry."

"Say yes, Vicky. Say it, say it!"

She looked at him, crying freely and not being able to speak, the color creeping back into her face, and she was suddenly nodding her head, laughing and crying.

The Colonel would understand, he knew. The Colonel knew how it had been and the war was over now. They could have the chaplain out at camp marry them and although she would be gone tomorrow, he would come back.

Stein, he was thinking. Stein will be best man. He didn't know what the Jewish did about these things but if there weren't any rules about it, Stein would certainly be best man. There would be greatness in it all and significance and a really wonderful ending to the whole change that had taken place within him and within Vicky and her father and Stein.

Looking at Vicky, he was thinking: farewell, India, farewell, Burma, farewell, clouds and sky and burnt-out mountains and lost comrades and twisted metal and orange flames and unclaimed clothing and returned letters and young widows and fatherless children . . . farewell.

—BILL HARVEY

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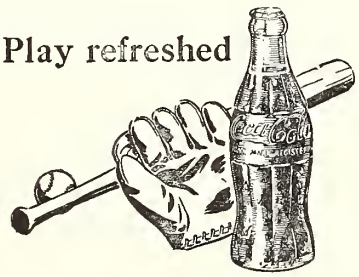

*Drink . . .*

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*in Bottles*

## *British Sport*

(From Page 13)

tory of cricket, and the inspired leadership of the new captain, F. G. Mann of Middlesex. The finding of an accomplished captain and the fact that an English cricket team can once again impose its will upon the opposition are encouraging indications for the future.

In a final examination of British sports it may be seen that all is not lost and it is conceivable that upon the establishing of expert coaching and leadership, British athletes will return to the position they formerly occupied in the world of sport.

—DOUGLAS HOOKER

## *Gilded Cage*

(From Page 18)

Just the other day I took a different path
That led me down an unknown street,
And straight into the arms of love,
Because of one I chanced to meet.

On and on she read. Time tiptoed by her, fearing her wrath if he should disturb her mood. A combination of breakfast-lunch satisfied whatever murmurings of hunger that would have come during this time, and, as a result, Lunsford had already started home when the engrossment wore off.

She was ready for him, met him at the door and was all candy and spice. At a sign of temerity from him she poured on more balm, playing the part like the actress she was.

Dinner over and the servants in the kitchen she commenced. Did he write Poetry? When did he have time to do such? Why didn't he tell her of it before? Where did he keep his poems, in the junk room? Had any of them been published? Or had he attempted such? She scarcely paused and it mattered not that he answered not half her questions.

Her excitement was so great that she forwent the nightly ritual of beautification in order to devote more time to the harangue of cross-examination. His answers were still inundated by the flood of queries. She got the idea that he had a woman somewhere and squeezed it dry of all she could extricate.

Finally nature intervened in his behalf. When it had run its course she returned to find him buckling the straps of the bag she had given him for the Christmas of 1946.

Where are you going? Leaving? Lunnie, you can't do that. I need you. Please don't go. Have I done something? If I have, just tell me.

He had not said a word since saying he was leaving but continued to dress as one preparing to depart. Lucy buzzed on: You can't leave me. Look how long we've been married. You can't go now. Ha! You won't go.

He, not saying a word, picked up the bag, very deliberately and unrelentingly opened the door, walked into the hall and down the stairs.

Her mutterings were becoming incoherent now, being transposed into sobs and convulsions of a spoiled child. She did not move toward the door, but after hearing the woo-oouden, ooooo, woo-oouden, walked uncertainly and shakily toward the bed and fell upon it. The Hudson cut a path with its headlights through the forces of darkness.

—WILLIAM NEAL, JR.

## *Aunt Henny's Children*

(From Page 5)

"I wouldn't feel too bad," I said, "sometimes they need it."

Aunt Henny took the two antagonists by their ears, and led them down the mountain to the tables.

Dinner was almost ready to be served, so I went to wash my hands. When I came back, everyone was waiting on me. Father said grace, and we began to eat.

I kept my eye on those kids, because I knew that something was bound to happen; sure enough, it did. The first disruption was the result of Little Joe's throwing a blob of butter at one of the twins. And he in turn threw a piece of banana cream pie at the aggressor, hitting him right over the left eye.

Gracie gave a fiendish laugh, and cut loose a Spanish olive at Little Joe (revenge). Her aim was poor, however, and she hit my Great Aunt Sophie over her pince-nez. Aunt Sophie was a society leader in her town, and therefore had a lot of dignity, which, miraculously, deserted her just when she needed it most.

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Sophie, profoundly. "Such ill-bred children." Aunt Sophie was obviously new at these shindigs, or she would have known what to expect. She did look rather funny though with her dignity arrayed on her pince-nez..

Big Joe was laughing himself sick. (Big Joe and Aunt Sophie did not get along particularly well together.) Aunt Sophie frowned on him, regaining some of her lost composure. He ignored her, making the situation more pleasant.

Everyone began eating again, except Little Joe, who got up and left. No one paid any attention to him, which was a mistake. He soon returned with something firmly grasped between his two impish hands. We quickly found out what it was. He walked over to Aunt Henny and said, "Look, Mamma, I'm going to ——" The frog, growing tired of having the life squeezed out of him, gave a joyous leap of freedom. He landed in Aunt Henny's low-hanging neckline. Needless to say, she gave a cry of terror—or something similar. Bounding from her chair, she performed right then and there a series of contortions that no trained acrobat could match. With the aid of two uncles and a strong rope, she was finally subdued enough for them to remove the presumptuous beast. To this day, Aunt Henny blows to smithereens every frog she sees.

Little Joe laughed at his mother's discomfort; Big Joe laughed also. This was a faux pas. Aunt Henny resented it: she blistered both Joes both physically and verbally.

Despite all obstacles, everyone was finishing eating and was gradually gathering around the old "oaken" tree where Uncle Zack was preparing to sing. Uncle John had gotten out his accordion and was tuning it to fit Uncle Zack's voice. This was proving to be quite a job. They finally seemed to get a note common to both. "It sounds as if it were common," I heard Aunt Sophie remark. She is a music connoisseur.

I had noticed the kids off to one side, whispering and giggling to themselves; the ideal situation was rapidly drawing near. Uncle Zack was reaching for a high one—his mouth wide open—and what should fly through the air with the greatest of ease but an old second-hand deviled egg. It landed, rather fittingly, exactly in the yawning oval of the Gilderworst Caruso. Uncle Zack was so surprised that when he did speak he said a few words that were not in the song. He is ordinarily a mild-mannered man, but this time his love for children deserted him.

He grabbed Little Joe before he could get his arm back into normal position and feign innocence, and proceeded with a lesson in good manners at picnics.

"Oh, Zack, I'm so ashamed," Aunt Henny stammered. "I don't know what has gotten into these kids."

"Did you enjoy your egg?" Big Joe asked Uncle Zack innocently.

"Would you?" bitterly retorted Uncle Zack.

"Why, yes, I rather enjoyed it," he said, grinning.

Uncle Zack walked off, dumfounded by Big Joe's lack of compunction at his children's behavior. That ended the singing for the day.

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Aunt Henny angrily gathered her brood about her and sat them down by the dinner table, with this admonition: "You kids sit right there until we get ready to go . . . if one of you moves ——"

"Okay, Mamma," they chorused.

Even in plain sight I did not trust those kids, so I picked up everything of value I could see and put it in the cars. Also, I took the precaution of locking the doors. Then I went back to the family. Dad and Uncle Zack were discussing the finer aspects of raising hybrids. The women were discussing local sewing circle news. Being a city boy, knowing nothing of either, I just sat and listened.

For an hour, serenity prevailed. The kids were asleep. I was hoping that they would sleep all afternoon. My hope was unfounded, because the quiet stillness of the afternoon air was rudely shattered by a shriek of pain.

Little Joe and the twins had Gracie tied to a tree with brush piled around her feet. How this happened I'll never know. Those kids were uncanny. Little Joe, "Big Chief Crazy Horse," was preparing to burn the "White Man's Woman" at the stake. This action was accentuated by various screams and yells. Gracie did not look too happy about the whole thing.

"Big Chief Crazy Horse's" little melodrama was violently interrupted by the coming of the "U. S. Cavalry" —all two hundred forty pounds of her—in the person of Aunt Henny. She knocked "Big Chief Crazy Horse" temporarily into the "Happy Hunting Ground" with a swipe of her trusty right arm, and freed the "White Man's Woman," who gave vent to her feelings by one loud, long, and continuous yell.

"Such little monsters," muttered Aunt Sophie, who was obviously horrified at the playful antics of the children.

Little Joe was soundly thrashed for his part in the death ceremony. It was getting late; I suggested that we leave. Aunt Henny beamed in my direction and agreed. The family began to pack up the remnants of a hectic day, at least those worth saving. We finally got everything together, including the kids. As we drove down the mountain I glanced out the window and saw the bright orange flames of fire. It never pays to take children on picnics, especially Aunt Henny's children.

—CHARLES W. GILDERWORST

## *Shadrack*

(From Page 4)

"What about Leviticus?"

"Ain't his real name," he said.

"You know him, then?"

"Yeah, belongs to a big shot in town."

"That's swell," I said. "What's his real name?"

"Don't know. He's adopted. His step-parents are named Shields."

"Well," I said, "that's that."

"Stick around a minute," the policeman said.

"What for?"

"The kid's parents wanna see you."

"Okay," I said.

V

THEY were very nice people. The old man was dressed in a cool, rich-looking suit and you could tell by the trim of his gray mustache that he was worth a lot. His wife was a slight woman, pink-faced, and when she saw Leviticus, she cried.

The old man drew me aside and asked, "Where did you find him?"

"Down on the beach," I said.

"What was he doing?"

"Just sitting there."

"Yes, but what was he saying?"

"He wasn't saying anything," I said. "He was looking for Shadrack."

The old man relaxed. He took

off his hat, looking at me, and wiped his face with a clean handkerchief. "I was afraid of that."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"About three years ago, we bought him a little spaniel pup. One day it wandered off. When we found it, it had drowned."

"Oh, yeah," I said. "And since then, Leviticus has been waiting for Shadrack to come out of the ocean."

"His name's not Leviticus," the old man said. "It's Bill."

"Somehow," I said, "I'll always prefer Leviticus. Did you name the dog Shadrack?"

"Yes," he said. "After the dog died, Bill asked us where we found the name Shadrack and we told him it was out of the Bible. He's been reading the Bible constantly since then."

"That accounts for all the Biblical names," I said.

"Yes," the old man said. "I don't know what to do. It's driving us crazy."

"It's simple," I said. "Go out and get the boy a full grown, red spaniel and name it Shadrack."

The old man looked at me. He stood there, looking at me with his mouth open. I looked away from him toward Leviticus, across the room. He waved to me.

I turned back to the old man. "Well, I guess I'll go," I said, "I want to say goodby to Leviticus."

The old man nodded slowly. He did not say anything.

—T. E. BREWSTER

## *Attar Mesopotamique*

(From Page 3)

your killer for you."

As Captain McDuffy pulled up in front of Fontan's brownstone mansion, which fortunately was situated far enough Uptown to escape the encroachment of the slum area, he noticed another visitor being ushered into the house. As Timon let the Captain into the study, he saw Arthur holding a small bottle in his hand.

Upon seeing the Captain, Arthur poured the contents of the bottle into a small sherry glass and looked at the other young man:

"Would you be interested in drinking this — as did Miss Rena Angela?"

The other turned ashen, unable to speak.

"Oh, I neglected to introduce you, Captain," said Arthur. "How impolite of me. Harrison Jefferies: Captain McDuffy of Homicide."

The Captain thought for a moment that Harrison Jefferies would faint. Helping Harrison to a chair, the Captain asked in amazement, "How did you find out he did it?"

"It was absurdly simple, really. Harrison was very clever; but he merely did not know that any of his friends would ever discover that Rena was killed by Attar Mesopotamique. He was justified in thinking that the criminal laboratory would never be able to discover the origin of the poison.

"Harrison is passionately devoted to Assyriology, and his favorite painter is Gauguin. Knowing this, I found that all the pieces of the pattern fitted together beautifully.

"The cuneiform symbol of 'Death' was the first clue, although at first I had no reason to suspect Harrison.

"When I reached the apartment and discovered the Gauguin, I became very suspicious of him. But I was puzzled. I knew quite well that Harrison had better taste then to have the type of woman Rena was as his mistress. But Harrison had spoken at times in an amused manner of his father's taste in paramours, and had once mentioned that his father always used the name Hendrickson with them. That was why I asked the maid about the man named Hendrickson.

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"When I smelled the Attar Mesopotamique in her bedroom I knew Harrison—not his father—was the killer; Harrison has just the exotic type of mind to have branded her. And, as he has traveled with several archeological expeditions to the site of Nineveh, he had the opportunity to get such a branding iron. I think they were used to mark the Assyrian murderers before they were burned alive.

"As for the Attar Mesopotamique, it is distilled from a flower found only in that part of the world. The use of this perfume was exclusive with the Assyrian royalty, and it was this vanity which led Harrison to bring a great quantity of the essence back with him from each of his trips to that area. He is perhaps the only person in the United States to use the perfume.

"That a small quantity of the essence was deadly, Harrison himself once told me. He has offered to let me have some to use several times, but I was always skeptical of a poison. He assured me that diluted in alcohol it was perfectly harmless, but I prefer not to use perfume anyway. Rather effete.

"I saw Harrison this afternoon and asked him to come to dine with me tonight and bring some Attar Mesopotamique with him. I said I had decided to try some; he was inordinately flattered. And thus, my dear Captain, you have this sample of the poison to take to the Police Laboratory; their analysis will establish conclusively that Harrison was the murderer of Rena Angela."

"But," said the Captain, "what is his motive? You said he didn't mind his father's other mistresses."

"As for this I am in the realm of conjecture. But I am rather certain of the main points of my theory. When Harrison regains his composure, he will be able to supply the details I lack.

"It is my surmise that Mr. Jefferies, having heard Harrison's endless prattle about Gauguin, decided that one of his paintings would make a pleasing gift for his new paramour. The director of the Marcel Galleries, thinking Mr. Jefferies had bought the painting as a gift for his son, asked Harrison how he liked his new painting. (I learned this at the Galleries this afternoon.) Upon learning from his father to whom he had given the painting, Harrison must have rushed directly over to Miss Angela's penthouse to see what sort of person she was. Harrison had quite decided views on the sin of 'casting pearls before swine.'

"And I must say Harrison is quite clever, so he probably gained entrance to her penthouse by telephoning her from the desk, saying he had important news about his father.

"As soon as he saw the interior of the apartment, Harrison must have vowed to kill her. And I must say I rather sympathize with his motive. Having met Rena, he assuredly told her that the 'news from his father' message was just a pretext, that he was madly in love with her.

"He must have then arranged a rendezvous with her for night before last, knowing his father would be out of town at that time. He also told her, I am quite sure, that he was deathly afraid of the consequences if his father were to discover their 'great passion,' and professed fear of being seen by the elevator boy. On his father's account —of course.

"How ironic it is that she herself arranged for him to climb the twenty-nine flights of back stairs, never dreaming of his real purpose in wishing to visit her unobserved."

Fontan, preoccupied, strolled across the study and fingered one of his rare Chinese cloisonne vases. Turning, he spoke: "And I must say that a willingness to climb twenty-nine flights of stairs demonstrates a great devotion to Art."

—L. POINDEXTER WATTS

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**the journal**

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# This Month

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# Editorial

When the Class of 1949 files out of Chapel after graduating exercises, the heaviest thing most of them will carry with them will be the college rings on their fingers and the ink on their degrees.

That last walk across the campus will forever free them of the bonds of scholarship.

It may be that some of the more perceptive graduates will realize in a few weeks that one element of their academic training has become permanently and deeply imbedded in their personalities; more likely, it will take a process of years.

Behind them, standing in the shadows of the columns and towers of the school's buildings are the men who for several years have molded them, their professors.

Although we should know better, too many of us define a man's greatness by the material things he possesses, the property he owns, the lavishness of his dress. Too often we mistake boldness and fame for greatness.

If your definition of a great man is dependent on the size of the print in which his name appears in newspapers, then you would have passed Socrates on the streets of Athens without a backward glance.

A statesman who by contemporary standards is "great" is the forgotten man of tomorrow. He may excite some cell of your brain by standing above the crowd of which you are a part and, with outstretched arms, shout, "Gimme the ax!" But next week he is forgotten in the realization that, while he was yelling for his ax, another less showy statesman made a profound decision through some personal sacrifice.

No teacher will tell you that he has made a personal sacrifice in order to teach you—how can he when his students file into his classroom with

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*This issue of* THE JOURNAL *is gratefully dedicated to Wm. L. Altman and Company, without whose understanding and assistance this year's publication would have been badly handicapped.*

*Mr. Altman, in his relations with members of the staff, has evidenced an attitude of a father toward his sons rather than of a business man toward a business enterprise. The level of excellence which* THE JOURNAL *of this and past years has striven to achieve has been brought closer to realization through Mr. Altman's efforts; his good humor, his sagacity, and his tolerance in the face of ignored dead-lines will always be remembered as an integral part of the* 1948-49 JOURNAL'S *publication.*

# Sun & Shade

The English people and the Spanish people have two different ways of looking at death. The Englishman overcomes his fear of death by shunning it, by not mentioning the word, by acting as if death did not exist. The Spaniard, on the other hand, wants to show that he is superior to death.

This defiance of death on the part of Spaniards manifests itself in the Spanish national sport of bullfighting. A bullfight is a drama, a tragedy. The difference between what happens in the arena and what takes place on the stage is that the arena show is real, and on the stage the show is faked. The two protagonists in a bullfight are Man and Death—hero and villain. The bull is the medium used in making tangible and intangible come together.

Bullfighting was originally a Moorish sport through which the Moors demonstrated their valor. Later this barbaric form of the sport was changed into one in which art was united with valor.

Bulls are selected for the fight in the ranches or "dehesos" where they have been bred and raised. Those that are noble and charge go to the "plaza de toros." The ones that do not charge, and these are few, make excellent beef. Bulls have been bred for ages until the fierce strains of today have been developed. But all the fierceness of a bull is not due to breeding. The fact that fighting bulls never see a cow is also a contributing factor.

Once the bull is selected, it is taken to the "corrales" or pens where each bullfighter selects his two on the day of the bullfight. The turn to choose falls to a "torero" according to his seniority or experience in the ring. Once the bulls have been chosen they are taken to the "plaza."

In Spain a bullfighter is called a "torero," never a "toreador." "Torero" does not mean a head bullfighter. Anyone who faces a bull in the arena is a "torero." The main bullfighter who does the skilled cape-work and finally does the killing is the "matador." He has organized his "cuadrilla" or troupe, and he pays them out of what he gets. This "cuadrilla" is composed of "banderilleros" who sink the dart into the bull's neck, "picadores" who ride on horse and stab the bull with a short pointed lance and "peones" whose business it is to keep the bull busy between scenes.

To the real amateur the "corrida" is a kind of ritual feast, and it is taken seriously. Enthusiasm sometimes reaches such a pitch that veritable battles take place among the spectators when the opinion is divided as to how well or how badly the feat has been executed.

The "plaza de toros" or bullfighting stadium is a circular structure like an amphitheater. At three

o'clock one-third of the seats are in the shade. This section is the most expensive. But as the afternoon wears on, the shade gradually extends over another third or so of the stadium. The seats in this section are priced lower than the ones in complete shade. Sold at bottom prices are the seats where the shade falls only late in the afternoon.

The three or four "matadores" and all the other "toreros" that make up each "cuadrilla" come marching out in formation. They cross the "plaza" and stop in front of the presiding official's box, where they tip their hats and break ranks. The official throws a key to a man on horse, who carries the key across the arena to a fellow who opens the "toril" and lets the bull out.

From the moment the bull enters the "plaza," the animal is continually molested; it exhibits almost relentless energy throughout the fight. The bull is the embodiment of fierceness and brute strength and has so much power that it can send a horse and rider flying over its back with one heave of the head.

The first feat or "suerte" is that of the "pica." The objective is to weaken the bull's neck, or, more accurately, to tire its neck muscles. The bull is prepared for the "picador" (the man with the "pica" or lance) by the "matador" and his helpers, the "peones," who give the bull passes with the cape. They try to force the beast to carry his head lower and let the "picador" reach behind his horns with the lance. The "picador" is mounted.

"Banderillas" are a pair of darts a foot and a half long which are sunk into the all-powerful neck muscles of the bull. Sinking them without the aid of a cape to distract the bull is a perilous proposition. By leaning to one side and suddenly jerking back, a "banderillero" can make a bull miss him, and can sink his darts as the beast goes by. Other styles exist for putting the darts on, such as making the bull stand still and then walking up to it. Extremely hard to place are "banderillas de la cuarto," which are one-fourth as long as the regular foot-and-a-half darts. The "banderilleros" are the ones who take charge after the "picador" is through.

"El momento de la verdad" is the term used to denote the last feat, which is the climax. The term means "the moment of truth." Though what went on before involved great personal danger for each "torero," the final test comes now. The bull is tired, somewhat confused, and not as eager as before. It must stand in the right position or it has not been prepared properly for the kill. Its head should not be too high or too low, but slightly inclined. Its legs should be spread apart so much and no more. The "matador" comes out at this time and gives the bull some passes, mainly to thrill the spectators. He is without a cape but carries a "muleta." The "muleta" is a red cloth attached to a stick.

Passes with the cape are divided into two classes: "largas" or long passes and "veronicas." The "larga" is used to change the position of the bull and place him in readiness for a "banderillero" or "picador;" also to remove the bull from a "guerencia," the place in the arena where some bulls will just stand and not budge. Cape passes are modified by different bullfighters and are used in demonstrations of skill, having no other purpose then.

With the "muleta" it is possible to execute four kinds of passes. These are "de izquierda" with the left hand, "de derecha" with the right and "pases por alto y por bajo," or high and low passes. The first two kinds are for handling the bull and the last two for raising or lowering the bull's head, depending on whether the animal carries his head high or low. The "pase de la muerte" or death's pass is executed with the "muleta" in administering the death stroke.

They all have a purpose, and the skill with which they are executed is conditioned by the posture of the "torero" and the distance between his body and the horns of the bull.

When he is through demonstrating his skill with the "muleta," the "matador," also called the "espada" is handed his sword. This instrument is a long weapon, straight, but with a curved tip. It is inserted over the head, into the neck of the bull. A place close to the shoulder permits the sword to enter into the cardinal region. If the sword goes in where it should, the bull dies instantly.

The "muleta" is held in the left hand and the sword in the right. The "matador" gets ready to face death, and to flout it with his art and valor. Walking up to the bull to deliver the death stroke is the most popular and widely used style of killing. The bull does not always remain motionless. A different style consists of standing still and stamping once on the ground. The startled animal charges the bullfighter, who leads the bull past him with his left hand and sinks the sword in with his right.

All this, you must realize, takes place in fifteen minutes and is repeated about eight times, each bullfighter killing two bulls.

The meat of the dead bull is sold. It is somewhat tougher than regular meat, but lean and tasty.

I have said nothing about bullfighters being gored, or about their not getting paid when it rains. They say the latter is much more serious.

—PEDRO SANJUAN

# The Paper Dolls

MISS Edwards had left her in charge again. It was so much fun to be in charge. The only ones she was scared of was that Johnson boy and Hugo Carlisle. And she was only ten. Such fun it was being teacher. Sitting there with all the pupils in front of her. Giving homework.

She was so wrapped up in this childish romancing that she hardly took note of the small talk of those who walked along with her. The three miles from schoolhouse to home seemed as short as a walk from the well to the cow barn. Only the Miller children remained in the crowd now; the others had dribbled away to their respective suppers and chores.

Maria, Susie, Martha, Jane, Esther, Harry, William, James and Harold already was racing up the steps. She, Bet, thought they was in an awful hurry. Jonah, Joseph, Robert and Herbert was prob'ly in the river field plowing. They'd see she wasn't no child anymore. She'd not bust into the house like that.

Susie and Maria 'ud always plop into chairs to leave Martha, Jane, her and Esther to help put supper on the table. Sure enough, there they sit, propping elbows, and jabbering away. They made her sick. It's a wonder her paper dolls wasn't all over the floor. Then she remembered that she'd hid them.

She could hear Maria saying, "Didya see that Mary Rainey today? Awinking at that horrid Harry Jones. She's a hussy if I ever seen one."

Susie's answer was not clear because just then Martha rattled some dishes. Bet was fixing to take up bread. Pa and the boys came in from the river field pretty soon and washed up and all sat down to eat. Pa asked the blessing, then everyone but Bet set to chattering and eating. She couldn't eat much, just pecked at the plate.

Clearing away took a long while. Harry took the slop down to the pigs. Bet, Martha and Esther washed up the dishes. Every now and then something they said 'ud make her listen but she was teaching a crowd of young'uns at Piney school. There was one boy, a big boy just like Hugo Carlisle and he cut up something awful. Didn't get his homework. Put ink on the girls' pigtails, tied them in knots, and all sorts of things. She had to whip him. Two girls got to giggling and laughing while the second reading class was reading, so she kept them in after school.

"Bet, hurry up and dry that plate. It's the last one. And I want to go up and look through the catalogue awhile."

Bet let Martha have that horrid look that teacher does when a boy or girl done something wrong.

"What in the world is the matter with you, Elizabeth Ann Robertson? You'd think I'd smacked your face."

She dried the plate slowly. Martha was good to her; she didn't just understand. No one did. Thank goodness tomorrow was Saturday. She could get her dolls out and have school out of doors under the mulberry trees.

Bet climbed the stairs and went to hers and Martha's and Esther's room. They was on the bed, the catalogue between them. Bet thought how she and Martha and Esther used to play paper dolls and have such a good time. Only a few days ago she'd stopped letting them play with them because they didn't treat them right. They left the dolls anywhere, sometimes out in the yard. Now she had hid them where no one could ever find them. Martha and her was still friends but that didn't let her tear the dolls up. If they wanted to play with paper dolls they could just cut them out of catalogues and books the way she did.

They were still looking at the catalogue on the floor when Bet went to bed. She could hardly wait for tomorrow to come. Then she could get her dolls and make them do homework, let them laugh and run and play tag, and write on the blackboard.

Pa waking the boys woke her and she dressed in a hurry. The whole family were down for breakfast for Pa and the boys was pulling fodder and Ma and the girls was canning. She could slip away and be all by herself with her paper dolls down under the mulberry tree. Might go through the pasture to the spring next to the river field where they was a quiet place with lots of pine trees. Ma wouldn't want her for anything so she could set out right after breakfast as soon as it got light.

She always liked to see the mules hitched to the wagon and listen to the rattling noise it made as they pulled it past the barn, down by the wild cherry tree and walnut trees to the river field. Pa and the boys waved to her as they went 'round the bend at the cherry tree and she went to the corn crib to get the dolls. They was on a brick pillar near the door and all wrapped up in paper. Yes, the dolls was all there. Fifteen.

The manure was hard under her bare feet. The sun was warm yet and for a week no rain had came. Pa said if he got one more week of good weather he could get all the fodder in. She hoped so.

She passed the cows. They was on the hillside near the barn. When they got to the spring she would hafta come home for that meant dinnertime.

Birds were singing at the quiet place at the spring. She lay the dolls on the grass and called the roll.

She answered the roll. They wrote the alf'bet on the blackboard, had a spelling bee and at recess the cows came.

She walked back past the cow lot and went to the house. She hid the dolls. Dinner was had quick. Dishes was done quick. She went back to the corn crib and carried the dolls to the mulberry tree. Martha was coming and calling to her and the dolls was studying. She didn't say a word.

"Why didn't you answer when I called you, Bet?"

"Shhhhh. They're studying."

"Studying? Who?"

"My class."

"Those dolls? They're going to school? Bet, that's funny. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"It's not funny, Martha Jean Robertson! Just for that you'll never play with my paper dolls ever again."

"I don't care. You can have your old paper dolls all to yourself. Pooh!"

"You will care, you will, you will. You know how much fun we had playing paper doll. You will care, you will, you will!"

"I'll get 'em and tear 'em up if you don't watch out!"

"You'll not get my dolls. Never, never, never, ever." She grabbed up the dolls and hugged them to her.

With a further warning of "Watch out" Martha went back to the house.

After a long day school was over and she reluctantly carried the dolls back to their hiding place. From the kitchen door Martha watched where she put the dolls. She came to the house in time to help set the table for the hungry harvesters and, after the meal, she dried dishes.

Sunday was church day so all retired early and rose early to prepare for the ten-mile ride to the services. Bet was impatient during the two hour sermon for she was eager to be "in charge" again. Then, the services over, the family rode home and the women warmed up the meal that had been cooked the night before.

The last dish was dried and put away. Bet raced out to the corn crib and picked up the paper in which lay the dolls. She carried them behind the barn and, sitting in the shade of its broad, tin roof, slowly unwrapped the paper.

Each doll had been cut in half across the waist, then lengthwise from head to toe. Each quarter section had also been cut into three parts.

Bet stared in dumb disbelief, then amazed anger. She broke into a series of soft sobs.

"My dolls, my dolls, my dolls," she moaned. "My beautiful paper dolls."

Martha was standing at the corner of the barn watching Bet cry. Bet slumped over on the ground. Pieces of the dolls were scattered around her outstretched hands.

Bet was crying incoherently, and over and over, something about dolls.

—WM. NEAL

---

## AN APOLOGY FOR THOSE WHO LIVE THEIR LIVES AS THEY WISH

*Is life so hard or time so long that men,*
*Can never do and think as though they were*
*A part of one world? One time? Or one trend?*
*And you, convention, what of the rule?*
*Have you made and prepared the breaks?*
*To give to those few whom you could not fool?*
*Or did you laugh with scornful eye, at those*
*who passed you by?*
*Who gets the treasured top and how?*
*Who lies beneath, sneering, and why?*
*Have you thought that men will fight to get.*
*The good, the bad that pleases them?*
*And yet somehow there is no need for you to*
*see,*
*What rule has done for us who live as one.*
*Who can do as he would like?*
*Or live as he would live?*
*Without the fear that all is nothing*
*Unless he has a martyred place to give?*
*Can he ignore those who watched him pass?*
*And shouted that he was there where they*
*would be?*
*Except that he had thrown them from his*
*timely path.*
*And gone when they were whimpering in the*
*dusk.*
*To hold them back, knowingly, is calculated*
*evil,*
*To see them at the top, and scream of "thief"*
*is akin to sin.*

—Charles Weaver

# The Lady Killer

I STARTED up the steps by leaps and bounds, and before reaching the top I was completely fagged out. Seventy-five steps and a load of silverware is something I don't like—work. I stopped a second to get my breath before proceeding into the lobby.

As I opened the door, plush carpets and pastel drapes met my eyes. My shoes left prints of dust on the highly polished floors. I read a notice in big black letters as I walked across the lobby:

> "Guests are requested to deposit all valuables and money in the house vault. This is for your protection and convenience."

When I reached the clerk's desk, he looked up from his reservation chart and nodded.

"Good morning, sir. What may I do for you?"

"You can take this and tell your boss we thank him."

"Look out! You'll knock over that——. Thank you for returning the silverware."

The clerk rang the desk bell and turned his back on me. I, through no fault of mine, had overturned his inkwell while putting the bundle of silverware on the desk.

Free of my heavy load, I retraced my steps to the porch. With one foot suspended in mid-air, I caught sight of a heavenly creature seated at the far end of the porch. Never let it be said that I am one to pass up such an opportunity to get acquainted. So, across the porch I strolled. The girl looked up as I came near. She saw that I was approaching her, so she smiled. I returned her smile with my twenty-five tooth grin (got some missing). That grin always gets them.

"Good morning."

"Good morning."

" My name is Lanslee. You must have arrived late I don't remember seeing you around. Of course, I would have noticed such beauty had I seen it."

"Glad to meet you, Lanslee. Yes, I just arrived. I got here late last night. I haven't been out in public as of yet. Thank you for the nice compliment."

"You'll have to get started sometime, so how about a boat ride this afternoon? Say around two thirty?"

"Sounds like fun, but I've never been in a boat of any kind."

"Oh, you will like it once you get use to it. Let's give it a try, whatcha say?"

"Well, I—er—uh—"

"See you at two thirty. I got to get back to work."

I didn't get her name, but what the heck, that can wait. I was happy now. I had started the morning on the right foot. If everything keeps going like this, I'll be sitting pretty all day.

On my way to the Crest Hotel, I stopped in at the drug store for a coke and to make eyes at the early morning female customers. I got back to the Crest exactly one hour and fifteen minutes after I was supposed to. What is time anyway?

I slouched into the lobby with everything on my mind but work. Boy, was that babe up at Lakeview a honey. I'll show her what fun is for a few days and watch the results. I don't want to rush her too hard. You know, make it look like I'm not too interested.

I picked up a magazine and drooled over the model on the cover. She had on the latest in bathing suits. I began to wonder what type suit luscious would be wearing this afternoon.

The morning grew hotter and work came more and more regular. Tips ran from ten to fifty cents. My pockets were jingling every time I took a step now. Boy, I'll be able to stay out on the lake all afternoon now with enough left over to set-up the gang. That's it. Set-up the gang. Ought to make a good impression on loveliness with plenty of money to blow.

Dinner came and passed along with my appetite. Two o'clock finally arrived finding me more than happy that now was the hour.

I hurried along the road that led to the other end of the lake and Lakeview Inn. It took me less than a half hour to make the trip. I sprinted up the seventy-five steps determined to make it all the way this time. I strolled into the lobby, breathless.

The clerk (an old friend of mine; well, since this morning) glared over at me as I took my seat near the door. I had ten minutes to kill so I started to kill them by making an intelligent conversation with the gentleman seated next to me.

"How do you like the weather up here in the mountains, sir?"

Silence.

"Oh well, I guess you don't want to be bothered."

Silence.

I forgot about making an intelligent conversation. I twiddled my thumbs for the remaining nine minutes. At two thirty, in walked my dream boat. She was decked out in a beautiful, two piece, aqua, swim suit with a beach robe over her arm. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was the same suit I had seen on the cover of the magazine this morning. Oh brother, I know I will enjoy this p.m.

She came over to me.

"I'm ready whenever you are, Lanslee."

"Yes, ma'am. Shall we go?"

We left with no more formalities. When we were out of ear shot of the guests on the porch, I began to get in some time.

"By the way, what is your name? I forgot to ask you this morning I

was in such a hurry. I wanted to introduce myself though, and see if you would like to see some things here on the lake that are of some interest. I'm a pretty busy man over at the Crest and kinda have to keep on the ball."

"You can call me Suzanne. Suzanne Taylorson is my full name. I'm glad you took time to talk to me. I would think it sort of boring not to know where to go and what to do when you get there."

Suzanne, that is a pretty name for this cute picture. (Here at Lake Boyle, the young people don't go in too heavily for the formality of having to know the family background before they consider having a date.)

"Yes ma'am, you sure have to know the right things to do and say around here if you expect to get anywhere."

Suzanne looked over my way out of the corner of her eyes. I had her now, she is trying to give me that old come-on look. Now if I just play my cards right, I'll have her falling all over me in a week.

We arrived at the boat house and engaged a boat. We had our pick of any that were tied up. I chose a low bottom with two sets of oar locks.

I, very gentlemanly, helped her into the bow of the boat. I climbed into the stern and then to the middle seat. I realized that if I rowed like this I would have my back to her. I helped her to the stern. I cast off, and we were on our way. We pulled out into the open water and slipped along. I am good at rowing a boat at a fast clip.

"Having fun?"

"Yes, I think so."

She sat very stiffly looking on either side of her and then at me. I could tell that she was a little scared. She will get used to it. I was scared the first time I went out, too.

"What do you mean, you think so?"

"I mean that I have never done this before and I don't know whether I'm having fun or not. I won't know until I do it again."

"Huh?"

She smiled meekly at me when I gave her that monosyllable. She sure is dumb, but beautiful. She can't even make good sense when she talks. I'll have to take her off the spot.

"Yeah—yeah, I see what you mean."

She ventured a movement. She relaxed, putting her hands in her lap. We were just about in the middle of the lake now. So, I stopped rowing and let the boat drift. I lay on my back against the bow of the boat and stretched. This would show her my manly traits. I took in a deep breath and swelled my large chest. I looked over at her. She was looking in the direction of the closest land. Well, if she didn't care to see the perfect specimen of manhood, she can look the other way. She sure is a funny girl to get to know. If she thinks she's going to cramp my style, she has another thought coming.

She gathered all her nerve and slipped down on the bottom of the boat and leaned back on the stern seat. This movement caused the boat to rock gently. She got as stiff as a stuffed deer. When the boat stopped rocking, she settled back to enjoy what sun she could.

I gazed on her beautiful figure and took in every detail. In all my summers here at the lake, I had never seen such a lovely figure on a live woman. Boy, I was really lucky to have met her by chance this morning.

"Is this your first summer up here, Lanslee?"

"No, I've been coming up here and working for the past four summers."

"I bet it's a lot of fun to be able to spend all summer in such a nice place."

Ah, here it was. Now is my chance to find out how long she is planning on staying.

"How long are you going to be here?"

"Oh, Mother wants me to stay for at least two months, but I doubt if I stay that long."

That remains to be seen, sweetheart. I'll see if I can't change your mind. Give me another week and I'll have you writing Mother that you will be here the entire season.

"I see. I hope you decide to stay a while."

We stopped talking and got back to our own thoughts and actions. My actions consisted in getting under way to show her the sights from the water angle. Her action seemed to be to struggle back to a sitting position without disrupting her equilibrium.

The afternoon practically flew by. We talked, laughed, and smiled at each other the whole time. We were out about two and a half hours. I was a little tired; she was sunburnt, and we both were tired of boat-riding. As I maneuvered the craft to its moorings, she sighed and rubbed her red shoulders.

"That sun was hotter than I thought. I should have worn this beach robe."

That's all I could catch because she was talking to herself.

"I'm sorry. I should have thought to tell you about the sun up here. It's very easy to get sunburned."

"It's all right. I just hope it doesn't blister."

She gave me a big smile with a pleading element in it. I knew exactly what she wanted. She was ready to eat. I was starved myself. I paid the man for the boat and took her by the arm and led the way to the drug store.

She chattered about having to get home before supper and get dressed. I didn't think too much of this approach. It was that old cover up line after they have made it almost

impossible for you not to buy them something to eat.

We entered the drug store and I ordered a coke around for all those in the store. The soda jerk looked at me in a quizzical manner and whipped up two cokes. As we drank, I told her what she could do for that sunburn.

"Take you some baking soda and vinegar and put on applications at regular intervals. One a day will be enough. It ought to be all right by tomorrow if it doesn't blister."

We had killed another hour before we got up to leave. I paid the man at the cash register and opened the screen door for Suzanne.

I was to be back at work at six. It was six fifteen now. I took her back to the Inn and told her I would call tomorrow because I had to work tonight. I was at work at seven on the dot.

The morning sun beamed down in my face as I opened my eyes. I looked at my watch. Ten fifteen. If I hurried I could beat my boss up and get out before he came down. I took to the road and soon found myself confronted with the seventy-five steps again. I dog-trotted up them and came to a halt on the porch. I spied Suzanne sitting not far from where I first saw her. I walked over to her and leaned back on the bannisters.

"My! You look good this morning."

"Thank you. But I don't feel good. I'm sore all over and this sunburn is driving me crazy."

"Oh, don't let a little soreness bother you. We will work that out at the dance tonight. As for the sunburn, just keep up the applications like I told you and you'll be O.K."

"What dance?"

"It's the first dance of the season and is supposed to be the touch-off to all social events during the season. They give a big cup to the best dancers of the younger set. I've won it for the past four seasons."

"You mean you want me to go to the dance with you?"

"Precisely why I am here. The dance starts at eight sharp, I will be by for you at seven-thirty."

"I think I will enjoy the dance immensely. Formal I guess. I'll have to get out my gown and have it pressed and see about—"

"Formal is right. I'll send over your flowers around seven. See you at seven-thirty."

I left her kind of hurriedly. I didn't want her to think I had all day just to talk to her.

The morning soon turned to afternoon and that into early evening. I was off work for the day. Now to get up stairs and shower and dress. I've got to look like a million tonight. Got to keep up the old appearance, you know.

In less than a half hour, I was completely dressed. I looked in the mirror to make the final adjustments. You're a handsome creature with that blond curly hair and those blue eyes. No wonder the girls can't resist you.

I can walk over to Lakeview in twenty minutes flat. So over to Lakeview I went. As I walked into the lobby, Suzanne was waiting for me. She was dressed in a strapless sky-blue gown with my corsage of red roses on her waist.

"My, you look handsome in that dinner jacket."

"Thank you, sweet. You look beautiful yourself."

"Shall we go?"

"Yes, we might as well, if we want to get in to the dance floor."

Got to hold her back. I don't want to let her think I'm anxious to get there. Yes sir, I'll really show those birds up at the dance.

We got to the Ball Room just as the first strains of music floated through the still air.

I walked in front of Suzanne and held her hand so that I could push our way through the crowd. After many tight squeezes, I got us to the dance floor. I turned and saw that her corsage was mashed flat and her hair had come undone.

"Where is the powder room, Lanslee?"

"Oh, it's over there somewhere. Gee, I'm sorry you got so messed up coming in. We'll make it up though on the dance floor."

I smiled a deeply felt smile and watched her push her way over to the powder room and disappear.

Guess I had better stroll over to

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## THE RIDDLE (WHICH IS LIFE)

*That there is but to feel and not to know*
*Is hard to think on now that I am old;*
*The answer was so plain in feeling's mold*
*When I was young and feeling ran the show,*
*But then I thought I knew and rightly so*
*As dumb as when a babe and twice as bold*
*As I am now when mother's arms are cold*
*And feeling dwindles into thoughts that grow.*
*For nature's cradle shapes us all in time*
*And we are left to run our race, to "win"*
*Or "place" or "show" or beg a dime.*
*Unsatisfied the answer may have been*
*To feel, not know, is scientific crime;*
*To know unfeelingly becomes the sin.*

—George McMillan

the punch bowl and let folks see a good looking man for a change.

I guess I had been standing there fifteen minutes, winking at the girls, when I saw Suzanne come out of the powder room. I walked over to where she stood.

"Looking for me?"

"Yes."

"Whatcha say we get in on this dance?"

"All right."

We edged in on the edge of the floor. I took her in my arms and swept the floor. She was as soft as a baby.

I can dance very well; I had to prove this to this chick. I had to shove a few learners out of the way so I could get that full dip and jump in. I was really showing up these hicks. I accidentally stepped on Suzanne's toe with the heel of my shoe. I noticed water in her eyes. Boy, look how she looks at me. Those tears of happiness just send me.

"Pardon me. I hope I didn't hurt you."

She shook her pretty head at me to confirm my eloquent apology.

The music stopped and we were in the middle of the floor. I grabbed her hand and started toward the band. I took a five dollar bill out and palmed it so she couldn't see it. I was in front of the band leader's stand.

"How about a soft sweet number, bud?"

The band leader took the bill and struck up the band. I turned to Suzanne and smiled. I guess that showed her how much weight I have around here.

"This is our song."

We were the first couple on the floor. I was just getting warmed up. Now, I can show my stuff before the rest of the people start crowding me. I took a wide swing to start off and Suzanne nearly tripped. Why did she have to go and mess up a beautiful start? Doesn't she recognize talent? Oh well, I knew she was dumb before I brought her to the dance. I can't hold it against her, I reckon.

Since the floor was rapidly filling, I had to slow down. I got one more wide sweep in before the crowd closed in around us. Why doesn't that guy watch where he is going?

"Say, bub, watch that shoving."

I really told him. I looked down at Suzanne who was looking at the floor. I saw that her face was red. Oh, she likes this strong arm stuff. Well, I'll show her what a man I am.

"I told you once to watch that shoving! I'm not going to tell you again!"

"Oh Lanslee, please. Don't make a scene."

Now she wants to be polite and forget all this shoving we've been taking from this guy. I wish she would make up her mind.

"O. K., fellow, outside. I'll take care of you out there."

"I'll be back in a minute, Suzanne. Wait for me."

I left her standing in the middle of the floor. I took a mental measure of the punk beside me. I can handle him with my eyes closed. I took off my coat. I didn't want it to get soiled.

"All right, smart guy, start something."

"You were the bird who said I was doing all the shoving, you start it."

Five minutes later, I came back to the dance floor. I showed him who was the better man. Next time, I bet he won't be so polite as to step out of the way of some skirt when he's about to start a fight.

Suzanne was leaning against the wall near the door when I came back. Take a good look, baby, your hero has returned a victor.

"Wipe your mouth. It's bleeding. I think we have had enough of this dance. Let's go!"

Ah, she wants to get me out so she can do a little hero worshiping. I'll make her wait a while.

"Not just yet, Suzanne. The band is going to play one of my favorite dance numbers. We'll go after that, ok.?"

I gave her my pleading smile and knew she would fall for it.

"Just for this one."

It never fails me. I can twist any woman around my little finger any time I choose. There goes my number I wanted to dance by. I took Suzanne by the hand and pushed

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## SONG OF MELANCHOLY YOUTH

*The prime of life is very gay, they say,*
*And troubles are but ripples on the stream;*
*They blur the surface for a little way;*
*Then pass, and are remembered as a dream.*
*But I have lived and have not found it so;*
*Old heartaches linger with me through the*
*years.*
*And, though I've tried in every way I know,*
*I can not seem to brush away my tears.*
*Are these the happy, carefree days of youth?*
*Is this indeed the sweetest part of life?*
*Or is it just that joy and pain in youth*
*Are much more vivid than in later life?*
*That with the troubles which oppressed the boy,*
*The man looks back and finds a bit of joy?*

—Richard Waldrep

# A Lesson for Americans

CIVILIZATIONS rise and vanish, nations rise and vanish, but time is methodical and endless. This endless passage of time has witnessed the rise of great civilizations only to see them vanish, and it has also witnessed the rise of great nations only to see them vanish. Since the beginning of recorded history, historians have attempted to ascertain the causes for the downfall of peoples and nations. They have clearly illustrated the fact that history repeats itself.

Libraries throughout the world contain volume upon volume depicting the rise and decline of civilizations and nations. How many years will pass before volumes entitled The Rise and Fall of The United States of America appear on the shelves? Any answer to this is purely speculative but at our present rate of degeneration the time is not too far distant. This statement may be unduly pessimistic but at present to be realistic one must tend toward pessimism. All but the most cursory investigations will reveal that we are rapidly becoming a morally degenerate people. The average attitude toward political, religious, economic and social problems is typically adolescent in thinking and action. These problems are too remote from the more selfish problem of devising means of bettering ourselves regardless of the hardships it may bestow upon others.

The problems of the nation and of the world are ultimately thrust upon the shoulders of the individual. If we, as individuals, can not understand that the great struggle in the world today is one of ideologies —especially as a result of the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty and of the Protestant church leaders of Bulgaria—then we deserve no better fate than to be slaves of a communistic world. If the educated, who are supposed to lead the way, are not aware, or are so indifferent as to be little concerned, then how can we expect to survive? It is not a matter of politics or imperialism, it is a matter of survival. If we do not win, we are lost. Our faith in democracy must be dynamic and not mere lip service; our faith in ideals of Christian brotherhood must be more than idealistic but must be realistic. We have had enough of the archaic conception of religion which today, as in the days of Jesus, is nothing more, in too many instances, than ritualistic hypocrisy.

In many institutions of religion, the theological views which are expounded bear no relation to the critical conditions of our society. Thus, people can turn to orthodoxy while questions of education, recreation, civic improvements, race relations, together with national and international problems are left unnoticed and unsolved. Under such circumstances, religion constitutes an escape from the world, not a vehicle for guiding people to grapple with their daily problems.

Many of our religious organizations are intent upon opposing the "old sins"—dancing, drinking, card playing, horse racing, and recreation on the Sabbath. Instead, they could render a different service to society if they found such new sins as food adulterations, child labor, race discriminations, national antipathies, anti-Semitism, political apathy, labor exploitation, and an infinite variety of problems which are the product of our modern society.

When it comes to politics, we are so apathetic that in one of the most crucial periods in American history we have a mediocre ex-haberdasher as our president. He, and thousands more of like mediocrity, is commonly known as the "good guy." There was a simpler era when good guys could be made President with reasonable safety. But in these dark years, the fate of the world, the future of humanity rests upon the untrained shoulders of this country. In these years, when men are being chosen for the highest task of government, good guys are no longer good enough. This is the big issue of American politics today.

We in the South are particularly guilty of political apathy. Rather than face our problems realistically and with a constructive attitude, we have permitted ourselves to be led by hate mongers such as Bilbo and Rankin. We have let Bilbo and his ilk spew their coarse and vulgar abuses in filibusters for so long that the South now is regarded by many Americans as being not merely against civil rights, but for civil wrongs. We must realize that the world is changing and that if the United States is to lead the world, we must practice democracy rather than merely render lip service. The present inequalities not only violate the basic principles of Americanism but also violate all Christian precepts of decency which we so readily profess to believe.

This country is being swept by the Cradle-to-Grave, Pyramid Club attitude of wanting something for nothing engendered by the New Deal and Fair Deal platforms of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman. Nearly everybody wants to be given something at the expense of somebody else. This epidemic grows out of a belief that government can somehow provide aid and security for its people, no matter what the cost and no matter how high the public debt rises. The belief that security for the individual will be satisfied by these methods is indeed fallacious and dangerous. If a person is disproportionately on the receiving end of the line, his security is built upon dependence; the more dependent he

is, and the more he proceeds on the attitude that others owe him much, the more insecure is his position.

The candidate who can offer the most for nothing is practically assured of success at the polls. An excellent example is furnished by the success of Mr. Truman's "everything for everybody and who pays for it" platform. The more the government provides and the more the politicians promise, the more is expected of them. One of the penalties of universal government assistance is a widespread lowering of the individual's sense of responsibility. Individual stamina, self-determination, and independence go down at a time when public expenses are vastly increasing. This parallel development has destroyed and is destroying many nations. It enabled a few thousand barbarians to overthrow the mighty Roman Empire. The Romans came to depend on the state for food, shelter and entertainment. In their eagerness for free security at state expense, they became so insecure they lost everything. Two things have destroyed democracies throughout history—the strong leader who becomes a dictator and the vote by the majority of the people to be taken care of by "bread and circuses" when everything disintegrates, for any republic is exactly as strong as the will, dignity, and independence of its individual citizens.

Probably one of the greatest problems confronting Americans today is the breakdown of the traditionally stable American home and family. This problem above all others is the most serious because of its future implications. People are laying too little stress upon the family as the ultimate social unit and too much upon artificial organizations that are more social in aim than in ultimate accomplishment. The family is the most effective means of social control and should be the inspiration for the finer goals in life. But how can the American family be the source of such inspiration when one out of every three marriages terminates in divorce? In such a situation it is sheer folly to expect our society to find the security and stability normally provided by a wholesome family life.

The lack of proper family life is undoubtedly one of the greatest contributors to the increased juvenile delinquency and for the later development of adult criminals. The problem of maintaining a reasonable standard of ideals and achievements is seriously jeopardized. If America is to progress rather than deteriorate, the importance of a well balanced, well organized family as the foundation of our society can not be over emphasized.

The proper solution of our problems is of vital importance to all who value American ideals; for the ideals of a nation are determined by the most influential among various elements of its population, and, being so determined, they are in a constant process of change. The course of alteration is often very deceptive and is not observed even by the most alert. However, the changes in our society are becoming so apparent that only the lax and uninformed are ignorant of the great transformation that has and is taking place. There are far too many who are so naive or ignorant that they do not or will not face reality.

This entire outlook on the problems confronting Americans may be unduly pessimistic, in view of the fact that there are many who are squarely facing the issues with resolution; but until these are joined by multitudes more, the outlook is far from one of optimism.

The question that naturally arises is: What, if any, is a solution to our problems? This is indeed a pertinent and thought provoking question. A partial answer is for each individual to do his part to uphold the ideals of true democracy and true Christianity, for the individual is the backbone of the nation. The nation is a collective group, but it can be no better than the majority of individuals who form this group. If a democratic nation is to survive, each individual must possess a feeling of security built upon his own achievements; each individual must have a high regard for the rights and feelings of others; each individual must have freedom of opportunity and be willing to grant this freedom to others; each individual must have a sense of public responsibility and actively participate in all attempts to make life more fruitful and pleasant for all people in our modern complex society; and, above all, if each individual will make an honest effort to pattern his life upon the Golden Rule, the other tasks will be relatively simple to attain.

—GEORGE MAUGHAN

### THE FOLLY OF MAN

*I pause now and then on my way*
*Through this intricate maze that is life*
*And consider the clamorous throng*
*Relentlessly milling about.*
*Laughing and shouting, or crying—*
*Each, striving to go his own way,*
*Gives vent to some shallow emotion,*
*Unmindful of all but himself.*
*Shoving and cursing his fellows,*
*Each reaches his trivial goal;*
*Then, caught with a new desire,*
*He hastens along once again.*
*Withdrawn for a moment, I stand*
*And muse on the folly of man;*
*Then duty unfailingly claims me,*
*And I go to my place in the crowd.*

—RICHARD WALDREP

# The Transgressor

I WAS coming home a little earlier than usual that day. The sun was still high and I was thinking of how good it would be to see my wife so soon, for it was a rare occasion when I could get away from the office at this early hour. Fortunately I had kept the tickets to the theater. I had held no hope of being able to go.

I tried to remember what Romeo could have really seen of love in a mere girl like Juliet to go through what he did. I tried to recall some of those lines which passed between them but my mind was as blank as the blocks of sidewalk under me. Gratefully, I reflected on my own marriage and was glad that my wife and I had waited until we were old enough to know our own minds. We had worked out all the problems in advance.

Slowly, as if by plan, I heard the approach of someone from behind. I was walking rather fast and it puzzled me who this stranger could be who was evidently in a much greater hurry than I. But despite this curiosity I would not so much as glance over my shoulder to quell my speculation. As it proved, I didn't have to look.

He was panting and appeared very much out of breath. But I would have recognized him in any state.

"Hello," he said, mopping his sleeve across his brow.

"Bob Wilhaueser! Man, I haven't seen you in years! How've you been?"

"All right," he answered, his eyes darting past mine. I detected a hollowness, an emptiness in his voice, his dejected manner. He must have felt I saw this. He smiled—or so it passed by sheer force of effort.

"You look like a married man," he said. "Is she pretty? I know she is if you married her."

"Yes. Yes, I'm married." I could have told him she was pretty, I could have said a lot about Marjorie, but I was interested in him.

"You know," I said, "it's just luck I saw you. I was on my way home early today."

I looked at him earnestly a moment. He had opened his mouth as if to speak but closed it abruptly. He appeared to be fumbling for something to say. He looked tired and I tried to help him.

"Yes, home earlier than the boss, even."

I felt sorry for him and wanted to understand what was at the root of his trouble. I wanted to ask him home but knew my wife's dislike for unexpected company. Besides, if Marjorie and I didn't leave right away we'd miss the play, and Marjorie would never forgive that.

I don't know why I said it. Maybe it was the way he looked, that I felt I had to be sociable, or that I had to do something.

I blurted, "Where are you staying, Bob? Won't you stay overnight with me? We would love to have you," I lied.

He stood there fidgeting and trying to smile. His eyes looked like he wanted to say "yes." They sparkled for the first time, but faded as quickly.

"No," he said, "no, I can't. I never got along very well with women. He made an attempt to laugh but it was a poor, forced thing.

I laughed. "Why you old sourkraut. You had all Milldale snowed six feet under. Besides, Marjorie's not a woman. She even wears tailored suits. She's not very feminine in the way you think of most women. And she loves my friends —I mean likes them," I said, remembering Bob's old delight in accurate grammar. "Come on, old boy, it's not half so bad to be around her as I make out. Anyway, If you don't like her I'll kick her out. It's about time I showed her who was boss, anyway. She can stay at my sister's. I'll call her right now and have her ask Marjorie over."

He actually smiled for the first time. "Thanks, Bill."

There was a bar a few yards distant and we walked there to make the phone call. I had finished the call successfully and was looking about for him. He sat at the bar. I noticed his fingers. They were twitching again. Neurotic, I thought. Maybe I could help that. I would have to give some time to it. I would have to work Marjorie into his confidence. But it would take time.

I looked at the clock and despaired of seeing Romeo or Juliet. They didn't seem so important now.

The man beside Bob got up and I took his seat. If I was going to ask him to stay I would have to know what he was doing and how long he could stay.

"What have you been doing, Bob?"

I thought he would crush the glass. I didn't look at his face but the glimpse I got of it in the mirror told me that the words had struck him hard. I became aware that his sleeves were worn and frayed, his trousers creaseless. The poor fellow had been up against it, I thought, remembering his immaculate dress and appearance in college.

Draining his glass, he turned to me and said, "How far do you live from here?" His strange, vacant eyes seemed to see me without effort.

"Only a couple of blocks," I said. I wondered if he saw anything in my face which might give away the things I thought about him. I turned away. Just what was I to think. I had to find out.

"Did you attend the alumni meeting this April," I asked trying to sound casual.

The drink had seemed to soothe

his weariness but now he started anew. His face turned ashen. Blood trickled from his lip and made a dark contrast against his white face. I knew he had bitten himself in a moment of irony.

I did the only thing I knew to do. I ordered more drinks. We drank until I thought we were just sober enought to walk.

I thought he would talk about himself now. I was mistaken. He would not say so much as one word.

He seemed to take my home—moderate though it was—for granted, like a fixture among a lot of other fixtures.

"I think I'll go to bed," he said. Ten minutes later I heard his snore. But I could not sleep.

He finally arose at eleven the next morning. It was Sunday and I had called my wife.

When she arrived I told her plainly what the situation was, that is, in so far as I could determine. I couldn't tell her much. Robert Wilhaueser had been a fraternity man and an English major. Though moody at times, he had always been able to rise above his mood if the occasion demanded. We had adjoining rooms at school. He helped me with my English and I helped him with his math. It had been a very desirable arrangement and had established a lasting friendship. All this I told Marjorie.

"He needs someone to confide in. He won't confide in me. I want you to win him over and I'll start from what you find out. It'll give me a chance to try out that course I took in "Psychology of Adjustment," I said smiling. I had that much confidence in her ability. She was an angel as always.

"This is a big order for you," I warned. "He doesn't seem to care about anything."

Two days later she came to me and said, "I'm getting nowhere. He won't talk, only listens blankly. I've said all I know, done all I could. He won't even eat to amount to anything. He needs more than what you and I can give him."

Nor was I doing any better. I did entice him to play checkers once or twice. But his mind wasn't on the game.

By the sixth day I became desperate. He was using my home as a tool. He never even mentioned our names any more. Hour after hour he spent in his room doing nothing.

I wanted to ask him what it was. Either he or it must go. I hadn't the guts to do it.

"Marjorie," I said on the ninth day, "this has to stop. Something has got to be done. Ask him bluntly—any way you will—but find out what is wrong. Make one last effort and then we'll tell him he must go." I felt certain he was making her life miserable and I knew he was mine.

She lowered her eyes. "He is pathetic, Bill. Just like our little boy would be—if we had one."

I cannot forget the look on her face. It was something far-away, something pale and sickening. I felt electrified, insanely dizzy—a hundred times the way you feel when you think you know a person within and find you saw only a shallow mist beneath the surface. Suddenly I knew that I had not one but two problems. The first was insignificant to the thing that threatened to disrupt my home. All feeling for Robert Wilhaueser had vanished into thin air. I was overcome with the knowledge that my wife had fallen in love with a neurotic, an alcoholic, an expressionless nobody. Robert Wilhaueser was no longer my friend. I hated him intensely.

My first impulse was as I have stated. Reason, what I could command of it, told me that I must not think such silly nonsense. Marjorie was, of all things, a sensible woman.

I pulled myself together for an instant. I had to say something, something to belie my fears, something that would test my wife.

"I must think this out. There must be some way we can get rid of him. An institution."

It sounded like a good idea to me. But I said it as an experiment to see how she reacted. How would she react? I only dared to hope. Any faith I had left disappeared completely.

"You can't do that, Bill. We must keep him here. It would be inhuman. He will get better. I know he will."

The days became weeks and I saw everything I had built up become disillusioned for me. I tried the theater as often as I could. My heart was not in it, nor my mind. Marjorie refused to leave the house even on Sunday. She sat in his room and rocked and read aloud to him almost all of every day.

I bore these days as best I could, but each day grew heavier and I felt the day terribly long. It was as if a huge weight had sat down upon my life, oppressing my existence and making me a prisoner in my own home.

One evening I said to Marjorie, "You aren't looking well. Don't you think it's too much to keep yourself in like this all the time?"

I wanted to take her dancing, to hold her in my arms again, for it had been so long since last I knew this. She had moved into a small room adjacent to mine saying that I had begun to snore. Because I was already past the suspicious stage and had decided that whatever else I would play the game, I had not opposed her wishes. Moreover, there was nothing between them that in any way hinted more than I have said.

But tonight I would insist that she go out with me.

"There is a fine dinner-dance at Ciero's," I said easily. "I want you to go with me. I will not have you here again this evening."

(Turn to Page 30)

# 2 poems

## EXERCISE
### Pour La Machine a Ecrire

*Lune,*
*Reste la-haut,*
*Superbe et reluisante;*
*Ici-bas*
*Les coeurs*
*Battent follement.*

*Les etoiles*
*Scintillent*
*Dans la sphere*
*Des anges—*
*Loin,*
*Tranquille—*
*Loin*
*De la fange*

*Dors,*
*Mon enfant,*
*Ayant dit*
*Tes prieres*
*A mes genoux.*
*Dors,*
*Tranquillement.*
*Je chasse*
*Le loup garou.*

## Rassemblement des Cliches d'un ICONOCLASTE

*Frappez, Voltaire!*
*Frappez et cachez*
*Votre main!*
*Pour Desfontaines*
*Ou pour Calas*
*Frappant—*
*N'importe qui:*
*Mais ecrasez*
*L'infame,*
*Intolerant*
*Seulement de*
*L'intolerance.*

. . . *Norwood C. Harrison*

# The Wind Blows Nothing

JOHNNY wiped his brow; the day was hot. He wondered why he had ever started this garden anyway. It was only a bother; nevertheless he liked the pretty flowers when they were full grown. He picked up his spade and went back to digging. Presently his work was interrupted by the coming of an automobile into the front yard. Johnny looked up and saw that it was Lacy come back from New York. He hadn't expected him today. Johnny got up and went over to meet the car.

"Well, the prodigal returns," he said as the car drew to a halt. Lacy stopped the car and threw a "Hi, Johnny" his way as he got out of the car.

"Did you have a good time, Lacy?" Johnny asked.

"Fine, John my boy, fine," Lacy said, putting his arm around Johnny. "Everything getting along all right?"

"Been kind of quiet since you left," Johnny said, a smile playing on his lips. "However, he continued, I've a hunch things will pick up now that you've returned."

"Right you are, Johnny, you know how I hate a dull existence."

"What happened, Lacy? Tell me about it," Johnny said. "Did you see any of our old friends?"

"Ran into Gerry Manning and his wife while I was there; they said to tell you hello. Saw George Spalding, had supper with him and went to see Moss Hart's new play, 'Winged Victory,' swell play . . . excellently written. Went to a dance with a girl I used to know in the good old days, Betty Janis, remember her? They had Guy Lombardo playing, personally I think he stinks. Ate supper at the 'Stork' several times. Really enjoyed myself, wish you could have gone."

"Sounds like you had one of our old week-ends with all the trimmings," Johnny said.

"Yeah, it was fun, it does you good to get away once in a while," Lacy said.

They went into the house with Lacy doing most of the talking, putting in a gesture now and then to emphasize his words.

"Johnny, call the butler and have him take my stuff up to my room," Lacy said, "and I'll pour us a drink . . . what'll you have?"

"Whiskey sour, please," Johnny said as he rang the bell for the butler.

"Oh! by the way, Johnny, I have an old friend coming down next week-end and I want to throw a party for him. Would you make the arrangements?"

"Sure, Lacy, I'll be glad to . . . do I know him?"

"I doubt it, Johnny, I knew this guy before your time, I think," Lacy said. "Let me see now, when did you come to work for me . . . er, I mean, when did we enter into our business relations?" Lacy said, visibly embarrassed.

"I guess it must have been four or five years ago, Lacy," Johnny said.

"I knew this guy, Jimmy Lansing, years ago, back in my old home town," Lacy said and then added, "He's quite a guy."

"He must be quite a guy . . . I'd like to meet him," Johnny said.

"I think he will be here Friday or Saturday, in the meantime I am going up to my farm for a couple of days to see how things are coming along. I'll leave you in charge of all the arrangements for the party . . . you know what to do," Lacy said, smiling at Johnny. "I'll expect everything to be ready when I get back."

"All right, Lacy, I'll take care of everything," Johnny said.

Johnny turned and went up to his room, leaving Lacy and his drink. Johnny could hear Lacy giving instructions to the butler while he prepared for his bath. Johnny liked to sing in the bath, so he proceeded to give his version of "Donkey Serenade" while generously splashing himself with water and soap suds. He used Cashmere Bouquet. Being a small guy he had to make up for his lack of size by being well-groomed, well-dressed, and the ultimate in sophistication. He finished his bath, selected a blue serge and went downstairs to see what was on the menu for supper. Lacy wasn't there, probably upstairs dressing. Johnny went into the kitchen.

"What do we have for supper, tonight, Louise?" he asked the cook.

"We is havin roas beef an all de trimmins, Mist Garth," Louise said, opening the oven to see if the meat was done.

"Good, I'm starved. Louise . . . what in the world is in that package?" Johnny said, going over to examine it.

"That belongs to Mist Brannon, sir . . . I don know what it is," Louise said.

Johnny wondered, but he didn't try to find out what was in the package, instead he merely gave it a thump and went back into the spacious living room. Lacy came down and they went in to dinner. The meal was excellent and following it, they went into the den to talk and smoke. Johnny sat down in the most comfortable chair and lit a cigarette.

"May I have that chair, Johnny? . . . you take this one, I can't sit comfortably in anything but that one," Lacy said.

Johnny looked at Lacy queerly but got up and moved. No one spoke for several minutes and then the sound broke an embarrased silence.

"I think you'll like this guy and his wife, Johnny," Lacy said in an

attempt to soothe over the ruffled feelings.

"His wife?" Johnny said, "You didn't mention his being married, Lacy."

"Well, what difference does it make?" Lacy asked

"None, I just thought it funny you didn't say anything about it . . . I do have to make the arrangements you know." Johnny said.

"All right, Johnny, all right. You just make the necessary arrangements and that's all you have to do," Lacy said. "I'm kind of tired so I think I'll go on to bed, see you in the morning . . . good night."

"Good night, Lacy," Johnny said.

Johnny sat there, reading "The Origin of the Species" until late into the night and then got up and went to his room. Lacy was very touchy since he had gotten back from New York. Of course, Johnny and Lacy had had little differences before, but Lacy had never gone to the pains of trying to pick an argument. That business of making him get out of that chair . . . what was the point in that? Johnny lit a cigarette and leaned back on his bed to watch the smoke curl around the invisible strands of air like grape vines growing in a vineyard. Finally Johnny turned out the light, flooding the room with a brilliant moonlight. Johnny watched the light for a while and then turned over and went to sleep.

Lacy was gone when Johnny got up in the morning, without saying a word as to when he would be back or anything. Johnny went down and had his breakfast. Finding nothing to do, he went out back to cultivate his flowers. Some of them seemed to be coming up pretty well, all they needed was a little more sunlight. It was too bad that moonlight didn't grow them just as well. Johnny spent the succeeding days doing this and that, mostly working in his garden.

Friday, about noon, Lacy came back. Johnny was out back in his garden.

"Where's Johnny?" Lacy asked Roberts, the butler.

"I think he is working in his garden, Mr. Brannon," said Roberts.

"He's always out there in that soy bean patch of his," Lacy said, wasting time when he should be preparing for the party."

Lacy went back to Johnny's garden and found him down on his knees digging a hole for a rose bush he was about to plant. Lacy stood there watching him a while before he spoke.

"What are you wasting your time out here for, Johnny?" Lacy said.

"Oh! you surprised me, Lacy . . . how are things at the farm?" Johnny asked.

"Lousy . . . have all the plans been made for the party?" Lacy asked.

"Yes, I have taken care of everything for you," Johnny said.

"Good. I knew you would," Lacy said.

The relationship between Johnny and Lacy was a strange one. Johnny was the orphaned son of Lacy's half-sister. His parents had been killed in a car wreck when Johnny was only nineteen years old. Lacy had taken him in and given him a home. Of course Johnny had paid his way. He had worked for Lacy throughout the five years he had been there. Johnny was a sort of a business manager while Lacy ran all over the country having a good time. Gradually Johnny had worked his way up to a small partnership. He had done so well with Lacy's enterprises that Lacy had turned the management entirely over to him. They had gotten along fine; at least on the surface. Johnny was the workhorse though; he did all of the dirty work at Lacy's orders.

It was Friday noon now and if those people came today there would be a lot of hurrying done to get things ready for the party. About four o'clock in the afternoon a car pulled into the yard; a man and woman got out. Johnny came around the side of the house to see who it was. He had never seen the people before. Just then Lacy came from the house and went to meet the people. Johnny came in behind them.

"How are you, Jimmy?" Lacy said. He then turned and gave the woman a fond embrace and whispered something in her ear which caused her to laugh.

"Jimmy . . . Merle, I want you to meet my very good friend, Johnny Garth. Johnny, this is Jimmy and Merle Lansing, two very old friends of mine."

"How do you do?" Johnny said, shaking hands with Jimmy and then with Merle who had extended her hand also. The formalities being over, they all turned and went in the direction of the house. Lacy, being the perfect host, went to pour some drinks while Johnny entertained the guests. He returned with three brimming glasses filled with an amber liquid.

He gave one to each of them and then sat down in a straight-backed chair next to Merle. Johnny could not help from staring at Merle. He didn't want anyone to notice it, so he stole side glances at her. He knew her, he had known her for a long time. Long ago he had fallen in love with her; she had been the only girl he had ever loved or would ever love. She was several years older than he was, but that hadn't made any difference. It was years ago in a small town; he was only a kid then and she worked in the city library. He had gone around for days, even weeks getting up the nerve to ask her for a date so he could tell her he loved her. Johnny had always looked older than he really was and he knew it, so he thought for that reason he could get a date with her.

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# On Establishing a Beachhead

The loud speaker on the ship's gray wall
Blared out the skipper's battle call,
"Over the top, let's go men,
We're gonna' hit the beach again."
Thousands of soldiers in silhouette
Clambering down the hanging net.
Into the waiting boats they swarmed
All but the medics, heavily armed.
When every man was in his place
The cox'n steered for open space.
"Keep your heads down," a sergeant said
As tracers streaked from overhead.
The cox'n remained in his place
As cool sea water sprayed his face
He opened the throttle and headed in
Knowing the fight was about to begin.
Blue exhaust smoke which was trailing behind
Vanished over waters known to be mined.
A young looking boy, about nineteen
Was taking a drink from his canteen
His unwrinkled face was a little white,
This was the first he'd seen of the fight.
When an enemy shell exploded nearby
The youngster excitedly let out a cry.
Sitting next to the boy was an older Yank
Who grabbed his arm and gave him a spank.
His face relaxed as it showed a grin
He wanted to be one of the men.
The cox'n steered the craft to shore
Reversing the engine it gave a roar.
With fight in their hearts and guns in their hands
The gallant Americans spread out o'er the sands,
Bullets came whistling from out of the trees
As an American flag waved in the breeze.
The enemy let loose with their cannon and gun
While the Yanks dug in for the fight now begun.
A trigger-happy Yank raised up his head
A shot rang out and he rolled over dead.
A buddy who watched the death of his friend
Leveled his rifle as he sternly grinned
Firing 'cross the sands to a nearby mound
Sending the killer sprawling upon the ground.
He looked back at his pal who lay very still
And swore by God some more he would kill.
Slowly he raised his head from the sands
And carefully aimed the gun in his hands;
He squeezed the trigger that set off the pin
And rested the gunstock beneath his chin,
Through tiring eyes he watched as his foe
Fell from the limbs to the soft earth below.
Down the beach, a hundred yards away
The enemy forces began to give way.
Dead and wounded were lying all around
Groans of the wounded were a familiar sound.
Both sides had taken a heavy toll
More gold stars for the honor roll
One of the Americans who lay in pain
Was the youngest participant in this campaign
He lay on his back looking at the sky
Wondering if he was going to die.
Blood was slowly running down his cheek
But he remained silent, not trying to speak.
A corpsman crawled by and looked at his head
He gave first aid and went on up ahead.
The boy closed his eyes to all nearby
He was sure now that he wouldn't die;
He thought of his friend there by his side
Who also was wounded but who had died.
Lying on the beach, close to the sandy shore
An American was adding up his score:
Five had fallen before his gun
He fired again and added one;
This young soldier was not afraid
He killed two more with a hand grenade.
Thinking his luck was holding out
He raised to his knees giving a shout
Toward the trees he started to run,
Aiming from the hip, he fired his gun.
An enemy sniper, watching all this
Raised his rifle—he couldn't miss;
He got a bead on the running Yank
And shot at him—almost point blank.
The soldier stopped and spun around
As his rifle dropped to the ground.
He wasn't dead, no not yet
Just one more foe he had to get.
He got a grenade and pulled the pin
Just as the sniper fired again.
The soldier staggered and fell to the sand
As the deadly grenade rolled from his hand.
Some of his buddies watched with aghast
As the grenade exploded with a blast.
Out on the water, heading for the ship
Rode the cox'n, making his last trip;
Returning with his boat from the first attack
He lay by the throttle, a bullet in his back.

—PHILIP G. CLARKE

# BOOKS

THE Girl on the Via Flaminia (Alfred Hayes; New York: Harper and Brothers, 1949, 215 pp.) is a war novel. It is, however, not just another war novel, for it certainly rates something far better than average. The story is predominately one of mood.

It is about an American soldier and his relationship with a small group of Italians in Rome, one of the group being a pretty blonde Italian girl with whom he tries to find romance the illicit way.

The Girl on the Via Flaminia differs somewhat from some of the very fine war books currently on the market in that it has a main character. If one desires it so, he may say that it has a hero and heroine, thereby following the conventional type of story of boy and girl. In Norman Mailer's The Naked and the Dead it is the company that is the hero, and the men are types. The plot is not dependent upon an individual character. A similar situation exists in Thomas Heggen's Mr. Roberts, where the action is dependent upon the ship Reluctant, and the men are again types. Some may argue that the story is built around Mr. Roberts, but he is only the personification of a type, the clean-cut man representing good and sanity. A novel situation exists in Irwin Shaw's The Young Lions, in that three characters make up the book, and each, equally important, has a separate plot, and each is a type.

It remains to be seen if one of the many books now out will be what is called "the novel of the Second World War," for it was quite some time after the First World War that the lasting war novel emerged. Erich Remarque's All Quiet on the Western Front (1928), and Ernest Hemingway's Farewell to Arms (1929), are by general agreement the "novels of the First World War." Both of these famous works are studies in cynicism toward war and the disillusionment of the ideals for which it was fought. The current war novel reflects this general trend and pattern of cynicism, ugliness, and utter uselessness of war. But it is much too early to make any predictions as to what will be the novel of this war. Possibly it will come much later.

The setting of The Girl is in the six room flat of "Mamma" Pulcini and her husband Ugo on the Via Flaminia in Rome. They have one son, Antonio, an ex-Italian Army officer. Robert, an American private, is the main character, and Lisa is the girl. The time is mid-winter, six months after the Allies have liberated the city. A cold, bitter wind blows across Italy, reflecting the gloomy and cheerless spirit of the Italian people caught and squeezed to despair by the cruel, chaotic, and relentless war from which there is no apparent escape, no hope. The first joyous days of the liberation have faded and the hope of freedom that the "liberatori" brought with them has turned to despair. Hopelessness prevails.

Robert arranges through an Italian friend to persuade Lisa to take a room at the Pulcini place on the Via Flaminia and pretend to be his wife. Lisa is more or less forced by necessity and circumstance to accept Robert's arrangement. Her parents have been killed in an air raid in another city, and she has no place to go. Life is ugly and dismal. After all, it seems so simple —just to take an American soldier as so many Italian girls are doing. But for Lisa it does not turn out to be that simple. She was bred from a conquered people, and her resentment toward the Americans finally culminates in her breaking off completely with Robert and telling him she hates him. Mr. Hayes' insight into Lisa's feelings, and his dramatic portrayal of her unyielding spirit, her remorse for her own ill-behavior, is a remarkable piece of characterization.

For Robert, who is neither too good nor too bad, this affair with Lisa is simply an arrangement, a matter of mutual advantage and expediency. He is lonely, and he wants a girl. He wants to have a house that he can go to, with a girl there—his. He wants it as simple as that. He is to provide her with a place to live, to bring her food and many of the small necessities that are sheer luxuries to the Italians, and she has to give herself. Robert also realizes after the first night that it is not going to work out with Lisa, but he does not want to leave her.

"Mamma" and Ugo's son, Antonio, is an interesting character, certainly one of the most interesting in the book. Antonio, as an officer in the Italian Army, has been wounded by the British in Africa. After the collapse and defeat of the Italian Army, he deserts. He is an extremely bitter young man who feels keenly the humiliation of his country's defeat and shame. He hates both Germans and Americans alike because they treat the Italians as an inferior people. But he hates worst of all the women that have sold themselves to the rich, ill-mannered, and swaggering Americans. He says to Lisa when he finds that she is not married to Robert, "I'll see you drinking with them in cafes. I'll see you walking with them in the park. And I'll suffer. I'll suffer for your dishonor. And I'll spit on the pavement, seeing you, I'll spit!" Doubtless there are many Antonios scattered over the world.

Ugo and "Mamma" Pulcini see things in a somewhat different light. They are both fairly old and can reconcile themselves to the ugliness and emptiness of a life they both know they have to live. They are

hardened to the brutalities and the dreariness of existence in a ruined and degenerate land. Their concern is with the young ones who are not quite so hardened. To "Mamma" and Ugo, Europe is finished. It would never be again what it was. Nothing is left. Only a memory. This cold, dreary wind of despair is the theme and mood of the story.

Hayes' The Girl is relatively simple though sententious in style. It is the direct antithesis of the big, pretentious, panoramic novel. The language is direct and simple without a trace of cliche and platitude. Mr. Hayes does not pad his novel with long and elegant passages of affected description which neither advance the plot nor make it any clearer; nevertheless, he is able to create in the reader's mind a scene or mood that is startlingly vivid and effective with an extraordinary economy of diction. This is always the mark of a good writer. " 'Thank God,' Ugo said, and he thought: In this darkness, and emptiness, does He exist? Nothing exists, only darkness and sound of human suffering. There was a great emptiness, in which all were alone." There is a growing resentment among readers toward the gigantic monumental volumes that attempt to be milestones in the field of literature. Readers tend to shun them as if they had some dread communicable disease.

Though the plot of The Girl is simple, as is the style, there are at the same time vast ramifications, overtones, and complications of war and its consequences manifested in it; and how the war uses innocent people. The dialogue is excellent. Its conciseness is both easy to read and appealing. For example: "America," Ugo said, "An incredible country. No ruins! It hardly belongs to the Twentieth Century." Lisa says to Robert, "Go home! Take your tanks, take your money, take the coffee and the sugar and all your generous gifts and go home." Also, a touch of the Hemingway clipped banter is to be seen in places.

If one wants to read a good realistic war novel that is unpretentious and one that is completely devoid of daring heroics with a somewhat different aspect of the war as viewed from the eyes of another people, The Girl on the Via Flaminia is recommended.

—CHARLES L. JORDAN

CYBERNETICS, or Control and Communication in the Animal and the Machine (Norbert Wiener; John Wiley and Sons, 1948; 194 pp., $3.00).

This is a staggering book.

New sciences and theories develop slowly. There is a new one among us, called Cybernetics, and it is doubtless the most important since a young German physicist named Einstein presented us with something called Relativity. This small book by Dr. Wiener is the new science's birth certificate, and not since 1915, when Einstein published his work, has so much been said and implied in so few pages. The acceptance of the book has been phenomenal, arousing interest in dozens of scientific circles. It is currently in its fifth printing and the publishers are hard put to keep up with the demand.

The word Cybernetics was coined by Dr. Wiener from a Greek word meaning "steersman." The science of Cybernetics is less easily explained or defined. It is related to practically every other field you can think of — engineering, sociology, physiology, psychology, philosophy, etc. ad infinitum. It is also mathematical. Dr. Wiener is often clear and lucid; when he is not, he is absolutely opaque. His mathematics made me groggy. Fortunately, however, one doesn't have to understand his mathematics to understand his book. In its most limited definition, cybernetics is the science of control and servile mechanisms and communication devices, but it doesn't stop there.

In an introduction which takes up a fifth of the book and is about the most non-technical chapter of all, Dr. Wiener describes the development of this science and shows other fields. He chides the tendency of many specialists to limit their interests and abilities, and suggests research in the no-man's-land and "backwoods of science" where fields may overlap. "Ten physiologists ignorant of mathematics," writes Wiener, "will get precisely as far as one physiologist ignorant of mathematics, and no further." And if you think of these two branches of learning as being separate and distinct and unrelated, you've a lot to learn from Dr. Wiener.

Possibly the most intriguing chapter in the whole book is one called Cybernetics and Psychopathology. The author helped develop the miraculous war-born electronic calculators and points out the rather startling similarity between these electrical "brains" and the human mind. Both, for example, are subject to insanities which if not identical, are more than coincidentally analogous. The treatment of a sick or insane calculator has a definite analogue in technics of human psychiatry. Occasionally such a machine may go berserk, even as an overworked math major, and may be "shocked" back into normality. Or faulty parts may be cut off from the rest of the calculator just as a manic-depressive might undergo a lobotomy, with corresponding impairment of the machine's judgment and decision, for these machines have such faculties, just as the human mind does.

Frequently the author (and reader) pauses in a cold sweat at the implications and possibilities of cybernetics. He is naturally concerned about what will be done with his new science. It holds great potentialities for both good and evil,

as does nuclear fission. The way in which atomic physics has been received is not encouraging to the scientist, and yet, as Dr. Wiener points out, such information cannot be suppressed nor destroyed.

Looking into the future of cybernetics, Wiener is jittery. "The first industrial revolution . . . was the devaluation of the human arm by the competition of machinery. The modern industrial revolution is similarly bound to devalue the human brain at least in its simpler and routine decisions. The human being of mediocre attainments or less will have nothing to sell that is worth anyone's money to buy." This is no intellectual snobbery, but a worried scientist commenting from a sincere interest in his fellows' welfare.

Cybernetics, unless I miss my guess, will join the ranks of such little known, rarely read, and tremendously important works as Newton's Principia, Galileo's Two New Sciences, and Einstein's Relativity. Perhaps it will be of even greater importance, because of its wider applications in more fields than the other works cited. The dust-cover of the book rather understates this when it says, "A study of vital importance to psychologists, physiologists, electrical engineers, sociologists, philosophers, mathematicians, anthropologists, psychiatrists, and physicists." The list might be extended.

The flaws in this book are largely typographical. It seems that by the fifth printing the publishers might have caught and corrected most of the transliterations, poorly-spaced words, and fuzzy typography that creep into the text too often. The author is a charming writer even on so technical a subject; but he has a sometimes annoying tendency to repeat phrases such as "it became clear to us" and "it soon became apparent" and "we soon realized." I lost count of the frequency of such constructions.

But these are such minor faults in comparison to the enormity of the book, they are easily disregarded. Cybernetics should have a place on the shelf and reading list of every science and mathematics major, and not a few philosophers and theologians.

—JOE ERWIN

IMPRESARIO, Sol Hurok (in collaboration with Ruth Goode); Random House, New York.

Usually a book of reminiscenses by a luminary of the theatrical world proves to be quiet interesting and entertaining armchair reading, if we are inclined to overlook its glaring literary deficiencies. Sol Hurok's memoirs of an impresario are no exception. However, for those who are interested in backstage intrigues of the unspeakable type and the intimate confessions of the gilded ladies of the make-believe world there are several books by retired greats of Broadway which will be vastly more engrossing, will supply you with some rare bits of scandal, and might even impress you with the feline charm of their repartee. About the most startling revelation in Impresario is Hurok's disclosure that Pavlova's marriage was a publicity stunt, and that the ethereal queen of ballet was merely a common law wife. To the generation of the movie magazines, this is hardly world-shaking. I doubt if even the very ardent lover of ballet will be greatly disturbed to find that one of the immortals of the twentieth century behaved in a manner similar to the immortals of Homer's day.

Let us examine the actual content of Impresario. It begins with a short resume of the author's early life. Hurok grew up in the Russian town of Pogar, in the Ukraine; and, although he was not exactly poverty stricken, Sol had heard reports of a more glorious land beyond the Atlantic, and decided that that was for him. Like most Russians, Hurok loved music and dance, and deified the talents which produced these delights. In America, by his own ability and audacity, he graduated from the world of temporary, poorly-paying jobs open to the immigrant and stepped into the gleaming realm of the theatre. There were setbacks as well as successes, but Sol knew that he had found his medium, and he persevered.

Because the impresario considered his public as well as his pocketbook, he enriched both. Living among the immigrants of Manhattan and Brooklyn, he discovered that hundreds of them, avid music lovers in their native lands, were now deprived of good music because they never left the ghettos of New York to travel to Times Square. The indomitable little Russian set to work. He signed a contract with the old Hippodrome on Sixth Avenue; he obtained top-flight artists. Then he advertised his concerts in all the foreign language papers, and by word of mouth—even giving directions for finding the Hippodrome. That was the beginning of his career, and when he began to present Pavlova and Chaliapin in Alabama and Texas and Minnesota, he was doing for the small city dwellers of the United States what he had done for the immigrants of New York. But this time the achievement was even greater, for he was filling auditoriums (many were buildings hardly worthy of that name) with people completely uneducated in musical appreciation. In New York he had been dealing with Europeans brought up on ballet and opera. Although Hurok was probably only one of several pioneers in the field of promoting good music in America, none was perhaps more idealistic, more engrossed in his work, and more tolerant of the whims of temperamental artists—at least that is

(Turn to Page 24)

# By Exchange

Perhaps the outstanding magazine among those in the current batch of exchanges is Boston University's Beacon. Everything printed in this March issue is excellent—and this excellence is sustained for forty pages. "The Passing Horse," an anecdotal column at the front of the magazine, is extremely well-turned. "Days of Peace" is about two GI's, a French girl with amnesia and a Joan of Arc complex, violent sex, and some standard social criticism about the way many U. S. soldiers behaved in France. But the criticism, happily, is incidental to—not the raison d'etre of—the telling of the story. "Adam's Soul" is set on a college campus (presumably Boston University's); it is a remarkable study of a neurotic with stream-of-consciousness writing entwined with exposition in much the same manner as that in Other Voices, Other Rooms. The two essays, one on the movies and the other on the state of student literary efforts, had the rare distinction of treating both important subjects interestingly.

The Journal has received two issues of the University of New Mexico's Thunderbird: the December and March numbers. In "December," with the red cover, there is on the first page what is listed as a poem; its title is "Application for Life." The publication itself resembles one of the avant garde "little magazines" of ten years ago, which explains the first poem. Its short stories are excellent, and apparently the authors are free to write on any subject in whatever manner they wish. One well-written short story seemed out of place because of its happy ending: "First Day." (In justice, however, it must be said that a story with a happy ending is a rarity in any "serious" college literary magazine.) One happy feature is "Turn-Table-Talk" with sections both on the classics and pops. Tom Sleeth makes sense from Bach to Prokofieff.

The March Thunderbird is orange with a fragment of Stephen Crane on the front cover (which continues on the back cover). This issue is superior from the editorial to the student poetry. "Children of Destiny" is a sophisticated little bit about activities and modes on a co-ed campus. "The Flusher Usher" is delightful a la The Egg and I. "Our Lost Kingdom" is tense and bitter on a familiar theme . . . quite good reading with an ending that may or may not be surprising. One peculiar feature of this orange issue is that it contains three portraits of children. Though a little affected in format, The Thunderbird prints material Wofford's Journal could develop a good case of envy over.

Trend of the University of Kansas contains six short stories and nine poems in its forty-four pages. (The pages are about the size of our Bulletin.) The short stories seem to have been submitted for judging in a contest. Several of the stories are worthy of first prize. "There Were Ten Little Men" is somewhat long, but well sustained. Also long and also quite excellent was "The Cool Tombs." Plain Priscilla and her moment of spite was deftly written in "Priscilla and the Men." And then there is the prize-winning pair of stories: "Sawmill" and "The Wake of Micky Noonan."

Quarterly of Connecticut College for Women has a delightful poem on page eleven with a most fascinating title:

AN ENGLISH MAJOR ABROAD
or "No matter where you may travel in France,
"You won't find anyone with whom you can discuss Guildenstern or Rosencranz."

Also in a light mood is "Miss Glancy's Fiance," and "Unaccustomed as I Am." Janet Regottaz criticizes a critic in "The Theatre: Ho-Hum": New Yorker's Wolcott Gibbs.

Another women's magazine is the Aurora of Agnes Scott, represented by two issues: Autumn 1948 and Winter 1949. Autumn is rather thin compared with Winter. "Christmas Story" is the feature. In Winter, "Keys Can't Lock Diaries" is a lovely bit of whimsey. "Run, Nigger, Run" and "My First Dance" explore different regions of the already discussed unhappiness theme. For completeness add "Against Darkness," "'Serene Will be Our Days and Bright . . .'," "Tragedy in the Day Student Room," and "After All. . . ." "After All . . ." is an outstanding story.

Duke has also sent us two issues: January 1949 and March 1949 of its Archive. The January number contains the feature article of criticism of Eugene O'Neill in the "American Men of Letters" series. "Leger Lines" is an excellent musical column; it is interesting to note his denunciation of administration policy in his concert series. "Jude" is one of those short and powerful and psychological things. Neatly done. "Spring and Fall" is a nicely ironic tale with a Gerard Manley Hopkins quotation under the title.

The March Archive suddenly changes its "American Men of Letters" series to "American Letters" series. Reviewed in this issue is Eudora Welty. When they come to T. S. Eliot they will probably have to take the "American" out—just for safety. "The Spotlight" is the feature short story of the number.

The Fordham Monthly has a section called "The Music Box," which consists of a review of the great pianist, Vladimir Horowitz. A child's first experience with death is the subject of "If at First." Good, humorous reading is "Frankly, I Never Did Like Women." There is story

after story: "Papa," who has become partially insane in post-war Germany; "Sun on the Stones," which is 1933, poverty, and death; "The Antisocial Climber," which is about a madman and is probably meant to contain social satire; and "Herbert Loses a Battle," which is light humor with a great deal of that truth that so often is married to jest.

Princeton's Nassau Lit has two top drawer short stories, one of them written in the sensitive style now fashionable for dealing with sordid subjects; it is "Out of Memory, Distant Voices," which is the recollections presumably of a college vet of a vivid childhood experience. It is written so authoritatively that some of it must actually have happened—athough the beer-drinking of those middle-class boys in such very early adolescense will horrify the sweetness-and-light folks. And then (O horrors!) something even worse happens . . . but you must read for yourself. "And You Hear Your Name" is a prizefight story with good atmosphere, written in the tough style. The passages showing the caprice of massed humanity—going from tense, unreasoning hate to expansive, relaxed humor is masterful. "This Season at the Theater" gives a student's opinion of the current Broadway fare.

Smith College (for girls) has a lively, unpredictable magazine called Outlook. This issue has "men" written on the cover in the most prominent spot. And the articles and stories inside treat the same subject. "Dear Mrs. Stoutheart" is a delightful burlesque of a lovelorn column. "The Good, the True, and the Beautiful . . . a Fairy Tale" is an allegory in which the sensual battles the good, true, and beautiful. It is well written, but whether or not tongue-in-cheek is a moot question. The feature of the magazine is a symposium of the advisability of sexual relations before marrage, supplemented by "Testimony of the Engaged" and "A Married Senior . . ."

Columbia University's humor magazine Jester is represented by its "Peace on Earth Issue (Christmas 1948)." The catch is that on the cover there is a jumble of newspaper headlines such as "Fall of Mukden," "Russia Charges Greece Plans to Use Poison Gas on Rebels," "News from Palestine. . . .," etc. The magazine is very sophisticated with a cartoonist whose mother must have been frightened by New Yorker some years ago. The feature of the magazine is a section of cuts by "a P. Bruegel," entitled "Book of Hours." It is quite remarkable.

The other humor magazines in our collection are already known to the students, and very strangely, they seem more popular than their more serious sisters. One hint, however: do not dare miss the "Spec Photoquiz" in the March Virginia Spectator. Risque is an understatement.

—L. POINDEXTER WATTS

## *Editorial*

(From Page 1)

that pugnacity that seems to be an integral part of the American student's attitude toward learning?

Neither does the college professor complain that he is a martyr to the cause of learning when he finds he

## THE MUSCOGEE WARRIOR

The following poem describes the unique escape of a Muscogee Indian, captured by the Shawnees and who had been subjected to a number of tortures for which the latter were famous. The author of the poem is not known to me nor my father who first told it to me. His father handed it down to him some forty years ago. Being rather graphic and exciting, it has always remained in my memory.

*On the shores of Carolina*
*An Indian warrior stood,*
*A captive of the Shawnees*
*And redden'd with their blood.*

*Strange arts of varied tortures*
*His conquerors tried in vain;*
*Like a rock that stands the billows*
*He dashed them back again.*

*He shouted—and the echoes*
*Returned the lengthening shriek—*
*"I have rent you as the eagle*
*Rends the dove between his beak.*

*"And ye give me women's tortures—*
*See, I lightly cast them by,*
*As the spirit of the storm cloud*
*Throws the vapor from the sky.*

*"Ye are women"—the wild echo*
*Rang wilder on the air;*
*"And I will show you a worthy trial*
*For a Muscogee to bear.*

*"Let me grasp a heated gun*
*In these raw and bloody hands;*
*And ye shall not see an eyelash move*
*To shame my Fatherland."*

*They gave the glowing steel;*
*He took it with a smile,*
*And held it as a plaything—*
*They stood in awe the while.*

*Then, springing like an antelope,*
*He brandished it around;*
*And toward the beetling eminence*
*Upstarted with a bound.*

*One leap, and he is over,*
*Fierce dashing through the stream.*
*And his massive form lies floating*
*'Neath the clear and sunny beam.*

*An hundred arrows sped at once,*
*But missed that warrior bold;*
*And his mangled arms, ere set of sun,*
*His little ones enfold.*

—PHILIP G. CLARKE

must raise his voice above the wisecracks of his students in order to be heard.

No one, least of all the professor himself, wishes to be defended on the score that he has given up a more lucrative profession in order to ease a little knowledge into our ignorant world. Many of them have developed a tolerance in the face of abuse that the "great" men of the nation, deprived of their accustomed remuneration, could never attain.

The college teacher's world is very often a cruel one; he lives in a narrow cosmos that his profession imposes on him. He must observe a standard of living that his income does not tolerate—yet, somehow, he maintains this standard of living.

His life is cut out for him in the driest terms: he awakens early, he beats a well-worn path to the educational doors, never veering to the right or left, and he meets a rigorous schedule; his schedule is a monotonous one, the same classroom, the same faces, the same excuses and, always, this pugnacity in the face of learning.

He is constantly tied up in paper work, mimeographed quizzes, rollbooks, notebooks, reading lists. Because his employer requires that he follow a certain procedure in his instruction, he presents his students with an occasional test. What does he get for his troubles? He gets catcalls, curses, and his character is defamed both in the underbreath of his students while in the classroom and, after dismissal, more openly.

After the working day, there remains more work. If he is a married man, he must maintain the peace at home and appease a very human wife who occasionally wants the company of her husband — instead of the distracted answers she gets when her husband's nose is in the text containing tomorrow's course of instruction. If the teacher has children, he must offer tangible proof that fathers have a sense of humor and a love of fairy tales at bedtime.

On and on, sometimes into the deep, dark hours of night, the college professor sits at his desk, reading for a length of time, flipping a page here, underlining a sentence or two, and scratching a note on his lecture paper. No doubt, there are times when the faces of his students pass in front of him, some with heavy eyes, others leering in anticipation of the wisecrack fast materializing in their little brains; what's the use? passes through the teacher's mind—but on he goes. In the pages before him he sees the truth of ages, a mastery of prose that makes his heart beat fast, and somewhere, he feels, somewhere, somehow, I will pass this feeling on to one of my students and I want to see the look on his face as he realizes the validity of this statement and the great truth in it.

Sometime in the future into which he is going, the graduate of 1949 will find suddenly that he is in the possession of a bit of knowledge of which he was not aware. Someone will ask, "I say, old boy, where in the world did you pick up that conception of Hamlet? It's a valid one."

Yes, where in the world? And then he sees in his mind the shape of a man behind a desk saying to him, "George, do you agree that Hamlet was—" et cetra, and George will think, by golly, I remember old Prof. Whatshisname saying that to me.

And, another man, facing an important decision and striving to find what is truth, will remember a voice in the past saying, "For me, truth is what makes you breathe easier." And the aging graduate will look up into the dark ceiling and wipe the perspiration from his palm, grateful to a voice that he left long before on a college campus.

The man who is contemplating murder or suicide may recall in the midst of his mental turmoil, a proud tradition outlined for him those many years before when he had been light of heart and ready to tackle the world. And if there is something in his character that this memory can supplement sufficiently, he will raise his shoulders another inch and approach his problem from another, more sedate viewpoint.

It is character and a desire to learn more of the past as well as of the future that should motivate the Class of 1949.

Character is never a personal matter—many have aided in the fashioning of our characters. With the exception of our parents and our faith in God, the body of men who are most instrumental in the molding of this character should have been our teachers.

As for learning of the past, they have attempted to brighten that dim light; in turning our faces to the future, they have furnished the impetus that should carry us further in that direction with a little less shaking of the knees.

Standing in the shadows, our teachers are the truly great men. A step in any direction will move them into the light, for light is their possession; they have given of it unselfishly and in the giving of it, they have given of themselves.

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## *Books*

(From Page 20)

the impression we get from reading Impresario.

Hurok is especially inspired when he is eulogizing Sol Hurok's skill in selecting concert artists and making the public love them. But let us be wary and not confuse skill with impeccable taste. Whereas the great popularizer of the ballet may well be lauded for introducing to us such truly superb artists as Anna Pavlova, Feodor Chaliapin (I say this on the authority of my elders), the fiery Argentinita, and Marian Anderson, he has also gifted the

American public with one of the most incredible excuses for entertainment in the history of the theatre—namely, Isadora Duncan, who frequently interrupted her "dance" to make political speeches. But then Isadora arrived at a time when America was really in the throes of culture-consciousness, and would stand for anything with a capital K. We must admit that Isadora was considerably more impressive as a flamboyant personality than as a dancer. Hurok even attributes to her the liberation of American womanhood.

A large part of Impresario is devoted to the aforementioned Pavlova and Chaliapin, and the made Isadora. Of the three, we have the feeling that, although we are supposed to think differently, Pavlova was the only one whom Hurok really understood. He was patient and tolerant with the aggravating whims of Chaliapin; he pampered Isadora and her ridiculous soviet poet, so that America might get the benefit of her so-called art; but he loved Anna Pavlova. And that must have been easy, if Hurok's picture of her is at all accurate. We are intrigued by this flawless ballerina who danced to her death, for the author suggests that even he, who was so close to her, did not know all. Let us hope that Hollywood doesn't get its talons on the Pavlova legend. It deserves much more.

Being a native of Russia, and having dealt with several Russian opera and ballet companies during his career, Hurok quite naturally makes frequent references to the art of that land. He leads us to believe that even under the soviet regime there has been unusual freedom of artistic expression. We would assume that he speaks authoritatively, since he obviously is considering only the aspects of art concerned with the training of artists and the staging of performances. If he also includes composers (who have been criticised so violently by the Kremlin) it is not evident to this reviewer. Hurok is plainly communistic in a musical sense—he wants the best of entertainment for every individual, regardless of social background, to share.

—MARION HOLT

## *The Wind Blows Nothing*

(From Page 17)

He was right; she had given him a date. They hadn't done much . . . gone to a show and afterwards to the drug store. On the way home she had let him hold her hand. They sat down on the front porch of the rooming house where Merle stayed and talked. They talked for hours until finally Johnny had told her he was in love with her. She didn't laugh or anything; she just sat there in silence for a long time. Finally she asked him how old he was. Johnny told her the truth because he thought that wouldn't make any difference to her. It had, because Merle had refused to date him any more. He had bothered her for months after that, trying to get a date. She always refused him but he never stopped trying. One day Johnny went down to the library to see her, but she was gone. They said she had gone to the big city to get a better job. She never came back. Word got back to the little town that Merle had fallen in love with another man and was going to marry him. When Johnny heard that, he was sick for days. Johnny went to pieces after that; his health almost failed him. It wasn't long after that, that Lacy had taken him in when his parents were killed. He had never seen her again until today.

Johnny saw that Merle was staring at him so he quickly averted his eyes. Lacy was saying something that Johnny didn't hear so he asked him what he said.

"I was just telling Jimmy about the party tomorrow night, Johnny," Lacy said.

"Yes, that ought to be a lot of fun for all of us . . . I haven't been to a good party in a long time," Johnny said.

"Merle and I are looking forward to it. We think it very thoughtful of you and Lacy to give us this party," Jimmy said.

"Well, it was Lacy's idea, I only carried out the plans for it; however, I do hope you enjoy your stay here and now if you'll excuse me I think I'll go up to my room and straighten out a few things for tomorrow night," Johnny said.

"He certainly is a funny person," Merle said.

"Yes, you have to know Johnny to really appreciate him," Lacy said. "He's the quiet type, you never can tell what he is thinking."

Louise came in and announced that supper would be ready in about fifteen minutes so Lacy took Jimmy and Merle up to show them their room. In a few minutes, everyone came down and went in to supper. As usual, the supper was excellent; Lacy had only the best at his house. After supper they went into the rumpus room, a room designed by Lacy for the throwing of small parties. Lacy was showing them his collections of unusual knives and pipes. Johnny had turned on the record player and was playing a recording of Brahms Concerto No. 2 in B flat major.

"Johnny, turn that thing off will you? I'm trying to tell Merle and Jimmy about these knives."

Johnny turned it off, but the heavy embarrassed silence could be felt from corner to corner of the room. After that no one paid any attention to Johnny but Merle, who sneaked a glance at him every now and then. Johnny sat down for a while, then he got tired so he got up and left. Lacy, Jimmy, and Merle stayed down in the rumpus room until fairly late, then they too went upstairs.

"Well, I guess we had better be

going to bed, we have a busy day tomorrow, you know," Lacy said.

"I guess you are right at that, Lacy," Jimmy said, "see you in the morning."

"O. K. Jimmy . . . goodnight," Lacy said.

No comment was made about Johnny but as soon as Jimmy and Merle were out of sight, Lacy went straight up to Johnny's room and knocked on the door.

"May I come in, Johnny?" Lacy asked.

"Sure, come on in, the door's unlocked," Johnny said.

"Johnny, why did you run out on us downstairs?" Lacy asked.

"I didn't run out on you, Lacy, I just came up here to read a book," Johnny said.

"It looked like it to me, Johnny," Lacy said.

"I can't help that," Johnny said.

"Understand, Johnny, I am not trying to tell you what to do with your time but it isn't good manners to leave your guests like that," Lacy said.

"They are your guests, not mine, Lacy," Johnny said.

"They are as much your guests as they are mine, Johnny," Lacy said.

Johnny didn't say anything, but Lacy wasn't going to let it go at that.

"Johnny, do me a favor will you? Don't let it happen again," Lacy said.

Johnny just looked at him, so Lacy got up from the bed and left.

As luck would have it, the day dawned bright and sunny. Johnny was up and around early. Not until ten o'clock did the house show signs of life. Merle came down in a pretty print flower dress and found Johnny working in his garden.

"Good morning . . . they say the early bird gets the worm, you know," she said.

"Yes, but who wants a worm?" Johnny said, smiling at her.

Merle laughed and they talked until Jimmy and Lacy showed up together about ten-thirty.

"Johnny, I am going to take Jimmy and Merle into town to show them my office so we won't be here for dinner today but we will be back in time to get dressed for the party tonight," Lacy said.

Johnny looked up and nodded. They left in Lacy's new Buick. The day was one of boredom for Johnny. He quit working in his garden right before he ate a late lunch. He spent the afternoon reading. At five minutes until six they came back. Johnny was in the den when they came in. Lacy went into the kitchen to get the package he had left in there the day he came back from New York. He came back carrying it under his arm.

"This is for you sweetheart," Lacy said, handing the package to Merle.

"Oh! Lacy, it's beautiful. . . . I could kiss you for this," Merle said.

"Go ahead, don't let your weakling of a husband stop you," Lacy said.

"And this is for you, Jimmy," Lacy said, giving him a smaller package.

"Why all this, Lacy," Jimmy asked.

"If I am not mistaken, you two kids have a wedding anniversary pretty soon, do you not?" Lacy said.

"Lacy, that is very thoughtful of you," Jimmy said.

Johnny came in about that time and just looked at Merle trying on her new fur coat.

"Look what Lacy gave me, Johnny . . . isn't it beautiful?" Merle said.

"Yes, it's very pretty," Johnny said. "I guess I will go up and get ready for the party now . . . excuse me."

"That's a good idea, Johnny. I think I will too," Lacy said.

At seven o'clock the guests started coming in. Lacy was at the door to meet them and to introduce them to the other guests.

By eight-thirty all the guests had come and had been properly introduced to Jimmy and Merle. Some were dancing on the side porch which was lighted only by reflection from the ballroom. Johnny was talking to a girl who seemed to be genuinely interested in what he had to say.

"Not that I don't entirely agree with you, Helen, but I think that when Faulkner is good he is very good, but, when he isn't, he is lousy."

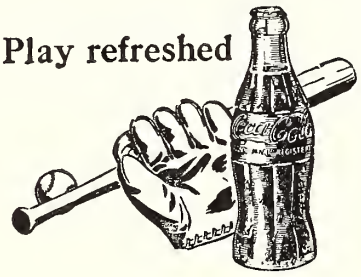
"I know, Johnny, that's just the difference in our opinion. I think he is excellent.

"Would you like to go in and

*Where the Elite Meet to Eat*

The Elite

Play refreshed



*Drink . . .*

Coca-Cola

*in Bottles*

dance?" Johnny asked.

"Why yes, thank you," Helen said.

They went in and began to dance to a rhumba. Johnny was a good dancer. Ever now and then he would say something to Helen to which she would laugh. A man came over and broke on Johnny, so he went in search of Merle. He hadn't had a chance to even see her since she had been here much less dance with her tonight. She was talking to Lacy; he was standing with his arm around her in his familiar way. For some reason this irritated Johnny.

"Pardon me, Merle, would you like to dance?" Johnny said.

"I'd love to, Johnny," she said.

They walked out on the floor and began to dance. They danced for several numbers until Johnny suggested that they go out on the porch for a breath of fresh air.

"You don't remember me, do you, Merle?" Johnny asked.

"Yes, Johnny, I do," Merle said.

"You haven't said anything about it," Johnny said.

"I thought it best we let things be as they are," Merle said.

"Merle, why did you run out on me?" Johnny asked.

"Because, Johnny, I wasn't in love with you and I knew that if I had stayed things would only be more unpleasant for both of us," she said.

"I heard, after you had gone, that you were in love with another man . . . I've always felt that if it hadn't been for him that I could have had you," Johnny said.

"No, Johnny, it would never have worked out for us but you are right, I was in love with another man, however, I didn't marry him," she said.

Johnny made a sudden movement and put his arms around Merle. She turned and looked at him in amazement.

"Merle, I am still in love with you; I have never stopped loving you," Johnny said. Johnny took her face in his hands and kissed her. She didn't refuse him.

"Merle, come away with me, I love you so much, we can make a go of it," Johnny said, excited.

"Johnny, you're talking crazy . . . let me go," she said, struggling with him. Johnny did not turn her loose, instead he pleaded with her. Suddenly he stopped and jerked Merle around and shouted at her.

"Merle, who was that man you were in love with when you ran out on me?"

"Johnny, no, I don't want to tell you," she cried, tears appearing in her eyes.

"WHO WAS IT, MERLE?" he screamed.

"It was Lacy," she sobbed and breaking away she ran into the house leaving him standing there staring blankly after her .

Lacy . . . it couldn't be . . . after all these years and he hadn't said a thing . . . that dirty . . . Lacy . . . what had he done to me . . . took her away from me . . . never said a thing . . . laughing at me . . . gave me a home, took me in . . . made a fool of me . . . I'll fix him.

Johnny turned and ran in the direction of his room, brushing aside people as he ran. He went into his room and closed the door. Inside he sank back against the door; his whole insides burning as if they were on fire. He had a great ball of fire slowly, slowly eating the soul from him and leaving a foul stench that comes only from a dead consciousness. Why? Why had Lacy done this to him? he had done it purposely; he wanted to hurt him, to kill the thing that was his, beautifully his. He cried, sobbed terribly and aloud. His head had a huge golden helmet on it and it kept him from crying, crying that was his to cry; he grabbed at it and tore it loose from the brain that it crushed only it would not come loose. He became mad and cursed it; flailed at it wildly until finally he fell exhausted on the floor by the window so he could escape if Lacy came up to kill him.

The pounding in his brain had not stopped, but it had slowed down enough for him to think the thing out. Lacy had known he loved Merle and she loved him; yet he had deliberately taken her from him. He had belittled him in front of her, made a common slave of him and poked fun at him as if he were not as good as Lacy was. He had kept him from being the great man he should have been. Had he not taken her, together they could have lived and loved for a life that was rightfully theirs. He hated Lacy and Lacy would pay for ruining his life. He cried out in anger but suddenly the helmet began to tighten on his head. His head ached and throbbed, but he sat there afraid that if he moved the helmet would crush the life out of him. He sat very still and dared not breathe; afraid to breathe.

He felt it shove and push his head out of shape. He gave a scream and lurched to his feet, clawing at it, cursing it. Can the thing created kill the creator? His throat was dry and his breath came in heavy, audible gasps. His face was swelling and the terrible tears would not lessen the swelling. Fear? What is fear? The unknown? But he knew, he knew the unknown was the hemet and the helmet was Lacy. Yes, Lacy. Lacy was on his head trying to crush him, to keep him from living, from loving, but he would not let him. He ran to the mirror and looking in he saw Lacy. Lacy, laughing at him and mocking him and cruelly opening and closing his fingers. Closing and opening, opening and closing, squeezing the life out of him. He could not breathe, he had to have air. He took the helmet and threw it at the window, breaking it. He rushed over to the window and stared out

into the stark, black night. Lacy was there but Lacy was dying, Lacy was bleeding; he saw the blood. He slowly slumped to the floor.

How long he lay there he did not know, he woke up later lying where he had fallen. His head still hurt, terribly it hurt, only it hurt with a dull roar rather than with a throbbing. He staggered over to the mirror and looked in. It was all he could do to suppress a scream. Staring at him was a face he had never seen before, a twisted face, one that had a deathly smile on it. He smiled to see if the face was his, no smile came back. He knew then that someone else was in the room, he looked around, there was no one there that he could see. And then, he saw him, a faint smile on his face, his dreaded face, his leering, hated face. Lacy was there laughing at him, still opening and closing his fingers as if he wanted to slowly choke the life out of him. Lacy was coming towards him now, but he would not let Lacy get near him. He hit him and knocked him to the floor, and then he ran, ran as far and as fast as he could.

He came to some woods so he stopped. He lay down and went to sleep. He dreamed he was in a garden, filled with flowers and fruit and a brook with little fish in it. Merle was there only she wasn't Merle any more; she was a big beautiful butterfly, with pretty black wings that had fringes of yellow on the edges. He was a butterfly, too, but he was a small butterfly with small wings that weren't very pretty. But he loved the big beautiful butterfly and she loved him, until she saw Lacy. He was there too; he was a butterfly; he was huge with big blue and white wings. But Merle had gone away and he knew that she had gone with the big butterfly. He hated the big butterfly so he would kill him but he was too small.

Then he woke up. He was drenched with sweat. The sun was bright in the sky. He was lying in the grass beside a lilac bush. He got to his feet as best he could and started painfully towards the house. He passed a flower bush sitting by the path; he loved flowers, big flowers, little ones, pretty ones, all kinds of flowers. O Flower, you are too kind to be in this world of pain and cruelty. If only he could grow and die as you have without a sound or sigh to give his living heart a place in the sun of reality. You are a thing of beauty and he was cursed, cursed to live and die and that only. His path led to the house; he went in, so strange and gloomy, this house. He was here for a reason and he would finish that reason.

He heard voices in the house, ghostly voices, voices from the dead, far away voices; so he went to those voices. They seemed to float through the air, coming on a whisp of air to his ear and fighting their way in. He entered a room, a big room; there was no one there except a faint picture of intermingled horror stuck over in a corner. He knew then that Lacy had been there. He would find him.

He went into another room, there were pictures in there; he didn't like pictures. What are pictures? They are inanimate, dead things that have no feeling, they cannot live or breathe or anything. Poor, poor pictures. They are nothing, so together we are nothing. The music? Where was the music coming from? He followed the music into a room. There was a man and a woman in there. They were standing together and moving around and around. He recognized the man; it was Lacy. He stood as petrified to the spot. Gradually, ever so quietly, his fears began to come back to him. They turned and looked in his direction. No one spoke. His vision blurred, he could see only the woman. It was Merle.

Merle, my love, my life . . . come we will go . . . leave him . . . shall not have her . . . Lacy, hate . . . made a fool of me . . . kill him . . . beg you to go . . . it hurts here in the breast and in the head . . . kill, Lacy, kill, kill . . .

The thoughts came faster and faster and with each thought came a fresh grip from the helmet that had gotten on his head. Lacy was the cause of it; he was there and the helmet was there and Johnny was being killed. The roar in his head was terrific and the throbbing was begging to come. His temples felt like drums; the roaring in his temples became louder and louder. He staggered backwards and stood against the wall. Lacy was grinning at him, grinning and laughing.

He could stand it no longer. His fumbling hands closed an object that was lying on the desk. He drew it up and stared at it; it was a letter-opener. And across the room stood the object of all his hatred, the cause of all his failures; the man who had made it unbearable to live. He lunged at him and struck with a savage blow. There was a pitiful cry and fresh, rich blood flowed freely over his hand. A look of utter amazement spread over his face as he stared in disbelief at the crumpled girl at his feet. The sound brought his face up. Before him stood Lacy, yelling curse words through tears that streamed down his face. In his hand he held a gun. He slowly brought the gun into focus and pulled the trigger. Johnny slid quietly to the floor, the blood spurting from his breast and finally coming to rest when it ran into the edge of Merle's dress. All was quiet in the room except the terrible retching sobs.

—CHARLES WEAVER

## *The Lady Killer*

(From Page 10)

back to the floor. We started dancing. She seemed to have really enjoyed that dance, for she told me so.

"If all of the dances were like

this, I could enjoy them all."

Enjoy them all we did. As the night grew older, I got hotter. We were jitterbugging, waltzing, and round dancing all night. We didn't miss a single one.

I took her over to the punch bowl during the intermission and poured her a drink. We sat on a bench near a window. That was her idea. I wanted to sit next to the punch bowl. I had to let her have her way. Don't want to push myself on her, you know. I got up to refill my glass and heard a crash next to me. I turned to see what was the matter. There Suzanne sat with punch in her lap and a broken glass by her foot. I can't understand why she has to be so careless at a time like this. Why she has practically ruined her dress! Oh, well, some women are just hard to understand.

"Let me help you brush it off. Here's my handkerchief. How did it happen?"

"How did it happen? Why you—you thing! Don't you know? . . . I'm sorry. I shouldn't have lost my temper like that. I don't guess you could help it."

"Did I do that? I'm sorry. I didn't realize that I knocked your arm."

I gave her that hurt smile of mine and watched the effects.

"O Lanslee, please forgive me. I didn't mean to embarrass you in front of these people."

I heard what she said, but the way she said it, I didn't quite catch. Shucks, the harder I try to show this girl a good time, the less she seems to appreciate it.

After she returned from the powder room with a different gown (they have changes in the powder room for just such cases), we really got in the swing. We danced until a fan-fare from the band announced the big moment. Now was the time they presented the cup. This was the pay off.

Mr. L. Bay Crest stood before the crowd on the dance floor.

"Upon careful consideration and judgment, this committee has found that the winner of the 1949 Dancing Cup goes to Mr. Lanslee B. Crest, Jr., and Miss Suzanne Taylorson. This is the fifth consecutive year that my son has won this coveted award."

There was a ripple of applause as I stepped forward and took the cup from my father. Suzanne stood and looked at me in amazement. This would sure warm her up if anything would.

We led the crowd in the Grand March and the dance came to an end. Everyone started for the door at the same time. Suzanne and I got out in the open after fighting the crowd for nearly ten minutes.

We were walking toward Lakeview Inn. She had her arm in mine. She shivered.

"It is getting rather chilly, don't you think?"

"Yeah, sure is. It always gets that way in the mountains after midnight. You should have worn a wrap of some kind."

Since she didn't go for my play at a little romancing, I took her to the Inn. I mentioned something about a bicycle ride around the lake the next afternoon. A good three-mile ride will do wonders for you, honey. It will let me see that beautiful figure again. Better still, it will let you see what a man you have.

"You will be thrilled by the sights along the old road on the other side of the lake."

"We'll see about it tomorrow. Goodnight. I enjoyed the dance."

There was that funny ring in her words again. I was tired, so I didn't let it bother me. I headed for home and a good night's sleep.

I waked up on the way over to see Suzanne. When I got in the lobby of Lakeview, I didn't see my dream girl. I went over to see my buddy at the desk.

"Suzanne in this morning?"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"If you mean the girl you have been coming over to see, no. She checked out with her mother this morning."

I returned his stare of ice with equal intensity. So, the little bird has flown the coop, eh. She didn't even say goodbye. I'm glad I found out about her when I did. Yes sir, sure am glad.

—PAUL S. ANDERSON, JR.

## *The Transgressor*

(From Page 14)

She smiled. "I don't mind it, Bill. It is more occupying than you think."

I wondered what conclusion I should draw from her remark. I wanted to put my arms around her and beat her, to kiss her and thrash her all at once.

Instead I said, "I've already had two seats reserved by the orchestra. You can't disappoint your husband and them, too." I tried to keep my voice light.

I was frantic with anxiety. Her face was pallid, immobile. It told me nothing. God, she was getting just like him!

Each day she said less and when I asked her to go out she said, "I don't feel like it" or "Robert's tired and so lonesome tonight."

"Tired of what," I said. "He doesn't do a damn' thing." Even her smile was disappearing.

I could not stay in that house any longer. It was driving me to drink in such a fashion that I spent all my spare time at the bar instead of the theater or lodge. My work at the office was going to pot. Repeatedly I was warned about my job. My mind was not on my work. What good was a job, I thought.

I had not spoken to Robert Wilhaueser for several weeks. I pumped my brain to force a way out of the whole mess. Each night at twelve I ended up drunkenly plowing my way to bed, exhausted beyond effort.

One night I became thoroughly corrupted with whiskey. It made what I wanted to say seem easy.

They were sitting there in his room, he on the edge of the bed, countless cigarette butts lying in a tray beside him. She sat in our wedding chair.

I laughed. I roared. Then I subsided. "Get out of this house. Get the hell off my premises. Beat it. Do you hear? Get out. I cannot stand you any more."

I waited in a drunken stupor. He didn't move but only sat there gazing absently with that vague, desolate face that I will never forget.

"He cannot hear, Bill," she said. "He is deaf."

It had all the sting of a whip.

"Why didn't you tell me before," I mumbled. "How can he answer, if he's deaf?"

"He is deaf. The trouble with you is you have no tolerance. He's stone deaf. He reads lip movement."

"You read lip movement don't you, Bob," she said turning to face him and pronouncing each syllable so that her lips formed the words clearly. "It's time for you to sleep, dear." And she reached down and removed his shoes.

I could stand no more of this. I made my way to my room feeling sick from the inside out. The whiskey helped me sleep. My head felt like a bursting balloon the next morning, but I decided to have it out with my wife.

I found them both early breakfasting in his room. She was feeding him. He eyed her absently but she had all the look of a proud mother as she gazed back into his face.

"I'm leaving," I said bluntly. My voice was flat and as expressionless as their faces. I hardly recognized my own words. It was as though I had died a last death.

"Where will you go," she said resignedly, as if she knew what I

would say that morning. I could detect a tone of sadness and yet of pleasure that I was going. I felt she had known it all the time.

"This is what you want me to do, isn't it?"

"You know I don't, Bill. Can't you see it's as though he were our own. I've always wanted one."

She was at once nauseating. "I won't live this way." I slammed the door and left.

It has been many months since I saw my wife. I have lost my job at the office. I can no longer refrain from drinking to excess. I am a perpetual alcoholic.

Yesterday I met a friend. Somehow the conversation drifted to Marjorie. We were both highly polluted sitting at the bar where I had drunk with Wilhaueser.

"Marjorie looked wonderful at the alumni meeting Friday. She was telling us about Wilhaueser's job, your old one at the office."

I poured another drink but it went down without any feeling. I took the bottle from the bar-keep. My fingers trembled as I placed it to my lips. Noises grew vague and I could scarcely hear the mumbling voice of my companion who was laughing over some funny joke I didn't catch. My hands shook as I took the empty bottle from my mouth.

I glanced at my coat. It was frayed. I thanked God that I could still hear. I stepped outside and mud oozed up through my shoes.

I went out to look for a place to sleep.

—G. B. McMILLAN

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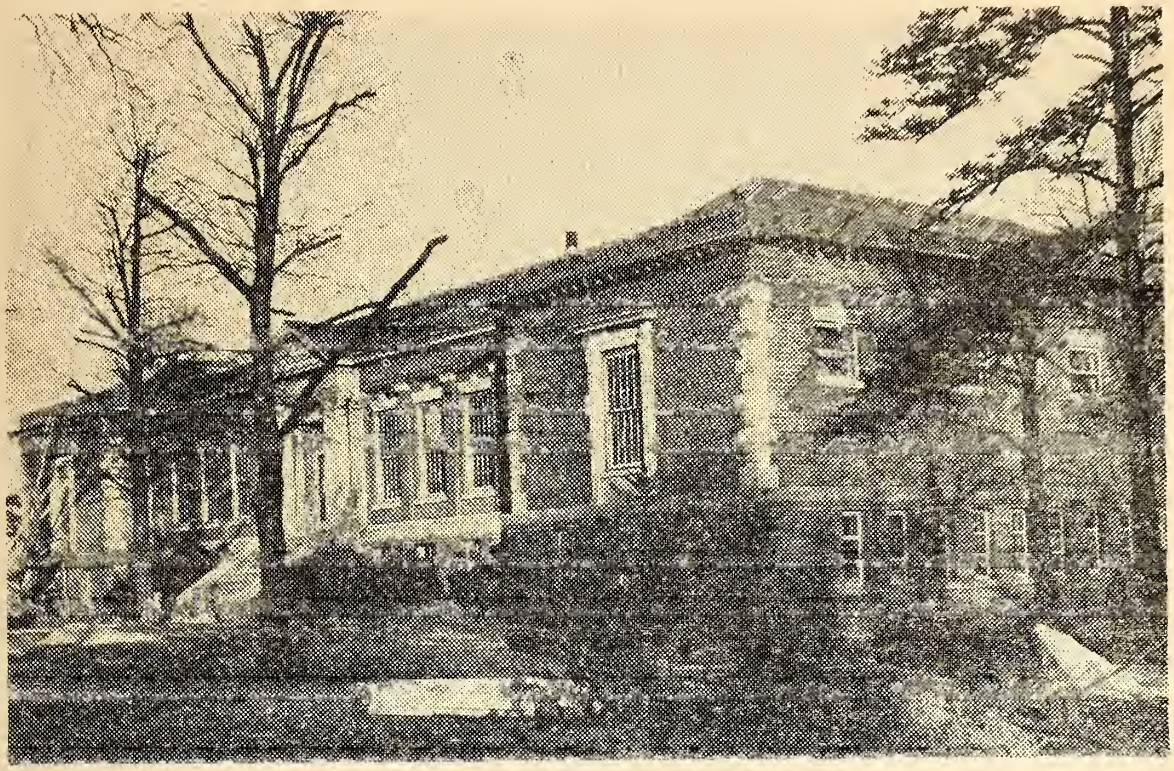

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